

November 18, 1959

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

9



Beginning

"The Rendezvous"

by Daphne du Maurier

"I never have rough hands now"

says Mrs. D. M. Ascroft of Bondi, N.S.W.

"Of all the reasons I have for preferring Velvet — including the sparkle it gives to dishes and cutlery — I'm especially fond of its mildness. I just never have rough hands now. Why, Velvet is as gentle as toilet soap! And of course it didn't take me any time to discover how economical Velvet is — no housewife could miss that!"



Only good pure VELVET is so thrifty for dishes — so kind to hands



"Do you know that washing up with Velvet costs the average family just fourpence a week? That's real thrift, isn't it? And these tips will help you with all the washing you do by hand."

says

Aunt Jenny

Velvet

PURE SOAP

VELVET FOR ALL THE THINGS YOU WASH BY HAND



POTS AND PANS: Stubborn grease on saucepans is no problem for good pure Velvet. Simply rub a bit of steel wool across a moistened bar of Velvet, and use it to scour saucepan with circular motion. Rinse with hot water and see your pots and pans shine.



LINGERIE: Your delicate lingerie and stockings love gentle Velvet care. Whisk up soft Velvet suds in lukewarm water and squeeze garments through them. Rinse in clear water. (Incidentally, a stocking ladder can easily be stopped by smearing moistened Velvet along the beginning and end of the run.)



WOOLLENS: Wash woollens quickly and gently in tepid water with soft Velvet suds. When rinsing, support the garment in your cupped hands to prevent stretching; don't wring or twist. Squeeze moisture out in a thick towel and dry away from heat. Shape garment and dry it flat.

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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NOVEMBER 18, 1959

Vol. 27, No. 24

Our cover

● Feminine and flattering, this superb summer hat with its ousize brim is a Maison Dior design. The crown is circled with lily of the valley.

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TEENAGERS' WEEKLY, 16-page pull-out, featuring Listen Here, page 7, Here's Your Answer, page 10, and Teena, page 14.

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Daphne du Maurier, author of "The Rendezvous," the sophisticated two-part serial which begins on pages 16 and 17, is one of England's shyest famous personalities.

WIFE of Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Browning, and mother of two married daughters and a son, she prefers a secluded life in her romantic home, "Menabilly," in Cornwall, to a gay social life in London.

At "Menabilly" she writes in a little hut on the edge of the woods overlooking the sea.

Even when her husband was treasurer to Prince Philip, Lady Browning seldom appeared in Court circles.

She hates to be interviewed or asked to appear at literary functions.

She once attributed this to the fact that when she was a small child she saw how her father, famous actor Gerald du Maurier, had to push his way through the crowds after a first night.

"Adoring and fiercely proud, I felt instinctively that the clamor was false and the praise unreal," she said.

TO illustrate "The Rendezvous," Sydney artist Arthur Holland has done a

delightful design in brilliant poster colors that vividly portray holidays and luxury life.

In addition to painting the two figures, he has used a "collage"—that is, cutouts of paper pasted down.

Arthur enjoys collage design and uses the paper small children use at school drawing and art classes.

"My children were always bringing home things they had made from this type of paper," he said. "It's so shiny and has such intense color I bought a stock of it."

IT may be some time before the Paris fashions for men, shown in color on opposite page, become popular in Australia.

More heady Paris fashion news for men is that cavalier hats with a sweeping feather, a jaunty Robin Hood shape, or slashed velvet berets should look no more ridiculous than the bowler, the cap, and the trilby.

Even the objection that these hats might not be easy to raise doesn't deter their advocates, who reply that some other form of greeting could easily be evolved.

NEXT WEEK

● Gingham has become the young Parisian's first fashion choice for summer. Teenagers' Weekly — the 16-page pull-out in The Australian Women's Weekly — next week shows gingham for day and play wear — and patterns are available for each design.

Paris peacocks



A CAPE (below) for sportswear in a finely checked fabric of mustard tonings. Paris fashion leaders claim that even mild men swagger when wearing colorful capes.



GLEAMING gold- and silver-checked lame evening jacket, recommended by Paris designers for the chic male.

Would Australian men wear such clothes?

● The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit, who for years has ridiculed the fancy fashion whims of women, will soon become a fashion-plate if Paris designers have their way.

AT the Crillon, the millionaires' hotel off the Place de la Concorde, the "Group of Five" — leading Paris designers for men — recently showed some of the styles they're trying to make popular.

And they don't only want men to wear more adventurous colors. They also propose dandy-style jackets with cut-away fronts and shorn-off swallow-tails for street wear, gaudy waistcoats, linings of brilliant colors and design, and dinner jackets in gold-and-silver lame.

The "Five" are also adamant that men shouldn't put so much bric-a-brac in their pockets.

A comb, handkerchief, and keyring, according to the tailors, are the most that can be tolerated in suit pockets; they say the rest should be carried in a briefcase-style handbag.

In order to force the menfolk out of the bad habit of cramming so much into their pockets, the designers have made all pockets very small this season.

And for businessmen who firmly won't be separated from their umbrellas, the "revolutionaries" suggest that the not-very-elegant brollies be carried in a scabbard.



SMALL REVERS buttoned high are one of the main fashion points of this blue-and-black-check suit, which campaigners for more colorful wardrobes for men suggest is ideal for "the conservative man about town."



FOR THE COURAGEOUS, Paris decrees this dandified cinnamon-brown suit cut away at the front and plunging deeply at the back. It is worn with a printed silk stock. All the men's clothes are lined in very gay fabrics.



CHIC YOUNG MEN will wear exotic-colored suits such as this burgundy model if the Paris attack on drab clothing for men is successful. This suit features a fine chamois chalk stripe and a chamois leather waistcoat.



FOR THE COUNTRY, designers suggest this camel-hair jacket with a tweed yoke. Other Paris ideas for "jazzing up" men's leisure wear are a return to breeches and hose, and general introduction of kilts.

Dr. Billy Graham film

Minister's wife as star

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

● "The Lord has sent us a lovely day for filming," said Presbyterian minister's wife Mrs. Ralph Hoopes as she scanned the blue sky at Camden.



● Aboriginal bit-players (from left) Bill Holten, Rodney Thomas, Joe Timberey, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Timberey. Kneeling is Warren Holmes.



● Make-up expert Dorothy Dunckley worked in a woodshed while unit was at Camden. Here she is with Georgia Lee.



● "Caernarvon," the Camden home of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Davies, where many of the film's outback scenes were shot.

OTHER people's eyes, however, were on Mrs. Hoopes and not the heavens—for the minister's wife was wearing shirt and jeans, strapped sandals, and a buckled belt pulled tightly around her slim (34-22-34) waist.

Red hair curled over her forehead in a fringe, and she was heavily made up with mascara, powder, and vivid orange lipstick.

Normally, this might cause some comment.

But Mrs. Hoopes is better known as American actress Georgia Lee, here to star in the World Wide Pictures religious film based on Dr. Billy Graham's recent campaign in Australia.

Gored by pig

Her husband is minister of the First Presbyterian Church, North Hollywood, U.S.A.

The film, as yet untitled, tells the story of two young Americans (Georgia Lee and Dick Jones), who come to stay on an Australian outback cattle property, part owned by their father.

The American lad, taking a dislike to aborigines, comes into conflict with a stockman, played by the rapidly rising aboriginal singer Jimmy Little. On a shooting trip he insists on using a wrong calibre rifle and is horrified when a wild pig gores Jimmy as a result.

A dash to an Australian Island Mission hospital fails to save the aboriginal, a devout Christian whose ambition it had been to hear the land-line broadcast of Dr. Graham's message.

Local talent

The young American listens instead, makes his decision for Christ, and alters his way of life from that moment onwards.

Director of the film is Mr. Dick Ross, president of the non-profit corporation, World Wide Pictures, whose assignment is to "translate evangelism in terms of dramatic reverence."

Apart from Mr. Ross and the two American stars, all artists and technicians are Australian, and the Cinesound crew is

commanded by talented Sydney man Mark McDonald as director of photography.

The unit went into action at "Caernarvon," a 277-acre dairy property owned by Mr. and Mrs. Ken Davies, of Camden, 40 miles from Sydney.

For the purposes of the film the property was converted into an outback homestead.

The woodshed became the make-up room for expert

Dorothy Dunckley; a stable housed a kangaroo, "Little Lady," lent by Taronga Park Zoo; caravans fitted with bright canvas awnings were provided for the stars.

Unfortunately the lovely view from the wide front verandah of the house—of green river flats, Camden's church spire, and distant hills—could not be used in the film.

Instead, the artificially tanned "graziers" and La Perouse aborigines were filmed against outback-type scenery.

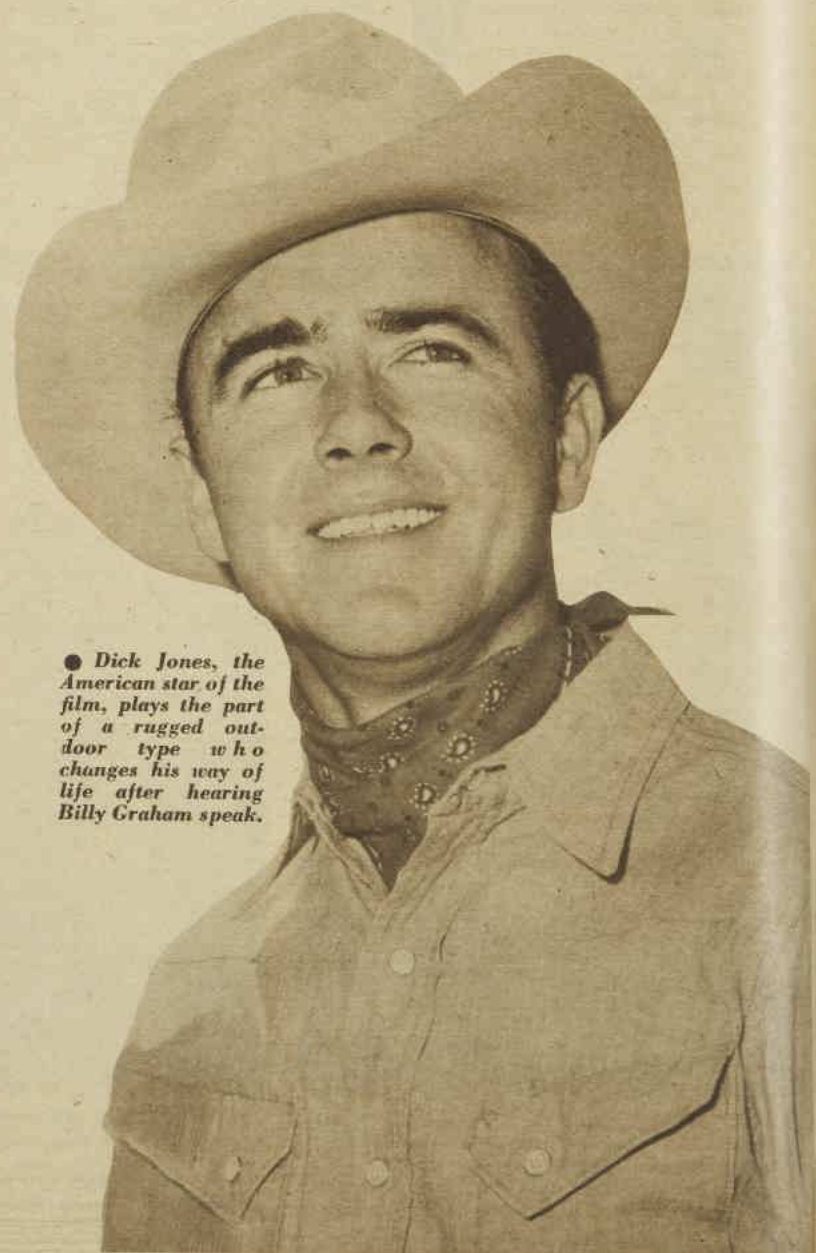
Boomerang expert Joe Timberey, in a nearby paddock, removed his gear from a kangaroo-hide container and hurled whistling boomerangs through the sky as he gave last-minute instructions to his son Joe (13), who has a role in the film.

"Watch that shine on Georgia's nose," cried Dorothy Dunckley, darting out with shine-remover.

As the unit was shooting one scene a single-engined aircraft flew overhead. They had to stop until it disappeared to prevent the soundtrack carrying the noise of the engine.

Trick rider

Then, in the afternoon, Dick Jones (Buffalo Bill Junior of American TV), an expert trick rider who can do everything in the saddle from Cossack drags to double vaults, rode Arab mare "Kazada" up the farm lane. Australian actress Marcia



● Dick Jones, the American star of the film, plays the part of a rugged outdoor type who changes his way of life after hearing Billy Graham speak.

on location

Hathaway, playing the part of a nursing sister, was driving an Australian Inland Mission panel van.

Dick's job was to halt his horse beside the van as Marcia stopped it.

Simple.

But Marcia, despite her acting experience, had no motoring experience. She had got her learner's permit the day before, and had taken only one lesson.

Van problem

In one of the most unnerving moments for any learner, Marcia, alone in the van, had to start up at the director's call and drive to a fixed spot.

The van kangaroo-hopped, then stalled.

"How do you put it into gear?" called Marcia through the window, the sweat of desperation on her brow.

Mrs. Lois Hurse, of the A.I.M. (who had driven the van to Camden), rushed forward and demonstrated.

Marcia got the idea and drove the van to the right spot without further trouble.

On the green lawns Georgia Lee fondled the kangaroo. "Isn't it just darling," she said.

Everyone thought that of Georgia, too. In films, radio, and TV since childhood, she met her husband in Hollywood. She married him when he gave up acting to join the ministry, and she's now the mother of five-year-old Robin Lee.

In the film Georgia will sing two songs, "Australia With You" and "Return," while

Jimmy Little, the local boy, will sing a specially written aboriginal ballad.

Director Ross, a pioneer in the making of Christian films, says they must compete with all others in performance and situation.

This film, besides showing country scenes, will feature shots taken at the Sydney Showground and the Melbourne Cricket Ground during Dr. Graham's tour earlier this year.

Australian actors and technicians in the unit praised the American actors and directors. "They know what they are doing, and are patient and co-operative all the time," one of them said.

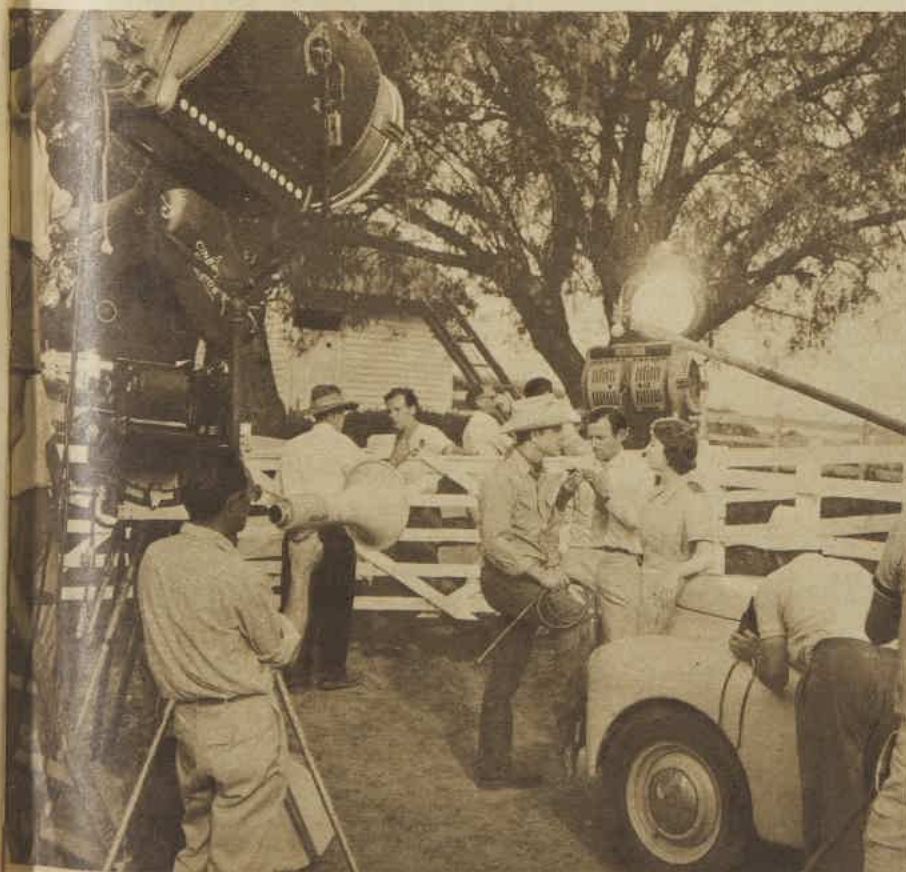
No one shouted. No one yelled. And no one vanished when the Melbourne Cup was run—which, to a bystander, seemed almost miraculous.

● Jimmy Little (right), rising Australian pop singer who has a featured role in the film, introduces Georgia Lee to another featured Australian named 'Little Lady'—the kangaroo.

● Australian actress Marcia Hathaway (below), who plays an Australian Inland Mission sister, chats with Dick Jones as another Australian, director of photography Mark McDonald (centre), prepares for action.



● Director Dick Ross gives Dick Jones last-minute instructions before the star, who is an expert trick rider, goes before the cameras.

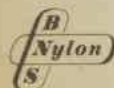


NYLON

is on its own for lingerie!



A joy to wear . . . a dream to launder . . . How can such delicate-looking lingerie be so practical! This is the magic of Nylon, the modern miracle fibre. Nylon makes lingerie so much easier to wash, quicker to dry and does away with ironing. This season, know the joy of wearing cool, comfortable Nylon lingerie. See the gorgeous new styles in the shops.



British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd. supply the Nylon yarn used by Australia's textile trade to make this merchandise.

Margo's in the big league now

● Sydney glamor model Margo McKendry conquered New York's top judges of modelling beauty during a 16-hour whirlwind stopover on her way to London. Her future as a big-money model in America seems assured.

AFTER modelling in Africa and Paris during the next three months, Margo will return to New York in early February to join the Ford Model Agency — the city's top model bookers.

Ford's clients include Suzy Parker, the world's highest-paid model. Suzy commands 120 dollars (about £50) an hour for posing.

"Margo is simply wonderful looking," said Eileen Ford, who runs the agency with her husband, Jerry.

"She is exactly the type most in demand in New York now — ingenuous, with a quality of innocence.

Sense of fun

"At the same time she is versatile and can appear sophisticated or young, and outdoorsy.

"She has a lovely sense of fun. I am sure she will be wildly successful."

The Fords sent for Margo in Sydney last year after having seen her photograph in a London fashion magazine. They tracked her down through an article in the Sydney "Daily Telegraph" reporting their search for "The Girl With the Fabulous Face."

She was unable to leave Sydney at that time, and her

By
GEORGE McGANN,
in New York

London flight stopover was the first opportunity the Fords had to see the tall, willowy brunette in person.

"We were not in the least disappointed," Eileen said.

"Our only regret is now that we have her here at last she is flying away again."

The Fords wanted to sign Margo to an immediate contract, but she was committed to a two-months' series of fashion parades in Africa.

They took her to see the principal editors of "Vogue" magazine, who were so impressed with Margo's appearance they engaged her on the spot to pose for them at the Paris fashion openings in January.

"I know I'm going to love working here," Margo said, sipping a glass of ice-water.

"It's a terribly exciting city — the skyscrapers, the unbelievable shops, and the big, shiny motor-cars. I hope I'll be able to make enough to afford it all."

£130 a day

"Oh, you'll be able to make at least 300 dollars," said Eileen. Margo interrupted, "You mean 300 a week?"

"Of course not; 300 dollars a day. Any good model can make that much here."

"Why, that's more than £130 in our money!" Margo shrieked. "I can't believe it."

Margo insisted she was not at her best after the 30-hour flight from Sydney, but showed little sign of fatigue as she raced through a high-speed programme of interviewing editors, shopping, sightseeing, and cocktails and dining arranged for her by the Fords.

"New York is simply terrific — what I have been able to see of it at breakneck speed," she said, during a brief cocktail lull at the Fords' lovely brownstone home in the fashionable East Seventies.

After cocktails, the Fords took Margo to dinner at the Twenty-One Restaurant, frequented by Hollywood and theatrical personalities, and an after-dark motor tour of Greenwich Village, Times Square, and Central Park, ending at Idlewild Airport.

Margo barely had strength left to climb aboard the plane for London.

Despite her fatigue she must have had difficulty falling to sleep, her mind filled with visions of dollar bills descending like snowflakes from the skyscrapers of Manhattan.



Frank Pace, International Golf Association chief.

His business is golf-and war

● The ideal American family is healthy, well-off, and wise, is blessed with beauty, brains, and love, plays games, goes to church, is happy and successful in work and play, and makes good friends and neighbors.

A FAMILY that can count all these blessings — and does live up to the ideal — is the one headed by Frank Pace, jun.

Mr. Pace, as President of the International Golf Association, will attend the Canada Cup matches in Melbourne on November 18-21. He and Mrs. Pace are due in Sydney by air in a few days. It will be their first visit to Australia.

Mr. Pace is one of those human dynamos America is noted for. He spent 15 of his first 16 working years in Government service, first for his home State, Arkansas, then in the Truman Administration in Washington, where he was U.S. Defence Secretary during the Korean War.

Boss of 92,000

Today he is the boss, in short, of a vast and growing complex of companies with about 100 plants and 92,000 employees making jet-fighters, jet-airliners, guided missiles, atomic submarines, electronic equipment, and chemicals, mostly on defence contracts for the U.S. Government.

He is also a director of four other big companies, a bank, and a hospital, and either heads or sits on the board of several advisory groups dealing with youth, international affairs, and education.

He is so keen on tennis (winner of various club titles), golf, and squash (he was a starter in the national championships of both sports) that it takes membership in seven clubs to keep him happy.

To all this add the fact that he is a devoted husband — married 19 years — and fond

By **LARRY FOLEY,**
in New York

father of three lively girls; and you can see that Frank Pace lives a full life.

And for all his achievements he is still only 47; for all his activities and responsibilities still as fit and zestful as a man many years younger.

Like her husband, Mrs. Pace seems to have the secret of youth. Their first-born, Pauline, is 17.

Mrs. Pace is a busy person. She serves on the parents' advisory board of a school, is a member of the League of Women Voters, sits on the board of the Greenwich Y.W.C.A. and on the Y.W.C.A. World Council Board in New York, and on the auxiliary board of the New York Institute of Physical Therapy and Rehabilitation.

One of her main interests outside the home is singing. She said, "I've never had lessons, but I do love to sing."

And Mr. Pace? "Well, no, he doesn't sing. But it's about the only thing he can't do."

(Mr. Pace was out of the room then, replenishing our glasses of apple cider.)

The family has a pet name for Mr. Pace: "Pranky." "He puts up with it," smiled Mrs. Pace. Why Pranky? "Well, my name is Peggy, then there's Paula, Priscilla, and Penny. All P's, you see?"

Mr. Pace returned and Mrs. Pace went out. Mr. Pace looked after her fondly and said: "She is a superb wife for a man with big responsibility."

"In fact, privately and publicly she is the finest woman a man could have for a wife."

Margo McKendry is in heavy demand for fashion parades and photographic posing in Australia. Here she models at a Sydney wool parade.



Margo was excited when Ford's first phoned her from New York.

Hats won fashion stakes ON CUP DAY

With perfect weather, Melbourne Cup Day at Flemington was off to a flying start. And, at the course, race-day fashions bloomed as brightly and colorfully as it is tradition they should. Macdougall won the Cup; dress honors went to the hats.



MRS. IAN MILLER . . .
a flower-decked toque.



MRS. TOM CARLYON . . .
a goose-feather "beehive."



MRS. CHARLES PARSONS . . .
a ruched organza bowler.



ANN CURTIS . . .
a lily-of-the-valley circlet.



VISITORS FROM ENGLAND. Husband-and-wife acting team Muriel Pavlow and Derek Farr (at left) went to Flemington on Cup Day with Lady Tait and Robin Bailey, "My Fair Lady" star.



TRIO OF PRETTY YOUNG RACEGOERS are (from left) Margaret Forge, of North Caulfield, Elizabeth Page, of South Yarra, and Wendy Burbank, of Toorak, Melbourne. The girls chose relaxed-line suits in three beautifully blended colors—Margaret and Elizabeth in linen, Wendy in houndstooth check—and “hatty” hats.

Pictures by staff photographer R. Cleland.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

MELBOURNE'S CUP WEEK festivities finished in a gay round of dances and parties, and even the uncertain weather of Oaks Day didn't spoil the enjoyment or the excitement.

The Navy Dinner Ball at the St. Kilda Palais was a very merry affair, and one of the brightest parties was hostessed by Rosemary Dowling. Her brother, Lieutenant Tony Dowling, was there, too, escorting pretty Meredith Armstrong.

Mrs. Ian Broben, formerly from Mosman, whose husband, Lieutenant-Commander Broben, was ball secretary, was there with her brother-in-law and sister, Commander and Mrs. H. J. Bodman.

Another familiar young face belonged to Lieutenant Nicholas Marshall, formerly of Newport, now of Point Cook. He partnered Deirdre Leviny, who wore a lovely gown of cream embroidered brocade.

After the Oaks on Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Cariyon held open house at Heyington Place, Toorak. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parsons. Mrs. Parsons' Oaks Day ensemble of cinnamon-brown silk shantung and matching bowler was one of the smartest there.



PRESIDENT of the ball committee Mrs. John Plunkett-Cole and guest of honor Vice-Admiral H. M. Burrell dine at the Navy Dinner Ball at the Palais, St. Kilda. One thousand guests attended the ball, and the proceeds went to the White Ensign Club.



LEFT: Mrs. Mal Quin (left) arrived at Flemington with Mr. and Mrs. Brian Ballantyne. Mrs. Ballantyne is formerly from Bellevue Hill, and Mrs. Quin will be making her home at Killara in December.



LEFT: Racegoers on Oaks Day included Mrs. Richard Kirby and her daughter Kate, from Hunter's Hill. Mrs. Kirby chose a silk shantung suit of water-ice-green, and Kate wore a suit of heavy striped cotton.



YOUNG GUESTS at the Navy Dinner Ball at the Palais were Annabel Hilbert, of Sydney, in Melbourne for Cup Week festivities, and Lieut. Phillip Rowe, of H.M.A.S. Melbourne. Annabel wore a pale blue belted dress with taffeta skirt and lace bodice.



LEFT: Jill Chapman, of Edgecliff, wore a picture hat of fine lime straw to the Oaks Day meeting, with a white silk frock patterned in violets.



STRAWBERRY-PINK ruched nylon hat was worn by Sue Bookallil with her frock of waffle-weave white cotton to Flemington on Oaks Day. Her mother chose a beehive hat of turquoise chiffon and a turquoise floral silk suit.

Big role for young dancer

"Problem" child of Royal Ballet

● A pretty young ballerina, who claims she was the "number one nuisance" of the Royal Ballet Company during a North American tour, will be seen by Australian audiences in the Borovansky Ballet season opening next month.

BUT though she hasn't changed at all since her Royal Ballet days, no one is the slightest bit worried that she'll be a nuisance in this company.

For it wasn't a budding ballerina's temperament that made Marilyn Jones a problem to the Royal Ballet. It was simply her youth.

Marilyn was the only under-18-year-old in the 80-strong company. And being so young, she had to report — under escort of the ballet mistress — to the British Consul in each city the company visited.

"And this certainly made me number-one nuisance," she recalls with a laugh.

Marilyn said that the Consuls who keep a fatherly eye on junior nationals passing through their territory all asked the same questions.

"At least all the ones I saw did. 'Are they giving you enough to eat?' they'd ask. 'Do you need any money?' 'Are you feeling well?'"

Marilyn's first role in the new Borovansky season will be dancing the Lilac Fairy in "Sleeping Beauty," which will open at the Empire Theatre in Sydney on December 11.

The young dancer, who first began learning ballet at a class in Newcastle, her home town, when she was just five, has packed considerable ballet success into her 19 years.

When she left school she joined the Lorraine Norton dancing school in Sydney, and for nine months travelled from Newcastle for lessons.

First big break

Then Marilyn had her first big break. She won an Australian Women's Weekly scholarship for ballet dancing at the 1955 Sydney Eisteddfod, and the £500 prize took her to the Sadler's Wells ballet school in London.

In less than a year Madame De Valois, director of the Sadler's Wells company, selected Marilyn and three other young girls to join her No. 1 company.

After a six-week season at Covent Garden Marilyn went on the Royal Ballet tour, which took in Canada as well as America and lasted five months.

"Margot Fonteyn was our prima ballerina, and Svetlana Beriosova, Michael Somes, and David Blair were the principal dancers," she said.

Despite all the excitement and glamor this famous company had to offer, its youngest member got homesick. So on returning to England at the end of the tour, Marilyn left Sadler's Wells and took the first ship home.

But after a short rest she was off on tour again, this time around N.S.W. and Queensland with the Arts Council. Following this she joined Robert Pomie's "Ballet de Francais" company in Sydney.

BALLERINA Marilyn Jones, who will dance the role of the Lilac Fairy in Borovansky's production of "Sleeping Beauty," which will open in Sydney on December 11.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1959



Hot as a torch song!
Cool as a riff on a golden trumpet



REAL GONE RED

A new madly exciting gold-red
CASHMERE BOUQUET
 colourfast lipstick

For cool, cool cats who like their colour warm... it's glamorous, golden 'Real Gone Red'! A fabulous, far-out colour that will send that man you're mad about. Cashmere Bouquet new 'Real Gone Red' is smooth as a singing guitar, creamy as a song from the deep south... and its golden glow is made for the sun-drenched, earth-warm colours of summer fashion.

3's

Two other new and wickedly attractive shades: **TICO-TICO** and **LAS VEGAS**



Hollywood play ends a quarter century run

● "It takes a good woman to stand behind a drunkard. It takes a better one to stand there 25 years." A Hollywood columnist wrote those words last year about slim, grey-haired Mildred Ilse.

ONE night last month the same Mrs. Ilse watched her drunkard take his last drink—and there were tears in her eyes.

Tears because her alcoholic friend was the hero of "The Drunkard," a melodrama she had been producing for 26 years.

This was not only one of the longest sprees in the history of drinking but the longest run of any play in theatrical history.

"The Drunkard" opened in Hollywood "just for fun" on July 6, 1933. Audiences drank it up enthusiastically until the final performance on October 10 this year. It might have run for another 26 years, but—

"Twenty-six years is a long time to give to anything," sighed Mrs. Ilse, in her coral-and-pale-green office-study at the Theatre Mart.

Catching up

"I want to catch up on the things I haven't had time to do. There's a family ranch in Texas. There's the house we'd like to buy in Hawaii and live in part-time. There are so many things..."

When the show began, Mrs. Ilse was a young wife and mother recently out of college.

"We hoped for a six-week run," she said. "The critics panned it. On the second night we had only five paying customers."

"But people liked it and within six weeks we were sold out—not even standing room. Within eight weeks the show was carrying itself. We haven't looked back."

"The Drunkard" is a gusty, tear-jerking melodrama originally staged by P. T. Barnum in New York in 1843. It ran successfully for a year and then was not heard of until 90 years later, when Mrs. Ilse revived it.

Wailing-wall

Mrs. Ilse's husband, James, eventually left the theatre to go into business, but Mrs. Ilse stayed—as costume-maker, producer, wailing-wall, father confessor, and mother hen.

"Since 1933," she told me, "we've had 28 marriages. Seven girls left to have babies, and I've nursed twice that number of men through the dangers of expectant fatherhood. People married, built homes, had children—all on 'The Drunkard'!"

What did this old melodrama have that won sophisticated



● Melodramatic scene from "The Drunkard."

audiences, and kept them coming back through the years?

A few nights before the end, Mrs. Ilse beckoned me through a door. "Come with me and I'll show you," she said. "Tonight is the 9448th performance. Judge for yourself."

Inside the Theatre Mart was just another theatre, except that the audience sat at small tables.

Free beer

"We've tried to capture all the warmth and friendliness of the theatre of the Gay 'Nineties," Mrs. Ilse said.

"We serve free beer throughout the show, and coffee and sandwiches later," she said, beckoning a waitress-usherette in a frilly 'Nineties costume.

"Just a moment," I interrupted. "This play is supposed to be about the evils of drink, yet here you are encouraging people to drink. Hasn't anyone ever criticised you?"

It seems they did. Some temperance groups criticised her very strongly. Others praised her—saying "The Drunkard" had a strong moral influence on the audience.

Besides, American beer is not very strong and nothing stronger was ever served.

Once the show began I got a chance to see what had brought back people like Ginger Rogers, Bing Crosby, Rock Hudson, and Debbie Reynolds time and again.

There was a hero who drank too much, a villain with a top hat and a swirling black cloak, a heroine who stood by her drunken husband, and a dear old mother whose ghost came back complete with shaky silver lame wings.

The curtain rolled down on a roller and sometimes went up too quickly, taking the cast's skirts with it.

The scenery was painted on a backdrop, as it must have been in the original production. The mother's grey wig looked like a tea-cosy. The make-up was theatrical and not subtle.

In a generation of serious, thoughtful theatre, audiences went back to boo the villain and cheer the heroine.

Three million people from all over the world, according to Mrs. Ilse, have kissed the villain's fiendish cackles.

"It was a sort of tourist attraction," she said. "People had their birthday parties and office get-togethers here. Everyone with a birthday got a free birthday cake. There were bouquets for people celebrating wedding anniversaries and we greeted all out-of-town visitors by name."

The regulars

Mary Pickford, Billie Burke, Boris Karloff, W. C. Fields, and Mary Astor have been among the people to see the show 20 to 30 times. Other regular customers were Irene Dunne, Burl Ives, Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, and Joan Crawford.

The record is held by an Englishman, who has seen the show 199 times!

For some actors the show has been a career. Actress Helen Westcott, now in film and television, began as the child who asked "Father, please come home" at the corner saloon. She wound up playing the wronged wife.

Neely Edwards was

Record spree

LILLIAN ROXON,
in Hollywood

when the show opened. He's 76 now and played the father of the wronged girl right up until the end.

But the cast was not confined to just one part. After each show, in the tradition of 19th-century theatre, there was a cabaret, or "olio," at which "at positively no extra charge," the programme said, "you are invited to remain."

In the olio, which ran for about an hour, the cast demonstrated their versatility. "Father" turned out to be a dapper and handsome tap-dancer. "Mother" took off her wig and re-emerged in a flinky red-sequin dress to sing "Some Of These Days." The villain shed 30 years.

During this, the programme requested, "men and women will kindly refrain from cracking peanuts during the performance. GENTLEMEN and LADIES do not need to be thus cautioned."

For 20 successful years this was the show. Then six years ago music and songs were added. "We didn't want to rest on our laurels," said Mrs. Ilse.

The musical version, which kept every bit of the spirit of the original, was called "The Wayward Way" and was full of catchy songs.

So far these have not been put on an LP album, but 2700 records have already been sold — on colored postcards.

Souvenir songs

As a souvenir I took home the love song "It's Old To Me, But New To Me," "The Haven That is Graven On My Heart" (a sort of "Home Sweet Home"), the wronged wife's resigned "He's Wayward in a Way," and the triumphant "Every Soul We Save."

Will the show die now? "I don't think so," said Mrs. Ilse. "Anyone has the rights to put on 'The Drunkard' and the musical rights are available for 'The Wayward Way.'"

Footnote: Another melodrama playing to packed houses in Hollywood is James Mason's presentation of "Murder in the Red Barn," starring his wife, Pamela, and his precocious 10-year-old daughter, Portland.



● Mildred Ilse, who revived the show in 1933—it had not been played for 90 years—and produced it until the closing night last month.

Mrs. Mason has the dual role of the heroine until she is murdered and later of the villain's flighty wife. Portland is, in her father's words, "a sort of female feed to the comedian."

Mr. Mason invited me to see the play at a special performance given for 250 of his film-star friends.

Like "The Drunkard," refreshments were served at tables, and the audience was encouraged to hiss the villain.

(The loudest catcalls came from guests Maurice Chevalier and Groucho Marx.)

In the olio after the show, Mrs. Mason, in pink chiffon, acted as Mistress of Ceremonies, a bare-legged, graceful Portland danced Rita Hayworth style to "Lady Be Good," and Mr. Mason (who is not actually in the play) brought the house down in a bowler hat and walrus moustache when he sang "I've Got a Luvverly Bunch of Cokernuts."

The show is running much longer than expected. It could be another "Drunkard."



● Neely Edwards (above) was 49 when he joined the show. He was 76 on September 16, 1959 — and still playing.

● Three veterans of the show are the first villain, Henry Brandon (left), Mildred Ilse, and the last villain, James Bronte.

● Burl Ives (left), one of many theatrical celebrities who made the show almost a habit, with Neely Edwards in another role.



● Hollywood's Theatre Mart, where audiences watching "The Drunkard" sat at small tables, drinking free beer and hissing the villain. Coffee and sandwiches were served after the show.



● The James Masons talk backstage with two of the actors. From left, Pamela Mason, Bobs Watson, Portland Mason, James Mason, and Genne Boles.





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"Magic box" may aid cooking

By HAROLD DVORETSKY,
in London

● An Englishman has an invention which may revolutionise kitchens—and a wife who says she will refuse to use it.

THE trouble is that the invention makes electricity on the spot—and the wife uses nothing but gas for her cooking.

The inventor, Mr. Francis Bacon, of Cambridge, England, has developed a "magic box" which generates electricity from hydrogen and oxygen.

Called the Hydrox Fuel Cell, its output is more than enough to run an electric stove and other household appliances.

But Mrs. Bacon, who has encouraged her husband to develop the idea over 25 years, refuses to cook by electricity.

"I cook by gas," she confided. "It's by far the best."

Since Mrs. Bacon is regarded by her friends and her family as an excellent cook, her opinion is respected.

And, taking tea in her comfortable drawing-room, I had a second helping of Mrs. Bacon's leathery sponge cake.

Long struggle

As we walked in the beautiful 20-acre grounds of the Bacons' charming 100-year-old home, "Westfields," at Little Shelford, a few miles from Mr. Bacon's Cambridge laboratory, she told me about the struggle her now famous husband had before he was recognised.

"When we first became engaged (they were married in 1934), Francis told me he was working on his invention. He wondered whether he should go on with it.

"Being young, I encouraged



INVENTOR Francis Bacon, 54, with his fuel cell which produces electricity from chemicals. He has worked on the idea since 1932.

What's in the box?

The Hydrox Fuel Cell generates electricity from chemicals.

About five kilowatts of power can be produced from each cell, enough to drive a small car or heat a large stove.

A dry-cell torch battery works on similar principles to the Fuel Cell. But when a torch battery uses up one of its chemicals it has to be thrown away. With the Bacon-type Fuel Cell "fuel" chemicals—hydrogen and oxygen—can be replaced easily and cheaply.

him to continue, never thinking of the years it would take before he was recognised and given help to carry on.

"I've often wondered whether we did the right thing. Certainly, if we hadn't had some private means my husband could never have progressed at all."

Mr. Bacon was born in 1904, the son of an Essex landowner. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge University, where he gained a B.A. with honors in mechanical science in 1925.

He then became an apprentice to Sir Charles Parsons, of Parsons Works, Newcastle, the makers of steam turbines.

It was in 1932, after he had read a paper on Swiss experiments with fuel cells, that Mr. Bacon thought about the idea of his Hydrox. Mr. Bacon offered his idea to 'Parsons', but they turned it down.

It wasn't until 1940 that he got his first break—a grant of £1000 which enabled him to work full time on his fuel cell at King's College, London.

Soon afterwards, however, he was transferred to urgent war work—on anti-submarine devices.

After the war he resumed his fuel-cell research at Cambridge University.

In 1956 he ran out of funds and was about to give up when the National Research and Development Corporation came to the rescue.

U.S. interest

The N.R.D.C. gave Francis Bacon the contract to develop and build at Cambridge a unit based on his invention.

Francis Bacon has been successful, and now American firms are showing an interest. Some have bought the rights to use his "break-through" ideas, and are going ahead quickly with development. He plans to visit the U.S.A. to offer his personal advice.

Mr. Bacon, a kindly, grey-haired, slim six-footer, considers the development of his Hydrox Fuel Cell could have great use in Australia in remote areas where it is difficult and expensive to bring in oil supplies.

He visualises the first practical use for the cell in satellite and other space-exploration experiments.

Later, perhaps in five years, trucks and electric buses may be running silently and without fumes on his "magic boxes."

ON LAWN outside their 100-year-old Cambridge house, Mr. and Mrs. Bacon pose with their Cavalier dog.



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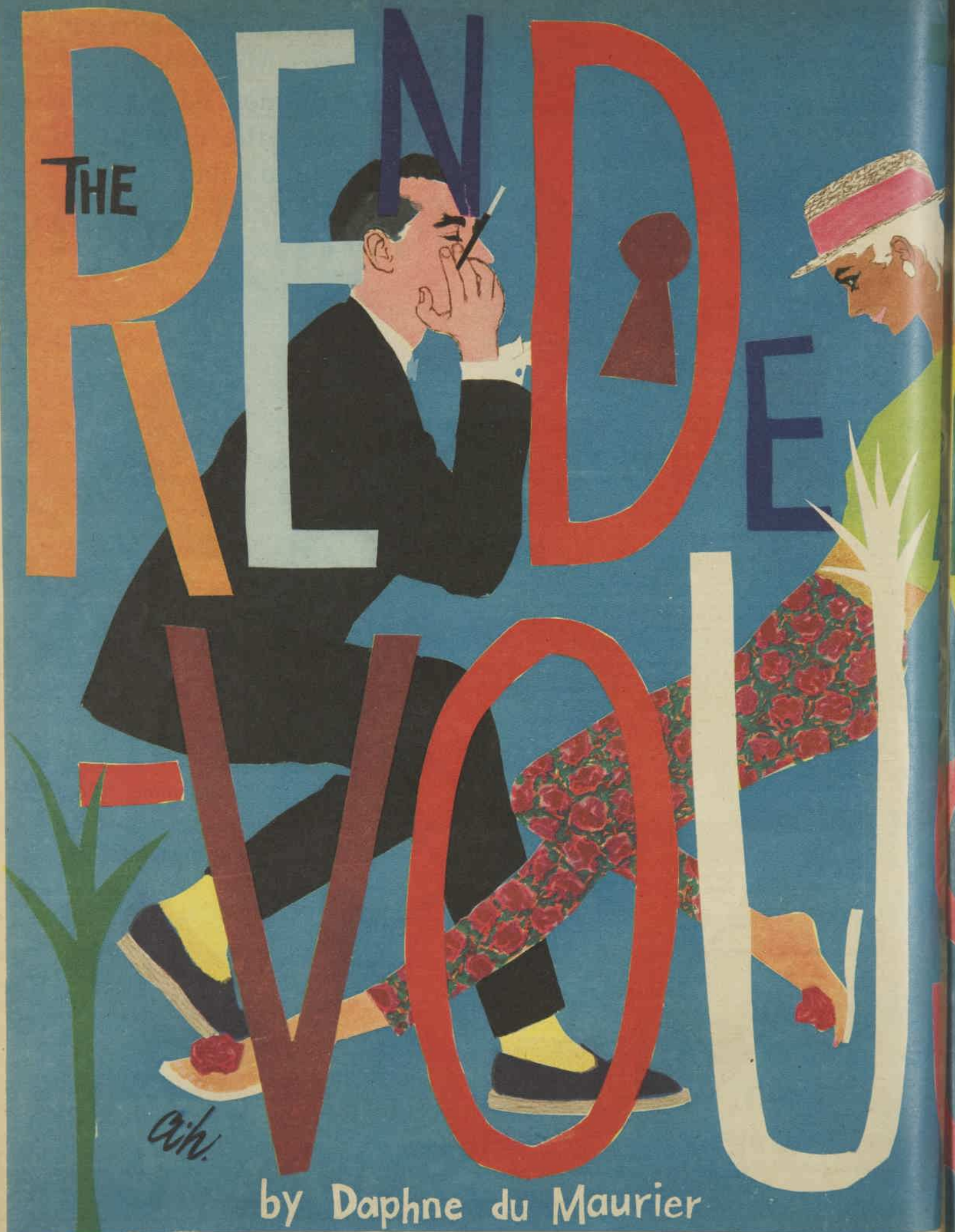
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by Daphne du Maurier

Beginning our two-part serial by famous author

ILLUSTRATED BY HOLLAND

ROBERT SCRIVENER noted, with some slight irritation, that his secretary had her eye upon the clock. He had made no engagements for the evening, in view of his early departure the following morning for Geneva, and she knew this, therefore her preoccupation with the passing of time could not be on his account. No doubt she had what was vulgarly called "a date." A secretary had no business to have "dates" when her employer, a writer of Robert Scrivener's standing, had a mass of correspondence to clear before leaving the country.

"Judith," he said at last, raising his horn-rimmed spectacles and balancing them in a tilted position on his forehead, "you keep looking at the clock. Are you, for some reason, in a hurry?"

She had the grace to blush.

"It's all right," she said quickly. "It's only that I'm going to the theatre later, and I rather wanted to change first."

So typical of the girl's mentality. To arrange a visit to the theatre on the one day of the week when she was likely to be kept late. He stared at her, baffled by her stupidity.

"What an odd thing to do," he said, "to choose tonight of all nights to go to the theatre! Does that mean you want to go at once, and leave these letters until I return from Geneva?"

She had flushed all over her face. Most unbecoming.

"No, of course not," she said. "I'm really in no hurry. It was just . . ."

"Just youthful impatience to be free of your fetters," he declared, "and have done with all this tedious nonsense. I quite understand. Shall we go on? I'll make my letters as brief as possible."

The secretary bent her head over the dictation pad. He observed with distaste, and not for the first time, that her dark hair grew too low on the nape of the neck, and her hairdresser, in an endeavor to correct this, had used clippers.

This observation was all part of the irritation that he had felt for the past few months, ever since dear Kate Murphy, who understood his ways so well, had left to get married. Kate would never have made a theatre engagement the evening before he was due to go abroad. Robert Scrivener replaced his spectacles and continued dictating his letters in order of precedence.

He was a writer of great renown and great integrity. He had first attracted notice in the literary world by his reviews in a Liberal weekly, and later in a Sunday newspaper. These reviews showed him to be a man of wide culture, neither given to wild enthusiasm nor to damning condemnation, he showed appreciation of the finer, more polished writings of his contemporaries, and the rather solid biographies, the books of travel in countries less known to the general reader.

In fiction he was careful to praise books that were unlikely to sell but which had for them some constructive approach to world problems. Now and again he would recommend some lighter work as being agreeable for relaxation, but the reader would sense, as he read the small paragraph, that this lighter work was really only mentioned in a vein of tolerance, that Robert Scrivener himself would hardly pack it among his own books to take away on holiday, but would give away his review copy to some less well-endowed, less-intellectual friend.

Robert Scrivener's longest reviews were often given to books that cost over twenty shillings and whose subjects needed the appreciation of experts. A volume on Swedish pewter received a column and a half of thoughtful, well-balanced approbation, and a slim though very expensive history of The Late Through The Ages drew a tribute from Robert Scrivener that was almost lyrical.

*So this was Annette, thought Scrivener.
But hardly the kind of woman he had
imagined her to be.*

During the war—poor eyesight kept him from more active service—Robert Scrivener continued his literary criticisms, with a slight bias towards the Left in politics, but gave his service to the Censorship Department of the War Office, and received a small decoration in recompense. A pamphlet entitled "On Both Sides Of The Fence," gently tilting at the malorganisation of certain wartime governmental activities, was always understood to be written by Robert Scrivener.

Then, the war over, he published a novel that was instantly successful and not only praised by his fellow critics but bought by the general public. "Fortune Favors The Brave" was the story of a soldier who, horrified by war and its consequences to the world, held a position on the Italian front against tremendous odds, and was subsequently captured.

He tried to escape three times, but each attempt proved abortive. Finally he caught bubonic plague and died, but not before giving a message on freedom to his fellow-prisoners that was a model of exquisite prose, and for which Scrivener himself received an Italian decoration. The novel was indeed an amazing and deeply moving piece of work, coming as it did from someone who had never in all his life seen a shot fired.

His success was not a flash in the pan. The novel that succeeded the war novel, entitled "Madrigal," was the story of a man who, pursued by women, could find no peace of harmony within himself until he had acceded to their demands, and so impoverished his own spiritual integrity.

Scrivener himself was unmarried, and was not known to possess any very intimate friends of the opposite sex, but his second novel, though like the first a surprise to his colleagues, was, nevertheless, very widely acclaimed. Here at last was someone who might restore some sort of standard to the English novel, the worth of which—so it was felt in literary circles—had been declining for many years.

Other novels followed, all exquisitely written, all throwing into relief the problems that so beset mankind during the present century. "Jason," for instance, told of the self-sacrifice of a Civil Servant whose actress wife took precedence in the public eye, and "Taurus," anticipating artificial insemination, showed how one man could be responsible for the birth of millions.

Robert Scrivener, though he ceased contributing to the Liberal weekly, continued to write for the Sunday newspapers, but it was as a novelist and man of letters—if not the novelist and the man of letters—that he was regarded primarily by the intelligentsia of his own country and of the United States.

His income began to approach five figures. Robert Scrivener did not permit himself to be spoiled by his success, and he was careful to tell his friends that he would never be tempted by offers from Hollywood.

As a matter of fact, no such offer came, but this was beside the point. Had it come, Robert Scrivener would have turned it down. He adapted his own play "Madrigal" for the stage, and it was produced at the Forward Theatre for a limited season, but, as Scrivener said afterwards, the actor who was engaged to perform the leading part lacked sincerity.

Robert Scrivener concentrated almost entirely upon his literary work, but also gave lectures and appeared from time to time on the Brains Trust. He had a good appearance and an agreeable speaking voice, and to those television viewers who were ignorant of his work as novelist and critic he suggested the law, a distinguished barrister, or even a youngish judge.

Scrivener knew this, and was not displeased. In fact, he was determined to touch on certain aspects of the law, as it concerned writers, during his forthcoming series of lectures at Geneva, but mostly he would concern himself with the integrity of the writer's self, and how, once dedicated to the perfecting of the written word, no writer who respected his profession should swerve from the high standard he had set himself.

He hoped, by so speaking, to encourage the more thoughtful among his international fellows, and he had been told that it was within the bounds of possibility that he might receive a knighthood in the New Year Honors.

Robert Scrivener continued to dictate his letters, which his secretary took down in her rapid shorthand, and, although he was careful not to prolong the dictation, there was a certain air

To page 48

LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

She likes talking to women

SO much is written about the segregation of the sexes at Australian parties—always as though women wished it were otherwise. Perhaps I'm odd, but after being in the company of men most of my working hours I find it a pleasant change to talk to women. I enjoy the conversation whether the topic is babies, fashion, or recipes. After all, we usually have a chap to take us home afterwards!

£1/1/- to "Odd Bodd" (name supplied), Cudlee Creek, S.A.

Dog tells time

RECENTLY a stray dog adopted us, and never have I known such a time-conscious animal. At 8 a.m. Mondays to Fridays he leaves the house and returns punctually at 3 p.m. (you can almost set the clock by him). On Saturdays and Sundays he seldom leaves the yard. Apparently instinct guides him not only to divide the time into hours but also to sort the weekends from ordinary days.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Letchford, Hurstville, N.S.W.

Weekly's walkabout

HOW is this for a well-travelled magazine? I arrived here recently with a back copy of The Australian Women's Weekly which had been sent to me in England from someone in New Zealand, who had received it from a lady in Fiji.

£1/1/- to Miss M. M. L. Smith, Waverton, N.S.W.

A twin challenge

WE are blond twin sisters, very much alike, and in 4½ years we have had between us eight babies (no twins). There are seven girls and one boy. We feel sure this is a record for twin sisters of only 23 years of age. Can anyone beat us?

£1/1/- to Mrs. Masolini and Mrs. McLaughlan, Redcliffe, W.A.

Losing battle

IF you live in a tick-infested area never choose a dog with long hair, however much he wags his tail and looks hopefully at you. If you do, you will be his slave, looking for ticks even in your dreams and spending endless money in fees to veterinary surgeons. And eventually you will lose him, despite all your love and care.

£1/1/- to "Dog Lover" (name supplied), Killara, N.S.W.

All that—and a honeymoon, too?

BE fair, Mrs. Westley (who suggested, 16/9/59, that the bridegroom's parents should share the expenses of a wedding)—surely the bridegroom has more than his share of expenses to meet. Although his expense sheet for the actual wedding-day arrangements may be comparatively light, he has to foot the bills for the honeymoon, house, and furnishing, and car (if any), as well as his own clothes. Most young lads can't even commence to do that without their parents' help. Generally, too, they have already spent much more than the bride's parents in getting their son to a stage where he can offer security to another.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Rand, Lambton, N.S.W.

Years vary ideas

I WAS enjoying a TV performance by the Japanese singer Yoshio Ono the other night, but when I admired him my father immediately switched off the set and said he could not forget what the Japanese had done during the war. As I was only little then I do not know what they did and feel open-minded towards them. Am I right in my belief or is my father?

£1/1/- to "Puzzled" (name supplied), Cronulla, N.S.W.

Royal sacrifice

IN your recent article, "Will Margaret Marry—Ever?" by David Darrington, the author shows his ignorance or has by-passed the vital factor which caused Princess Margaret to make the difficult, heartbreaking sacrifice of giving up the man she loved. To have married Group-Captain Townsland, a divorcee, she would have broken the law of God and given a bad example to the millions who look to the Royal Family as models of behaviour. Her reason was NOT, as Darrington suggested, because she could not bring herself to renounce her accession right. In putting principles first, this great woman received the admiration and sympathy of good people all over the world.

£1/1/- to J. Licciardo, Cronulla, N.S.W.

No dinkum Aussie?

ALTHOUGH we have been in Australia only two months we are amazed by the amount of American slang used here. If this is Australia, why not speak Australian? We didn't come here to live in a "Little America."

£1/1/- to "Miss Fourteen Years" (name supplied), Morwell, Vic.

The power of tact

POOR "Poppa to Six," who complained Father's Day was a farce (21/10/59) has only himself to blame for his lack of authority in the home. While I was still admiring my brand-new engagement ring 16 years ago my husband-to-be said, "Who is going to be the boss in our house?" Before I could think how to put it nicely that I would be, he continued, "We won't have any boss. We'll do everything together." And you may be sure that the same quickness and tact have ensured that HE is boss to this day.

£1/1/- to "Mamma to Seven" (name supplied), Fairfield, Brisbane.

Glaring oversight

IT would not cost much for green dye to be mixed with concrete to improve the appearance of footpaths and highways. And apart from looking better, this would also stop the glare which is so trying on everyone's eyes on bright days.

£1/1/- to A. Thornton, Granville, N.S.W.

Broken homes

I WANT to let off steam and contradict the view that broken homes inevitably lead to child delinquency. It is so disheartening always to be reading in papers that the children of separated and divorced parents have practically no chance of leading decent, normal lives. So many innocent parties in such cases do their utmost to provide for their children's needs in religious training and good moral values. I personally know of several families from broken homes who lead better lives than some more fortunately situated.

£1/1/- to "One of Them" (name supplied), Cooebe, Tas.

Ross Campbell writes...

SOME brainy workers in the fashion business say they have made a big discovery.

They believe that men like to see women wearing their old school colors (the men's school colors, of course).

Say a young man was educated at Sydney Technical College, whose football togs are royal-blue and brown.

He goes to a party, where there are lots of pretty girls. But they leave him cold, unmoved.

It looks like a disenchanted evening. Then across a crowded room he sees a girl in a royal-blue shirt and brown Bermuda shorts.

At once the old Tech man's pulses quicken. Muttering, "You'll do me!" he makes a dash for blue-shirt.

That is the theory, anyway.

If true, it raises a problem for the girl with no steady boy-friend. How does she know what colors to wear?

If she turns up at a dance in pink and purple (Benelong Grammar) she will offend the boys who went

COME ON, SCHOOL!

to Warringah College (green and puce). Or the other way round.

Probably her best plan is to keep a wardrobe of outfits in the colors of different schools.

She can choose her black bolero and pale blue marador pants to im-



press an Old Etonian at a rock'n-roll evening, or cyclamen-and-yellow separates for a barbecue with the ex-dux of Sydney Reform School. And so on.

Just the same many girls are worried about it all.

Boys' schools so often have colors that are unbecoming.

Take a red-haired girl who is interested in an ex-pupil of Pymble High (scarlet and mauve). Or a blonde who wants to look her best for a former prefect of Ooldea Grammar (mustard and lolly-pink stripes).

Such a girl should forget about school colors and rely on sex appeal.

It does no harm to have her boyfriend's school motto—like "Play the game, lads"—embroidered on her blouse or sweater.

If he is extra loyal she may carry a school pennant and wave it.

My own view is that fashion experts are overdoing the school loyalty of men.

Lots of men are more keen on their football club than their school.

The sweetheart of a Richmond barracker, in Melbourne, can't go wrong in offering a glimpse of yellow-and-black petticoat.

And, of course, girls are sometimes devoted to their old schools.

That is surely the cue for a smart young man to wear a tie in the colors of the Whatsit Ladies' College.



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THE DRESSMAKER'S DOLL

Where had it come from?

... a short story

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

THE doll lay in the big velvet-covered chair. There was not much light in the room; the London skies were dark. In the gentle, greyish-green gloom, the sage-green coverings and the curtains and the rugs all blended with one another. The doll blended, too. She lay long and limp and sprawled in her green velvet shoes and her velvet cap and the painted mask of her face.

She was not a doll as children understand dolls. She was a Puppet Doll, the whim of rich women, the doll who lolls beside the telephone, or among the cushions of the divan. She sprawled there, eternally limp and yet strangely alive. She looked a decadent product of the twentieth century.

Sybil, hurrying in with some patterns and a sketch, looked at her with a faint feeling of surprise and bewilderment. She wondered—but whatever she wondered did not get to the forefront of her mind. Instead, she thought to herself: Now, what's happened to the pattern of the blue velvet? Wherever have I put it? I'm sure I had it here just now.

She went out on the landing and called up to the workroom. "Elsbeth! Elsbeth, have you got the blue pattern up there? Mrs. Fallows-Brown'll be here any minute now."

She went in again, switching on the lights. Again she glanced at the doll. "Now where on earth—where—ah, there it is." She picked up the pattern from where it had fallen from her hand. There was the usual creak outside on the landing as the lift came to a halt and in a minute or two Mrs. Fallows-Brown, accompanied by a Pekingese, came puffing into the room rather like a fussy local train arriving at a wayside station.

"It's going to pour," she said, "simply pour!"

She threw off gloves and a fur. Alicia Croombe came in. She didn't always come in nowadays, only when special customers arrived. Mrs. Fallows-Brown was such a customer.

Elsbeth came down with the frock and Sybil pulled it over Mrs. Fallows-Brown's head.

"There," she said, "It really does suit you. It's a lovely color, isn't it?"

Alicia Croombe leaned back a little in her chair, studying it. "Yes," she said. "I think it's good. Yes, it's definitely a success."

Mrs. Fallows-Brown turned sideways and looked at herself in the mirror. "I must say," she said, "your clothes do do something to my hips."

"You're much thinner than you were three months ago," Sybil assured her.

"I'm not," said Mrs. Fallows-Brown, "though I must say I look it in this. There's something about the way you cut; it really does minimise my hips. I almost look as though I hadn't got any." She sighed and gingerly smoothed the troublesome portion of her anatomy. "They've always been a bit of a trial to me," she said. "And now as I'm getting older they seem to be spreading much more."

Alicia Croombe said, "You should see some of my customers!"

Mrs. Fallows-Brown experimented to and fro.

"A tummy is worse than hips," she said. "It shows more. Or perhaps you think it does." She craned her neck round still farther. She said suddenly, "Oh, that doll of yours! She gives me the creeps. How long have you had her?"

Sybil looked uncertainly at Alicia Croombe. Alicia Croombe looked puzzled but vaguely depressed. "I don't know exactly," she said. "Some time I think—I never can remember

things. It's awful nowadays—I simply cannot remember. Sybil, how long have we had her?"

Sybil said shortly, "I don't know."

"Well," said Mrs. Fallows-Brown, "she gives me the creeps. Uncanny! She looks as though she were watching us all, and perhaps laughing in that velvet sleeve of hers. I'd get rid of her if I were you." She gave a little shiver.

Then she plunged once more into dressmaking details. Should she or should she not have the sleeves an inch shorter? And what about the length? All these important points settled satisfactorily, Mrs. Fallows-Brown resumed her own garments and prepared to depart. As she passed the doll she turned to look at it again.

"No," she said, "I don't like that doll. She looks too much as though she belonged here. It isn't healthy."

"Now what did she mean by that?" demanded Sybil, as Mrs. Fallows-Brown departed down the stairs.

Before Alicia Croombe could answer, Mrs. Fallows-Brown returned, poking her head round the door. "Good gracious, I'd forgotten all about Fou-Ling. Where are you, ducksie? Well, I never!"

She stared, and the other two women stared, too. Fou-Ling was sitting by the green velvet chair, staring up at the limp doll sprawled on it. There was no expression either of pleasure or resentment on his small pop-eyed face. He was merely looking.

"Come along now, mum's darling," said Mrs. Fallows-Brown fondly.

Mum's darling paid no attention whatever.

"He gets more disobedient every day," said Mrs. Fallows-Brown, with the air of one cataloguing a virtue. "Come on, Fou-Ling. Din-dins. Luffy liver."

Fou-Ling turned his head about an inch and a half sideways towards his mistress, then with disdain he resumed his appraisal of the doll.

"She's certainly made an impression on him," said Mrs. Fallows-Brown. "I don't think he's ever noticed her before, I haven't, either. Was she here last time I came?"

"Fancy her sitting up like that," Alicia said to Sybil and Mrs. Groves as they gazed at the doll in front of the desk.

The two women looked at each other. Sybil had a frown now on her face. Alicia Croombe said, wrinkling up her forehead, "I told you—I simply can't remember anything nowadays. How long have we had her, Sybil?"

"Where did she come from?" demanded Mrs. Fallows-Brown. "Did you buy her?"

"Oh, no." Somehow Alicia Croombe was shocked at the idea. "I suppose—I suppose someone gave her to me." She shook her head. "Maddening," she said. "Absolutely maddening, when everything goes out of your head the very moment after it's happened."

"Now don't be stupid, Fou-Ling," said Mrs. Fallows-Brown sharply. "Come on. I'll have to pick you up."

She picked him up. Fou-Ling uttered a short bark of agonised protest. Then went out of the room with Fou-Ling's pop-eyed little face turned over his fluffy shoulder still

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Mink Soft!

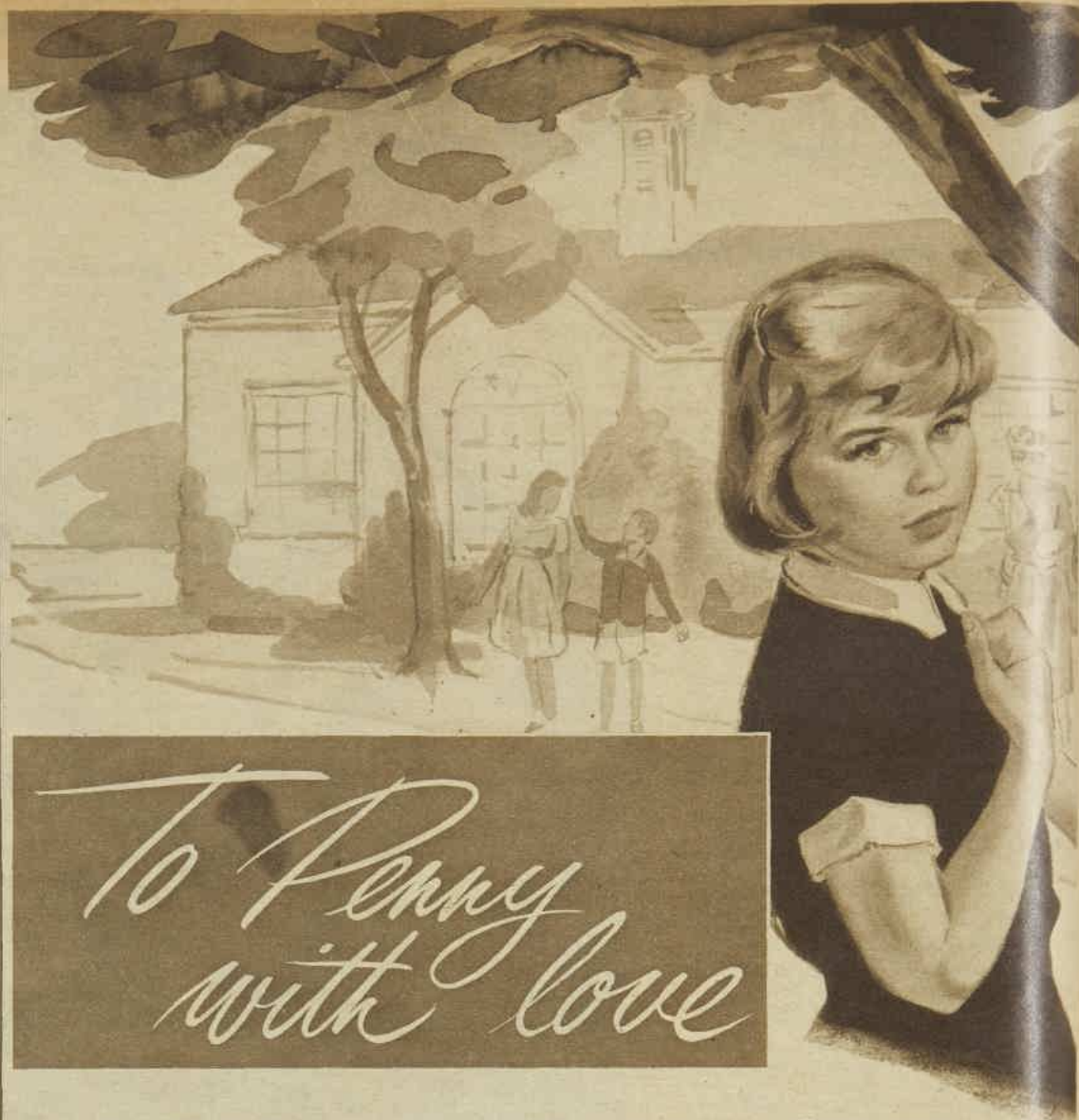
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To Penny
with love

Her birthday meant so much to her . . . a short story

By ELIZABETH ROSSITER

THE house was old, mellow, and gracious, and looked more like somebody's home than a school. Peter Reid swung the car through the drive gates and came to a halt in front of the pillared porch; he turned and smiled at the woman beside him. "This is it," he said.

He felt stiff and nervous, and was annoyed with himself for feeling so. As a rule, when he came down at the weekend, he was happy and full of eagerness to see Penny, his only child; he saw so little of her. Now he could only think of how she was likely to behave, and hope that she wouldn't let him down.

In the porch, with his hand on the doorbell, he spoke quickly. "Katharine, look . . . I don't think we should tell her yet. About us, I mean. Let it sink in slowly. I'm sure that's the best way. You're just a friend I've brought along . . . you don't mind, angel, do you?"

"Darling, why on earth should I? Do whatever you think best." She smiled, her enormous eyes swept upwards to his face.

She holds me in the hollow of her hand, he thought.

He heard her say, "Perhaps I should take my ring off?" and answered a little uncomfortably. "I don't think you need do that. Penny's not at the age when they start to notice engagement rings."

The girl who opened the door looked about seventeen at first glance, though Peter knew she was older. He said, "Hallo, Judy, how are you?" and introduced her to Katharine, stumbling over the introduction because, as usual, he could not remember Judy's second name.

He told himself he really must stop treating the girl as if she were one of the children. She did seem like one of them, in a way; perhaps that was why she could handle them so well. Penny adored her.

He knew he felt awkward for another reason. It was the first time he had ever brought a woman friend to Melcombe Grange; and he had a feeling that Judy Harrison's eyes, though so gay and friendly, really missed very little indeed.

She said cheerfully, "Penny will be thrilled to see you. She's in the garden. Would you like to go out there and find her?"

She went away then, and Peter and Katharine went out on to the terrace behind the house.

"Who is she exactly?" Katharine asked. "What does she do, I mean? Is she one of the domestic staff?"

"Good heavens, no! She's a teacher . . . a very capable one, too, I must say. She has done wonders with Penny." "Oh, I just wondered," Katharine said, "why you called her by her first name."

"That's because the children do it, and I've got into the way of it. It's the custom here; it makes the atmosphere more homely, less like a school. Or they think so, anyway."

Katharine wrinkled her charming nose a little. "It sounds a little odd," she said doubtfully.

Peter laughed. "Odd or not, Penny's happy here, and that's all I care about. Look, there is Penny. The grapevine has been at work."

Penny was running. She ran as fast as her legs would carry her, and that was quite fast over a short distance.

"Daddy!" she shrieked. Peter forgot Katharine. He ran down the terrace steps two at a time and ran towards Penny and caught her up in his arms, and she clasped him round his neck and covered his face with kisses. He held her tightly, and felt her trembling.

Her voice shook, too. "You didn't come," she said. "Not last Sunday, nor the Sunday before that. It has been ages and ages. I thought you'd never come."

"I know. I couldn't help it, sweetheart, truly I couldn't. I've been terribly busy."

He felt guilty, temporising with the child; it was true, he had been busy. But at weekends? For weeks now he had spent every available moment with Katharine, jealous of anyone she was with, of any special occasion he couldn't share.

While he was still the man in pursuit it had to be like that. But it would be different now. Katharine had promised to share his life, and Penny was part of it.

He hugged the little body to him and turned to walk towards Katharine. He said quickly, "I've brought a friend down with me, Penny . . . a lady I hope you're going to like very much."

He felt her stiffen a little. "Who . . . who is she?"

"Her name's Katharine. Here we are." He set Penny on her feet, smoothing the hair out of her eyes and pulling her frock straight. She stood there, very square on her small feet, unsmiling; she had a little dignity of her own already, he thought.

He said, too heartily, "Katharine, this is my daughter, Penny . . ."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1959



*"This is my little daughter, Penny,"
Peter said as Katharine bent down
gracefully to smile at the child.*

she was serene and lovely and smiling. She said, "Darling it's most intriguing. You sound so exactly like a father . . ."

"I am a father," he said shortly.

"Of course. It's seeing you in this new role I find so entertaining."

"Yes," Peter said flatly. "I suppose you must." He hesitated and burst out, "Katharine, try to like her. She's a funny little oddity, I know that. Not very pretty . . . and it's an awkward age . . ."

"Darling!" Katharine said. "Whatever is wrong with you? Of course I like her. She's a poppet . . . such a quaint, sturdy little character. I'm sure we're going to be great friends."

He felt relieved, and yet uneasy; somehow it was not quite what he wanted to hear her say. He mumbled, "Well, that's all right, then."

The children returned, unnaturally tidy and clean they all went down to the village in the car, and sat round a large table in the tea-room of the Melcombe Hotel.

Robin and Jenny were twins whose parents, Peter recalled, had recently been divorced. Alike as two peas, they had sharp, wary little faces, precocious and knowing. As always when allowed to do so, they took the centre of the stage.

In this way attention was diverted from Penny, who sat between Peter and Katharine, silently eating her tea. Now and then she would put out a sticky hand to touch Peter's, as if to reassure herself he was still there, but otherwise she remained obstinately unresponsive.

Katharine, Peter saw gratefully, pretended not to notice anything; she and the twins played up to one another, and an outsider would have thought it a happy and hilarious tea-party. Penny simply let them all get on with it.

At last, feeling that she had hidden behind the twins' exuberance long enough, Peter tried to draw her into things. He asked, "Have you got a new story to show me, Penny?"

Katharine played up gallantly. "Oh, yes, I've heard about this. Daddy tells me you make up wonderful stories and do the pictures as well. Is that right?"

Penny went scarlet. She put her head down and muttered, "I don't . . . they're silly . . . anyway, you can't see it. It isn't finished."

"Oo, you fibber, Penny!" Robin cried. "You showed it to Judy on Thursday."

An ice-cream sundae was put in front of Penny; she eyed it with dislike. She mumbled again, "I don't know where it is."

"But won't you tell us what it's about?" Katharine asked.

Penny swallowed. She was silent for a moment; then she whispered painfully, "It's . . . it's about a princess . . . and a castle and . . ." Her eyes were full of tears.

Peter gave Katharine a quick, warning look over her head. Heavens, he thought, why did I ever start this? How could I have forgotten how secretive she is?

He was just about to say, "Never mind, darling, forget it," when Penny, tackling her sundae with a trembling hand, upset the whole thing over Katharine's dress. Then she gave one frightened look at her father and burst into tears in earnest.

Katharine was wonderful. She was the one calm person in the minor pandemonium that followed. Coolly smiling,

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Penny said clearly and politely, "How do you do?" She stuck out a grubby paw for Katharine to take.

Katharine gave Peter a quick, twinkling look. Then she sank down gracefully, sitting on her heels, so that she was on Penny's level.

Penny stood, stiff and unyielding, while the lovely lady put out her arms to draw her into her embrace. Penny drew back and said quietly, "If you don't mind . . . I don't like kissing people much. Except daddy, of course."

Katharine rose lightly to her feet, smiling and unruffled. She said softly, "Except daddy, of course! I do understand how you feel, my pet. Completely!"

Penny looked at her warily, said coolly, "Do you? Why?"

"Well . . ." A tiny frown appeared between Katharine's brows. "Never mind," she said.

Peter turned away to light a cigarette. This wasn't going too well, and he knew no way of making it go better. He was relieved when Penny, abandoning the stranger, tugged at his hand. "Daddy, are we going out to tea today?"

"Yes; if you want to. You'd better cut along and make yourself look respectable. Clean hands, mind, and you'd better ask Matron for a clean frock."

"Can Robin and Jenny come?"

"All right, but tell them to clean up, too. I'm not taking a parcel of ragamuffins to the Melcombe Hotel."

Penny darted away immediately and Katharine and Peter looked at each other. Katharine's annoyance had vanished;

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THE IMPATIENT BACHELOR

A short short story

By MARY WILKINSON



All the time he was in London Harry yearned for sunny Australia.

WE had come to London to further our careers; at least, that's what we had stated rather pompously, on our departure. But in between developing into famous architects we were, of course, having a heck of a good time, too. We'd met on the ship, Roddie and I, and decided to take a flat together. That was how everything started.

When I look back, I rather wonder that we managed to survive the first year of parties, continental tours, and London restaurant cooking at all.

Then Janice arrived. Being Roddie's sister, and the flat having three bedrooms, naturally she stayed with us. I'm afraid the landlady decided there and then that Australians were, on the whole, an immoral lot. Actually, we were just a little naive. It never occurred to us that the presence of a young—and red-haired—girl in a bachelor apartment could lead to any misinterpretation.

And by the time it did occur to us we were both much too devoted to Janice's cooking to dream of letting her move out. That sounds a bit materialistic, perhaps, but let's face it: two young men on their own can dish up some pretty horrible messes at times.

When Janice first peered into our kitchen and saw the stacks of cans—opened and unopened—she had to repress a shriek. Then she took over, calmly and with immense competence. Within a week we were living on cheese souffles, fried chicken, and apple pies—that literally melted in one's mouth.

Apart from cooking for us, Janice soon decided that our lives needed some expert female guidance. Roddie's habit of spending all his money on beer and blondes was soon curbed by his introduction to one of Janice's friends, a sensible young lady who worked in a museum, while I was pushed into applying for a much better job with a leading firm. What's more, I got it. Janice had spent an hour the night before drilling me on what I was to say, how I was to act, even what clothes I should wear. "You simply must have a homburg!" she wailed when she went through my wardrobe.

Within six months I'd had a promotion and was being treated as the pet protégé of the organisation. While all this pleased me, it began to embarrass me, too. I hated to tell my firm that all their efforts on my behalf would be wasted when I

decided to go back home again . . . Which wouldn't be long, I kept feeling.

I had an odd yearning to see the sun again one of these days—apart from the brief glimpses one got of it on annual trips to Spain or Italy—and as soon as the first fog settled that winter I felt myself sinking into a deep, brooding melancholy.

"It's no good," I confided to Janice, examining the inside of my wrist. "I'm beginning to look like something you'd dig up in the garden. I never knew men had such white skins. I thought they were naturally a sort of deep pink."

"But you can't leave now!" cried Janice. "After all your firm's done for you."

"I know," I sighed. "I feel a cad, but it's got to come sooner or later."

"You'll ruin the reputation of Australians in London," wailed Janice. "You know how wary they are of hiring us now, because we're always tripping off to the Continent or somewhere. You can't let us down, Harry!"

I began to feel like a traitor to the flag. But thinking of flags made me remember Bondi Beach on a Sunday, and I spoke up resolutely: "I can't help it, Janice; I've got to leave."

"Well, you'll have to invent some awfully good reason for it," she said firmly.

"Family homestead burning down?" I hazarded.

She threw me a contemptuous look. "Too dramatic. Anyhow, they know you live in Sydney."

"Mother taken by a shark?"

She shook her head and her hair bobbed prettily—she had masses of it, all a golden red. Then suddenly a smile broke.

"I know! Your fiancée is running around with another man!"

"My fiancée?" I echoed.

"Yes, that's it!" She leant over the fire with what could only be called a demonical grin. "She's been waiting for you two years, and now she's fed up. She's written you that she won't wait a day longer."

"Well, why doesn't she come over here and marry me?" I inquired, trying to view the thing logically.

Janice made a face. "Well, you see, she was here three years ago and didn't like it. She's not a very adaptable girl . . ." She frowned. "In fact, she's a bit of a prig really. Anyhow, her name's Muriel."

So Muriel it was. I imagined her

as little and dark, inclined to be catty about other girls. The next day I went to my superior and told him how awfully sorry I was, but that I was afraid I'd have to hand in my resignation.

"Resignation? Why?" He looked genuinely shocked.

I explained about Muriel, and he nodded sympathetically.

But after I'd finished he came over and patted my shoulder and said in a fatherly voice: "Well, that's all right—we understand—but we're not going to let you get away as easily as all that. Oh, no! You go home and marry your girl, and the firm will give you a free trip back here . . . bridal suite and all! Naturally, we'd expect you to sign on for a minimum of three years afterwards . . ."

I swallowed awkwardly. "Oh, that's awfully good of you, sir. But Muriel . . ."

"Now, no buts. If this girl really loves you she won't want to stand in the way of your career. And, after all, London's not that bad, is it now?"

I went out feeling as if I needed a beer. After I'd had one—or perhaps it was two—I rang Janice and explained what had happened.

"It's all your fault," I said. "You invented Muriel."

"But, Harry," she giggled, "it's all quite simple. You go home, have your sunshine, find a girl, marry her, and come back. What could be simpler?"

She seemed to think it a great joke; I rang off rather angrily and spent the afternoon making lists of girls on bits of blotting paper under my specifications. But when I got right down to it, I found that about half had married someone else since I'd left home, and the other half seemed to have great flaws in their characters which somehow I'd never noticed before.

I spent the next few weeks in a constant state of anxiety. Janice was wonderful, I must say, packing my clothes, getting my tickets, even writing to all her girl-friends, telling them of my expected arrival date. I imagined the wharf would look something like a harem as the ship pulled in.

My days at the office came to seem like a nightmare to me. Everyone was congratulating me on my engagement and wishing me the best of luck. I knew they were taking around a collection to present me with a silver dish. And the switch-girl gave me a distinctly dirty

look when I asked her out to lunch one day.

The worst thing happened on a Monday morning when I came in and found Miss Hendricks, the boss' elderly secretary, coyly giggling in a corner.

"Aha!" she whispered, coming near me. "I saw you at the art exhibition yesterday with that redhead! But don't worry! I know how to keep a secret!"

"A redhead?" I must have looked guilty for a moment. Then I relaxed. "Oh, that's all right. That's only Janice . . . the girl I live with."

I'll never forget her face. Even when I tried to explain how things were she continued to look at me with a dazed air and went off laughing nervously.

Finally I was on that ship, my bags around me, feeling somewhat let-down at the last minute. But the next morning I went on a tour of inspection, hopefully looking for the face that would save me from a fate worse than dishonor. There were plenty of girls on the ship, and some of them were extremely attractive. But somehow I couldn't bring myself to actually propose to any of them. Never mind, I kept thinking, I'll have three months at Bondi to take my pick.

The first month, naturally enough, I spent taking things easy and looking up old acquaintances. It wasn't until the second was well under way that I was gripped by a feeling of panic. I confided to Tom, an old friend who always seemed to have dozens of girl-friends.

"Listen," I began. "Perhaps you can help me. You see, I've got to get married . . ."

"Got to?" He threw me a brotherly look. "Too bad, old chap. But I know how these things happen . . ."

"You don't understand," I said. "I've got to find a wife first; and I've only got six weeks to do it in!"

He listened in amazement. "Gosh!" he said at the end. "I can't be much help to you; you see, I've been trying not to get married for years."

I found myself back at Bondi, scanning the prospects. But, although there was a dazzling array of long-limbed beauties, I couldn't help feeling something was missing. After all, who was to say if they could cook? And what girl could cook anything like Janice, anyhow?

I think it was at that moment that the solution dawned. To someone with more experience with women it would doubtless have dawned months before. I only hoped it hadn't dawned too late. Anyhow, that night I sat down and wrote to Janice, telling her what a great fool I'd been not to realise before that I was obviously in love with her.

When I got her reply I felt like a man let out of prison.

"Dearest Harry," she wrote. "I wondered when you were going to wake up to the fact. Why do you think I put the idea of a fiancée in your head in the first place?"

Needless to say, I didn't wait for the three months to pass. I took the next plane back to London, and when I stepped off, Janice was there to welcome me. We were married a week later, and had a three weeks' honeymoon in Majorca before I returned to the office. They welcomed me back profusely, although they seemed a bit stunned when I informed them that Muriel had thrown me over for a rugged sheep farmer and that I'd come back and married the girl I'd been living with instead.

The silver dish they'd given us looks very nice on our sideboard. Roddie has moved out to give us more room, particularly with the baby coming. And the landlady is more convinced than ever that we're rather a fast lot.

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Stars in her eyes



For Timothy, Venus was only a planet . . . an amusing romance

By JEAN M. BOULTER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

JOANNA turned in at the entrance to her block of flats and began the climb to the second floor. Half-way up, the new young man from number eight overtook her. In one arm he carried a large bag of groceries and under the other, as nonchalantly as though it was an umbrella, a telescope.

"Evening," he said to Joanna as he passed, without glancing at her and apparently not even noticing that she had honey-blond hair, grey eyes, and a pert, tip-tilted nose.

"Good-evening," Joanna said primly, and pulled a face at his retreating back. She wasn't used to not being noticed.

About an hour later there was a knock on her door and the young man stood there, smiling uncertainly. "I wonder," he began, "if you could let me have a little salt."

"Yes, of course," Joanna said. She put some salt into the cup he had given her and handed it back to him.

"Thanks so much." The young man grinned suddenly. "Hope you don't think I'm going to be one of those borrowing neighbors. I only moved in today, and it seems that I remembered everything except salt."

"It's quite all right," Joanna assured him.

He moved off and then said to her apropos of nothing: "Going to be a beautiful full moon later on tonight."

Joanna closed the door, feeling faintly surprised. He had not struck her as being the romantic type, in spite of being rather romantically good-looking, with his dark eyes and lean, sun-tanned face.

Their acquaintanceship progressed the next night when he meticulously returned the salt, to an exchange of names—his was Timothy Peters—and a further romantic-sounding observation of Timothy's that the stars were particularly bright that evening.

Is he leading up to something? Joanna wondered. In spite of the fact that she hardly knew him, she rather hoped so.

Not that she was forgetting Paul, of course. Paul was the boy she had left behind in her home town and who wrote to her every week, telling her all about Mr. Simpkins' bad leg and the butcher's new car and the big row at the last council meeting, and ended by saying that he was hers ever, Paul. She wasn't quite sure whether she wanted him to be hers ever.

Then one evening Timothy knocked on her door again and said eagerly: "Will you come for a walk down to the park? It's a lovely clear night."

"Why, yes, I'd like to," Joanna said, also eager, but trying to hide it.

"Oh, good!" Timothy bounded away and then came back. "Can you be ready in twenty minutes? It may come up cloudy later."

"Yes, of course," Joanna hid her puzzlement. What did a few clouds matter? Unless he was afraid it would rain and spoil their evening. She smiled tenderly at his concern.

She had a hurried shower and put on her prettiest frock, made up her face carefully, brushed her hair, and dabbed perfume on her wrists. As Timothy's knock sounded again she picked up a light jacket and opened the door, determined not to keep him waiting and spoil their very first date.

Timothy stood there, tapping his foot impatiently. Joanna's smile faded. Under his arm was the telescope she had noticed the day he arrived.

"What on earth . . ." she began.

"Ready?" Timothy asked. "Glad you had the sense to bring a jacket. It gets cold sitting around in the park."

"But," Joanna said, "what's that for?"

"It's a telescope. Haven't you seen one before?"

"Not in the flesh."

"It's an astronomical one. I study the stars. It's my hobby."

"I see," Joanna said slowly. Light was beginning to dawn.

"Would you like to carry the tripod for me?" he asked. "It's a bit awkward carrying both, and I wouldn't like anything to happen to this." He patted his telescope fondly.

Joanna took the tripod in silence and followed him down the stairs.

Their walk to the park was enlivened by Timothy pointing out to her the various planets and constellations. Joanna was soon hopelessly bewildered. To her they were just stars that came out after dark, twinkled dutifully for their allotted span, and then disappeared with the dawn. "I don't know how you can tell one from another," she sighed.

He chuckled. "Don't worry," he said. "Everyone says that at first. You'll soon know them all off by heart."

Joanna looked up at the myriad stars again and doubted it strongly.

At the park they found a deserted seat and Timothy set up the tripod and telescope and was soon absorbed. Joanna sat beside him glumly, gradually getting colder and eyeing the stars with dislike. Then Timothy gave an exclamation.

"There!" he said. "Look at that. Put your eye here. That's right. Now, what do you see?"

Joanna looked. At first what she saw made no sense to her. She said wonderingly: "What are all those holey things?"

"Holey things!" he exclaimed indignantly. "That's the moon, woman. Those are craters. Isn't it wonderful to see it so close?"

Joanna tried hard to feel excited, but it was difficult. To her the moon looked far more beautiful when viewed ordinarily than through

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Joanna felt unwanted and neglected, sitting in the park while Timothy enthused over the stars.

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Why a woman

by MARJORIE HOLMES

● If you suggested to the average man, "Your wife can't talk to you," he would think you were out of your mind. "Talk!" he'd probably explode. "Why, that's all she does."

BEING a man, a husband mistakes for conversation the stream of trivialities with which a woman is driven to try to make contact with him. The business about who served the tea at the tennis club, how you can't seem to find half-pockets to mend pants any more, how "Billy misbehaved so badly at the dentist's."

No, the target of all this seldom has the faintest inkling that at the back of it may lurk the desperate perception, "This isn't madly fascinating to me, either, but how can I tell you the things that are really in my heart?"

"You'd cut me off, you'd yawn, or find an excuse to beat it. There's simply no way any more for me to really talk to you."

Before blaming the men too much for this dilemma, let's face it—maybe nature never meant the sexes to talk.

In the beginning it was sufficient for the male to bring home the kill, his mate to cook it, with no exchanges between them beyond an occasional "Ugh."

Deep in the male animal are bred thousands of centuries of regarding women as slaves. And for hundreds of years, even after civilisation began, in most societies men ruled the oral roost.

Small wonder then that having finally burst their bonds women are anxious to make up

for lost time. Or that after such long conditioning men regard this comparatively recent manifestation, the articulate woman, with a mixture of amazement and distress.

Then, too, nature fixed it so that the sexes are simply more comfortable when conversing with their own kind. More relaxed, more honest, more free.

Who but another woman, for instance, could possibly understand the emotional gymnastics to which you are subject when your menstrual cycle swings? Or some of the common delights and distresses that women experience and discuss when it comes to the subject of men?

There's too much about babies and bills

Similarly, a man can communicate with another man about many things that he couldn't possibly share with a woman, particularly if that woman happens to be his wife.

Here is another irony for which neither sex is to blame.

It's extremely difficult for married people to talk to each other, simply because they know each other so well. One of the glories of courtship is self-revelation. Everything is a matter of marvelling.

Each rushes to the other to disclose, or discover, some sweet secret of himself. Each thinks, "Ah, at last I am understood."

With marriage, however, what was once a voyage of discovery becomes mundane everyday fare. And somehow the more vital, meaningful treasures of the spirit get

buried in an avalanche of breadwinning, babies, and bills.

Subtly, but almost inescapably, the two romantics who used to stand hand in hand at a holiday beachfront and speculate on the universe change into harried parents so busy about the children or the garden they can't even take the holiday. And if they did, they'd feel foolish discussing anything so remote as the stars.

Because by now they're strangers. People who may share the same bed and breakfast, but strangers, nonetheless; lovers parted by the very thing they married to get—a life together.

It is a life that reveals them in their weaknesses, too—their bad tempers before

their morning coffee, their yelling at the children, and mistakes in handling money, and forgetting to get the clothes at the cleaner's or to wash out the bath.

While such intimacy does not necessarily breed contempt, it begets something just as bad because it is so insidious: a feeling of embarrassment about exposing one's finer, higher, or even more serious, less materialistic self. As if one were too woefully commonplace to harbor any but the most trifling everyday thoughts.

Then, too, the sheer fact of sexual intimacy can actually separate people on other fronts. Before marriage man woos his chosen one with letters, phone calls, words.

Once he has achieved his objective, what further need to discuss it? Certainly in



"Look, if you've got something to say, just say it!"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1959

can't talk to her husband

Did nature ever intend the sexes to talk? Do men want their wives to be, above all, DUMB?

the sex act there is communion so profound that words become superfluous. Men instinctively accept this. Women can't.

To men, sex is the basic premise of marriage; as such, sex is the true avenue of communication. Satisfied in this department, a man can go on about the business of providing for his partner, assuming that she, too, is completely fulfilled.

To women, however, sex is but one avenue of communication. An important one, true, but incomplete without that other adjunct that has become so vital to the female—verbal expression.

Women who are forced to stay home all day with no more mental stimulus than settling children's battles become bored and lonely. They welcome their mates' homecoming at night as a chance to spill not only the day's meagre excitements but some of the weightier things on their spirits.

Men, on the other hand, have usually spent the day in the company of other adults, both male and female, the majority of them very articulate indeed.

A man may not only be all talked out, he may be all listened out. The small events his mate has been bursting to tell him may strike him as not only annoying but silly.

His reaction may be one of outright impatience or polite indifference. To get his ear at all she may have to tag him, still talking, into the living-room, where he picks up the paper. Or he deliberately cuts her off by breaking in to ask how soon will dinner be ready.

If he's in a critical mood, he will interrupt her vehement account of some injustice that occurred in the neighborhood to scold, "Oh, lay off it, dear, you take things too hard, I don't want to hear any more."

Now women may act like children at times, but women are not children. And to have their poor, eagerly hoarded little tidbits of conversation scorned or rejected before they even get down to the main course is akin to being slapped. It makes them feel that men think they are idiots unworthy of a hearing.

She nags to get him to listen

Certainly it discourages the further effort of bringing out for serious discussion the confidence or opinion that may be very dear to them and that they have longed to share. They simply cannot bear to run the risk of having that spurned, too.

Furthermore, women are often apprehensive of such revelations, anyway, because they recognise that most men still regard women as an inferior sex. I don't care how emancipated they have become.

As for the current spate of articles accusing women of dominating men—nuts! Males are made of sterner stuff. They just don't dominate that easily, not after all those cons of being lords and masters.

In a man's heart of hearts he secretly disdains women as lesser creatures. Even their new-found freedom he attributes in large part to his own innate protectiveness.

And actually he's right. Else why did he smilingly

condescend to let them not only vote but invade his clubs, his bars, and his business world? Simply because red-blooded men are traditionally considerate and respectful to women, the weaker sex.

Even when women have achieved genuine prominence and success, this mildly surprised yet withal kindly attitude prevails.

Observe the expressions on the faces of men when lady speakers are shrilling away at the microphone. The look of gentlemanly forbearance, as if, "We must pretend we are paying attention to this pretty, cackling creature, but after a while surely she will go away and we can get on with our business."

I've observed this same expression when women legislators appear. A look extremely respectful but tinged with something vaguely troubled, albeit courtly, deferential, and somehow endearing. Something rather sweet.

Having been forced to give ground in these arenas, it is probably no wonder that men unconsciously are on the lookout for any threat to their peace and prominence at home—for any indication that the little lady who keeps the moths out of his dinner jacket is capable of any deeper concepts than her idle prattle would indicate.

Runs away from real discussion

So that when and if she does show signs of thinking seriously about serious matters and strives to have an audience with him he is disturbed. On guard. Suspicious of her motives. Concerned lest he lose caste by his ignorance of or just plain lack of interest in the subject.

Most of all, he is fearful lest he learn things about this woman he's come to take for granted that it would be actually more comfortable not to know.

What's she up to? Isn't she happy? (As, indeed, she may be longing to confess that she is not, and why.) And, instinctively defensive of his own masculinity—don't I satisfy her? I make a good living, am faithful, provident, sober, and what's more do everything possible for the kids. Sure, I fall short in many respects, but then so does she. Why not let well enough alone?

That, I'm assured by psychologists who've got down to bedrock with a lot of them, is how many a man's mind operates. Especially a man whose parents may have been reserved with each other, so that he wasn't accustomed to hear-

ing so much free expression as a child.

So he listens guardedly, if at all, to his wife's hopeful outpourings. He does not make the mistake of encouraging her by his own comments, which might lead to a genuine discussion.

By his demeanor he registers polite discomfort, if not outright resistance. And at the first graceful moment he escapes.

Any woman who's been given this treatment a few times begins to catch on: her husband prefers her decorative but dumb, at least in their private life together.

Such fervent political con-

victions as she may have she can save.

Such ideas on art, music, love, hope, human destiny not only look funny on the woman who sorts your socks, they pose

vague undertones of that "divine discontent" which Schopenhauer says shapes progress, but which can also play havoc in the home.

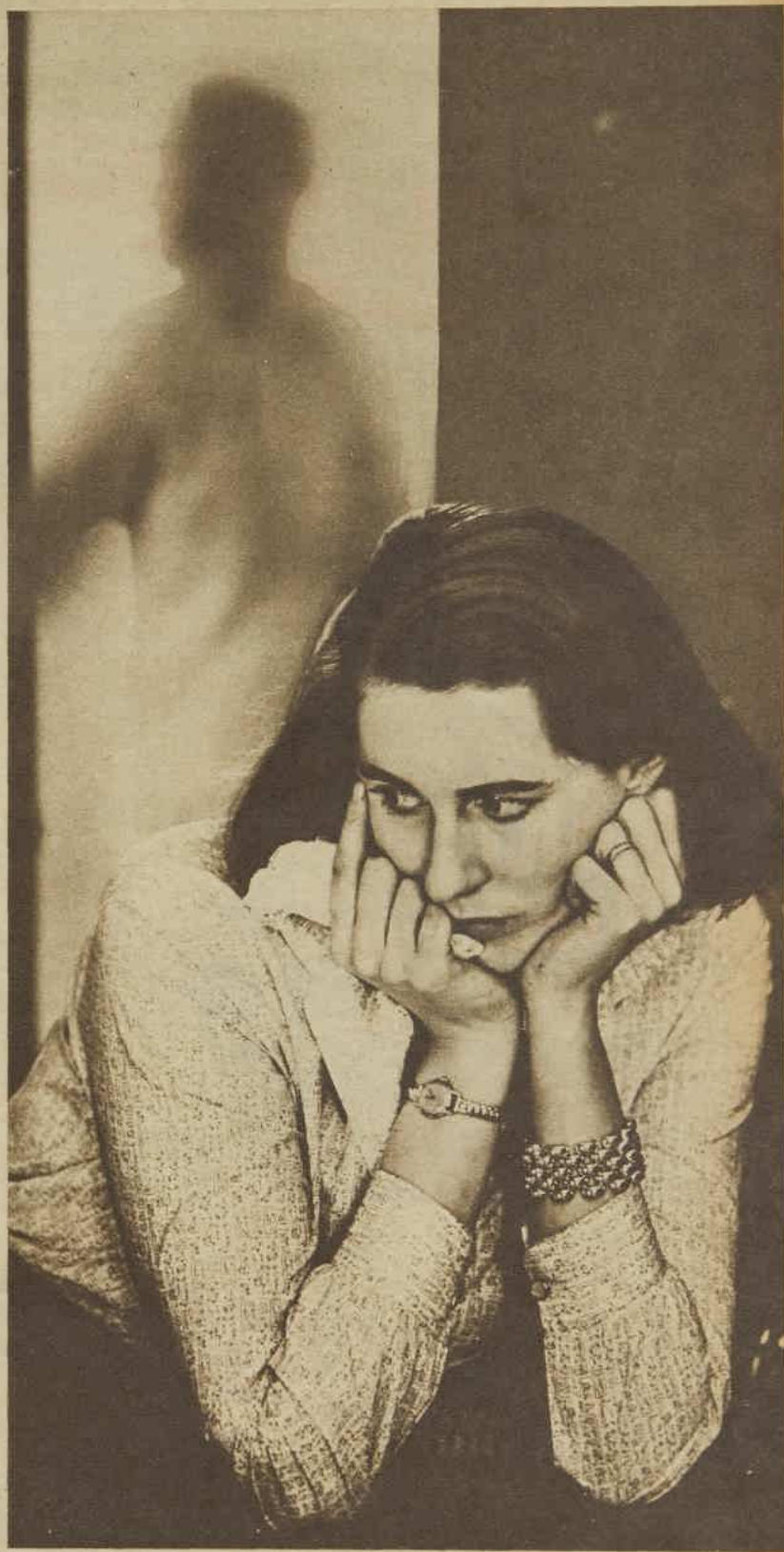
Furthermore, they demand a degree of intimacy that not everyone is willing to yield—an intimacy of the spirit that goes beyond the intimacy of sex itself.

No, no, for most men sex is sufficient. This other more demanding form of human intercourse is too much to ask. . . . And perhaps it is just as well. As the poet Kahlil Gibran says, perhaps there should be spaces between

He only wants his socks sorted

people."

Yet the spaces can become too broad, too vast. "If I ever leave my husband," a woman once confided, "it won't be because of physical attraction. It will be because I've found a man with whom I can really talk."



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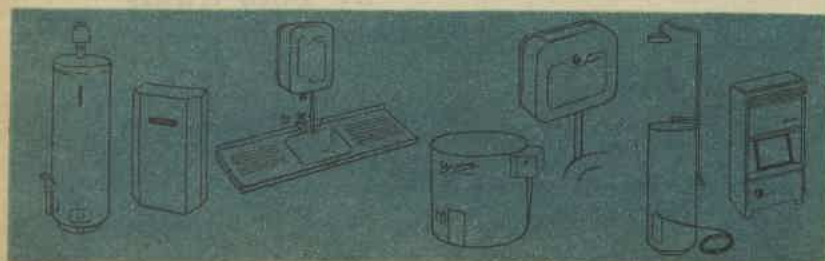
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LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HOT WATER SERVICES IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1959





"He's a self-made man. That's another job he never finished."



"I will answer your question in just a minute."

ELIZABETH MACINTYRE

It seems to me

THE house where Elizabeth Barrett Browning lived in Florence is in a narrow street, looks drab from the outside. I don't think she would have liked it much without Robert.

You need company in Europe, even if it's not Robert Browning.

On my second visit to the Uffizi Gallery in Florence I ran into an American girl. We had encountered each other briefly the day before.

We fell on each other's necks like Dad and Mr. Moloney, of Steele Rudd's "On Our Selection," when they met in Brisbane.

So, picking up a stray American widow en route, we ended up at dinner together.

We confided to one another our mistakes about money, our uneasiness about tipping (is this too much or too little?), our belief that some of the things we had bought would be cheaper in our home towns. We all boasted that we had learned a lot and were now much shrewder.

I suspected that the waiter overcharged us at dinner. I think we all did. But none of us was brave enough to say so.

TRAVELLERS tell one another things that they seldom reveal to other people.

I'd like a pound for every woman — whether alone or accompanied — who said in Europe: "To tell you the truth I'm ready to go home now."

Wives usually drop their voices if making this confession. The husbands, having shelled out the money for the trip, are determined to get full value. Nobody is going to wring out of them that they're tired after four flights of palace stairs. No, sir.

TO return to London from the Continent was like coming home.

The sun still shone. And I could understand what people were talking about.

Mostly they were talking about the weather, the shocking traffic jams, the Guards' move behind the railings at Buckingham Palace, and the weather.

The wonderful summer had not been without drawbacks. One of these was a water shortage.

Jeanne Heal, English TV personality (she visited Australia earlier this year), told me about a dinner she attended in Manchester.

"Would you like a glass of water?" asked her hostess, adding, "I could get you some." At the hotel where the dinner was held there were usually jugs of water on the table. Last month water was provided (by the glass) on request.

I WALKED round the fountain in Trafalgar Square a couple of times, trying to describe to myself the expression on the faces of those lions.

It's a little supercilious, but tolerant.

By



Dorothy Drann

PEOPLE ask, "What did you like best on the trip?"

Apart from generalisations — like saying "London and Paris" — I could be more specific. The list would read:

- Seeing a squirrel on a fence outside a house in Richmond, half an hour from London.
- The Alps and Saudi Arabia from the air.
- The gentle Persian businessman with the kind brown eyes — he helped me with my luggage in an Italian train.
- Brendan Behan's play "The Hostage," now nearing the end of its London season.

ADVERTISEMENT from the "Daily American," published in Rome: "Exchange half Siamese kitten for pot-plant."

Even in Rome, it seems, some people have to make their own fun.

COMING home was pleasant. I flopped into a seat of a Qantas plane and reflected, "How wonderful, I don't have to think any more."

That is one of the special advantages of flying. You eat and sleep, you are shepherded on and off at airports, and eventually you arrive.

You don't have to look out the window and wonder whether the next station is yours.

Incidentally, a notice in the plane's wash-room deserves a prize for tact.

It read: "You may use the hand-towel to wipe the basin."

FOREIGN travel is wonderful, but I like Australia, too.

The people speak English just like me and you.

And I don't have to study a map to see where to go.

My feet just take me because they're well trained. They know.

And when I feel the bus lurch I stop reading a book

Because that's the home corner. I don't have to look.

Posting a letter is absolutely no trouble to my brain.

The stamp counter says "Stamps." So clear. No strain.

The water is soft and you can work up a lather on your face,

Which is more than you can do in London or any other place.

And though it's nice to meet people and learn Who's Who and What's What,

When you come back you find that your old friends aren't such a bad lot.

Scented with rare, costly French perfumes

... rich with beauty-giving creams



lavish, luxurious Cashmere Bouquet

the gentlest Beauty Soap in the world

The unique creamy formula with its exquisite fragrance pampers your skin with a gentle beauty treatment every time you use Cashmere Bouquet soap. The rich deep cleansing lather brings to your skin a youthful glow, a satin smoothness that lasts all day. Fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap is so long-lasting, so economical. Let your whole family enjoy it — now in the colours you love . . . PINK • SKY BLUE • PRIMROSE • WHITE

Kept fresh and fragrant in gleaming foil



So lavish,

luxurious, yet it costs no more than ordinary soaps!

Suds are old- fashioned

**Modern sudsless
washing-up
saves rinsing
saves wiping-up!**



Sudsless TRIX detergent circulates cleansing-energy right through the water. Then drains clean off: dishes dry hygienically pure and sparkling

**whether they
come from
Can, Packet
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Suds just float, trap grease, stick on . . . make wiping-up a must. Half the good of soaps and foaming detergents goes into useless suds. **SUDS DO NOT CLEAN!**



They cling to dishes, carrying grease with them and leaving germ-trap streaks.

Non-foaming
TriX

Washes cleaner,
easier, TriX puts
washing-energy
down in
the water

**Enough for 128
wash-ups in every bottle!**



Why stay behind the times with lazy-daisy suds for washing up when TRIX, the modern sudsless detergent, cuts wash-up time in half. TriX saves in all directions—just a teaspoon of TriX and all the washing-up water quickly degreases grease, swallows dirt like magic. TriX water drains off completely. There's no rinsing, no wiping-up. Dishes dry rapidly—hygienically pure . . . gleaming clean—ready for use again.



**Wash-up today's
One-step way!**

Summer suits — Chanel

Here we show two summer suits by Chanel. Elegant as all her designs are, and with exquisite but unfussy details, both have slimmish skirts and semi-fitted cardigan jackets flashed with superb buttons and the glitter of fake jewels. The hat (below), made in the same pink silk as the blouse, is a stroke of pure Chanel chic.



BEIGE-PINK cotton tweed suit worn with a pink silk overblouse and a forward-tilted hat in matching silk. The cardigan jacket is trimmed with pockets, and the skirt is slim.

PRINTED SILK cardigan suit (right) has the typical Chanel played-down elegance. It is worn with a wisp of a cravat in matching silk, a pearl necklace, bracelet, and brooch.



Some direct questions on a Delicate Subject



Is your feminine daintiness well-protected at all times?

Roll on Arrid — and you roll perspiration and odour out. When the lotion vanishes you know you're safe. And approachable any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!



Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled?

Arrid protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.



Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you?

Arrid's rolled-on protection starts on contact — keeps you shower-bath fragrant for 24 hours! Remember — nothing protects you like a lotion. And no lotion protects you like Arrid. No wonder Arrid is America's number one deodorant!



Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains?

Arrid, used daily, keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains. It keeps your underarms so dry, soft and sweet there's never a hint that the situation's getting warm. Not even on hot, sticky days.

Girls who know the answers use ARRID to be sure.

There's an ARRID deodorant made personally for you. For roll-on protection choose gentle Arrid Roll-on Lotion containing soothing lanolin. Rolls protection into all the pores . . . rolls away perspiration odours, and if you prefer a cream deodorant, there's fluffy white ARRID CREAM.

P.S. Arrid is also available in handy Arrid Super-Spray — in the unbreakable blue squeeze-bottle.



ROLLS ON

Pearly white Arrid Roll-on Lotion comes in the shaped bottle with the roll-on applicator. No messy dripping . . . no leaking . . . rolls-on just the right amount for day-long protection. 7/6 at all cosmetic counters.



Gentle Arrid Cream keeps underarms soft and fresh all day long. In jars — medium, 3/9; and large, 5/10.

Be sure of your freshness . . . sure of yourself . . . with gentle ARRID protection.

DRESS SENSE

by Betty Keep

● For summer, a button-through shirt-waist dress is a popular daytime design. The design comes in every type of fabric — plain and printed.

THIS fashion item answers a reader's inquiry. Here is her letter and my reply:

"Would floral striped cotton material be suitable for a button-down-the-front shirt frock? If it would, I would like a paper pattern for the style in a 36in. bust."

Yes, it would. Floral striped cottons — in fact, all flowered materials — make some of the prettiest shirtwaist designs of the season. The dress I have chosen for you is illustrated at right. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in your size. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"I WANT to make myself a summer dressing gown in terry-towelling and don't know what new style to follow. Would you advise me, please?"

A belted bathrobe following the lines of a polo coat is a revival in lingerie. A robe in this category would be an excellent design for terry-towelling.

"A FRIEND has advised me that I should wear a one-piece corselet instead of corset and separate bra. I am undecided if this is correct, because I am fairly stout and need good support."

It depends on your figure proportions. But, generally speaking, natural shaping dominates in current corset designing, and for a full figure a corselet with firm reinforcing is a slimming garment.



DS379. — One piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O. Sydney.

"WHAT would be a fashionable type of sleeve for a slim-fitted late-afternoon dress?"

A bell-shaped sleeve in elbow length is very new in current fashion.

"I OFTEN read your fashion notes and now have my own query. I wear slacks and shorts in the summer and would like an idea for a smart separate top. I am rather tired of the shirt blouse."

As a shirt-b blouse variation I suggest a tunic top. Belted or unbelted, the tunic looks new and chic worn over shorts or slacks. For slacks, knee-length is the approved length. For shorts, the tunic is just long enough to show a glimpse of the shorts beneath.

"I WISH to include in my wardrobe for next autumn an at-home dress in velvet. My problem is that I do not know what shades are to be worn. I have dark hair and eyes and a creamy complexion."

Ruby-red is an important autumn dress color, and the one I advise you to choose for your velvet dress.

"MY problem is a style for a frock suitable for going out at night. I don't want formal. The fabric is a floral print."

A pretty idea would be a one-piece with a full skirt featuring a wide midriff accented with three grosgrain ribbon bands. Have the bodice top finished with a scooped-out collarless neckline.

Beauty in brief:

LASTING MANICURE

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Why is it that one manicure will keep your fingertips neatly lacquered for a week while another looks chipped and ragged in a day or two? Little things make the difference.

BE THOROUGH. Clean off all old polish, including stains, on the cuticle. Use plenty of clean cotton-wool for this job. Soak nails in warm soapy water before you begin work on the cuticle and make quite sure that each nail is smoothly tailored.

DON'T OMIT A SINGLE STEP. If a colorless undercoat seems to "hold" your manicure together, by all means use it and follow with two thin coats of lacquer.

Three, or even four, thin coats wear much better than one or two thicker ones.

Wipe a hairline off the tip of each nail when the second layer of color is applied.

When a top coat is used as well, spread it over the whole nail and just underneath the tip. Be neat and accurate so that no extra tinkering is needed.

TAKE YOUR TIME. Don't manicure when you are flustered or rushed. Give each coat a chance to set, and keep the hands quiet for at least 15 minutes after you finish.

When you are sure they are thoroughly dry, hold the nails under cold running water to help the hardening process.

Candy Hardy Frock Service

● Here is an exceptional fashion buy—a budget-priced dress to be “lived” in all summer. It can be bought ready made or cut out ready to sew.



WE called the dress “Sue” and nominate it as the basis for any fashionable young wardrobe. Trim and versatile, it’s a style to fit any day-time occasion that does not call for formal dressing.

Important, too, is the fact it can take new personality with a switch of accessories. The dress is designed with off-hand chic. From neckline to waist to hem, every seam and pleat is carefully proportioned for figure flattery.

Our material choice is no-iron crease-resisting corded poplin. The superb color choice includes sky-blue, sunshine - yellow, turquoise, white,

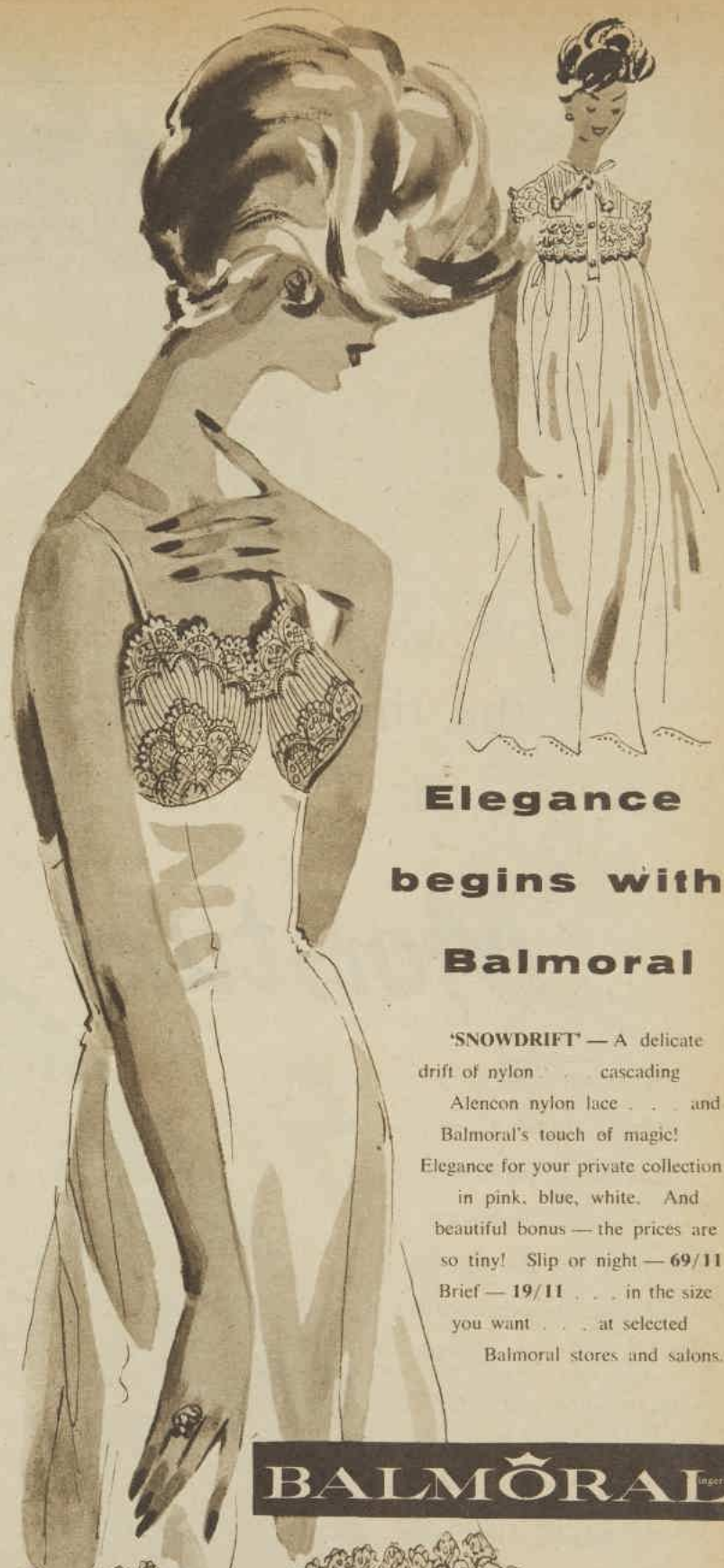
silver-grey, junior-navy, and mid-blue. The dress is available with a matching or contrasting colored belt.

Ready to wear: Sizes 30 to 32in. bust £5/7/3, 34 and 36in. bust £5/10/6. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

Cut out only: Sizes 30 to 32in. bust 69/9, 34 and 36in. bust 73/9. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

How to order

Address orders to Candy Hardy Frock Service, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian orders to same address. Please make a second color choice and mention “Sue.” Print address in block letters.



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Balmoral**

‘SNOWDRIFT’ — A delicate drift of nylon cascading Alencon nylon lace . . . and Balmoral’s touch of magic! Elegance for your private collection in pink, blue, white. And beautiful bonus — the prices are so tiny! Slip or night — 69/11 Brief — 19/11 . . . in the size you want . . . at selected Balmoral stores and salons.

BALMÖRAL lingerie



IF UNOBTAINABLE WRITE BALMÖRAL TEXTILE MILLS MELBOURNE N.11



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the time
for

'Moisture Make-up'

Moisture Make-up is an entirely new foundation. Blended with a wonderful ingredient, it retains the natural skin moisture, lubricates and preserves that soft look of beauty. Smooth on the lightest film, and at once your skin looks flawlessly textured, toned with lovely colour. And all the time you're wearing it under your Yardley Powder it is keeping your skin soft and supple. *Pearl, Peach and Honey Blush.* Price: 12/6

... pure magic
for the drier
type of skin



Send 2/6 together with your name and address to Susan Foster, G.P.O. Box 3326, Sydney, for an exquisite miniature pack containing samples of Moisture Make-up and Yardley 'Gay Rose' Long Last Lipstick.



by **YARDLEY**

WORTH REPORTING

"WELL, there are just the ordinary little revolutions that go on," Mrs. Roy Chappel said thoughtfully.

We gulped. There aren't any "ordinary little revolutions" in this country, ma'am.

But Mrs. Chappel lives in South America. And we'd just asked her what life there was like.

"Exciting?" we'd asked hopefully. But no. Not unless you count little revolutions.

Mrs. Chappel's home is in Aul, Argentina, about 200 miles south of Buenos Aires.

Her husband — a doctor of both medicine and veterinary science — is with the United Nations' Food and Agriculture Organisation, doing research on diseases transmissible from animal to man.

The Chappels, who came to Australia for a few months' leave, have seen most of the world since their marriage two years ago.

They met at sea (she was a passenger, he was the ship's surgeon), married in Australia, travelled to England via Europe, and then went to South America, via U.S.A.

What, we asked—travelling to a subject close to our hearts—were the fashions like in Aul? Were good clothes hard to get?

"The leatherwork is superb," said Mrs. Chappel. "Shoes are from about £3 upwards."

"And I had a linen dress made last year. The dress-maker charged me 10/-."

South America, here we come!

It wasn't so shipshape . . .

IN these days of luxurious passenger ships it's an idea to spare a thought for those less fortunate people who travelled by sea 60 years ago.

Take, for instance, Mr. William Bromley, who sailed from Melbourne to Fremantle aboard the not-very-good ship Bollara in 1896.

"It was a rough passage," he told us. "We were hove-to for one day between Melbourne and Adelaide, and for three days between Adelaide and Perth."

"There weren't any tables, just long sets of boards on trestles. The food was put out at one end of the so-called table and we were issued with tin plates and pannikins."

"The food was usually corn-beef, potatoes, cabbage, and haricot beans. And if you weren't early for meals you weren't in the race!"

Mr. Bromley added that there weren't enough bunks on the ship to go round, either.

"My dad and I slept on bags of onions on deck," he said. But happier days were ahead for Mr. Bromley in Western Australia.

There he met Miss Ann Wells, and in 1899 they were married at St. Patrick's Church, Fremantle.

Now they live in Sydney. And this month they celebrated their diamond wedding anniversary.



MRS. ROY CHAPPEL
nothing ever happens where she lives—unless you count just "ordinary revolutions."

He picked a Royal filly

LETTERS emblazoned with the Royal Coat-of-Arms—we haven't had one, you probably haven't had one, but Bill Martin, of Haberfield, N.S.W., has had three.

It all began early last year. Bill was in England. He is interested in horses. So he went out to look at the National Stud at Gillingham in Dorset.

There he met Peter Burrell, manager of the stud.

In the course of conversation Mr. Burrell told Bill the Queen races 12 horses from the stud. They are leased in her name, and at the end of their racing careers they are honorably retired.

"I've picked 11 of the 12," said Mr. Burrell. "Which one do you like?"

Bill said he liked "that grey one" and the grey filly joined the Royal dozen.

That was the end of it for Bill till he got a letter from Buckingham Palace signed by Lady-in-Waiting Margaret Hay.

The letter said that since Bill had chosen the filly he might like to submit a name for her.

The filly was by Djebe (Arabic for "tall mountain") out of Annie Oakley.

So Bill suggested she be named Mountain Marksman, Aiming High, or Grand Target.

The next letter came from Windsor Castle thanking him for his christening effort.

Finally, a few months later, the third letter arrived from Balmoral Castle.

Bill's names had already been taken. "But your theme was used," the letter said, "and the filly was named Maid of the Mountains."

★ ★ ★

WHEN Hollywood actor Aldo Ray flew into London recently he remarked: "I'd like to marry an English dame."

"There's something about English dames that I like. I could be happy with one of them."

Mr. R. has been married twice before — to American dames.

TWO children we know—a boy of six and his sister, aged four—decided to play Cowboys and Indians.

"All right," said the little girl, "you be the goodie and I'll be the baddie."

"No," said her brother. "I'll be the outlaw and you be the in-law."

It will all go to their heads

WHEN we were told about a firm with "35,000 heads on file" we looked nervously over our shoulder and thought about Darkest Africa.

But it turned out that this firm has absolutely nothing to do with cannibals or People Like That.

We were simply being told about Gelot's—famous Parisian hatters in the Rue de la Paix.

And the "35,000 heads on file" meant that Gelot's have records of the head shapes of 35,000 men from all over the world.

When a customer first buys a hat his head is measured with a "conformateur."

This is an instrument looking rather like a hat made of ribs and meeting the head's exact contours.

Gelot's also note the shape of the customer's face, the width of his shoulders, his weight, and height. Then the proportions of his hat are in perfect harmony with his silhouette.

"It's always the little man who wants a 10-gallon hat," says M. Robert Dehesdin, grandson of the firm's founder, with a sigh.

In such cases Gelot's tact-



BLOCKHEADS . . . a Parisian hatter keeps these wooden blocks of unusual-shaped clients' heads, including Crosby.

fully try to persuade the customer to order a style that will do him — and his hatter — credit.

But, we were told, some men have heads with a difficult and unusual shape.

That means a wooden block of each man's head is made and kept in a "morgue" next door to the workrooms.

And who are the block-heads? Well, they include film stars Bing Crosby and Gary Cooper.



TROPICANA

LIGHT AS AIR . . . COOL TO WEAR

Pointedly gay and exquisitely supple — these are the shoes to send you dancing into summer with sure-footed elegance.

Bedggood



Feel the comfort of the Sof-flex cushioned inner sole.

She's dreaming of a Bright Christmas



Gladden her heart — and her home — with this enchanting **Jeldi** bedspread (with matching curtains)



"SNOWDROP." Design No. 175. Throwover style with white chenille pom-poms on background shades of Champagne, Off-White, Mushroom, Rose, Blue, Green, Gold, Ecige, and pastels Blue, Green, Pink, plus Charcoal with Yellow pom-poms and Gray with either Coral Rose or Aqua pom-poms. Also available in all above shades with self-coloured pom-poms (Design No. 475). Matching Curtains may be purchased separately.

No star will shine so bright on Christmas night as this exquisitely beautiful bedspread by Jeldi. Imagine it! A flock of fluffy chenille pom-poms, soft as Christmas snow, on a background of Jeldi's fascinating knobby fabric. Choose from a host of exciting new two-tone combinations and self-colours designed to add new enchantment to any decorator scheme. Jeldi products, of course, just can't be equalled in quality. Wash this charming bedspread, together with its matching curtains, whenever you wish. They'll never need ironing, never crush, never lose their original radiant loveliness. See this delightful Jeldi ensemble . . . at your favourite store now!

...actually grows lovelier with use!

"What the experts didn't tell us"

By
B. M. ATKINSON, Jr.,
with drawings by
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

- As an expectant father for the first time, Mr. B. M. Atkinson thought a textbook on child care would solve ALL the problems of bringing up children. But after having four children he wrote a book himself—to warn parents, he says, of some of the shocks the experts never tell about.
- Two childish "ailments" which he discovered are outlined below.

DURANTE'S FRENZY

A violent thrashing of a baby's arms, legs, head, feet, rib cage, and buttocks, punctuated by shrieks from the baby and profane mutterings from parents. Caused by belief among babies that the human nose is a fit depository for anything but nose drops. The 18-month-old will, without a qualm, introduce into his nostrils peas, marbles, collar buttons, cigarette butts—but not nose drops.

The father administering these should first gird himself with ear-muffs, rain-coat, and mask.



● Durante's Frenzy

SPAGHETTI LEG

Phenomenon resulting from attempts to put boots on a child, occurring as parent orders child to stiffen leg and push.

Though the child may have the bone structure of a Percheron and enough calcium deposits in each joint to be worth mining, this command causes a dissolving of all bones, joints, and major muscles in said leg and produces a limpness found only in overcooked spaghetti.



● Spaghetti Leg

[From the book published by Simon and Schuster; Copyright (C) 1958, by Curtis Publishing Co., Inc.; Copyright (C) 1959, by B. M. Atkinson, Jr., and Whitney Darrow, Jr.; distributed by King Features Syndicate.]

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK



Ask for the new
PHILIPS



high-efficiency LAMPS

—for more light at
no extra cost!

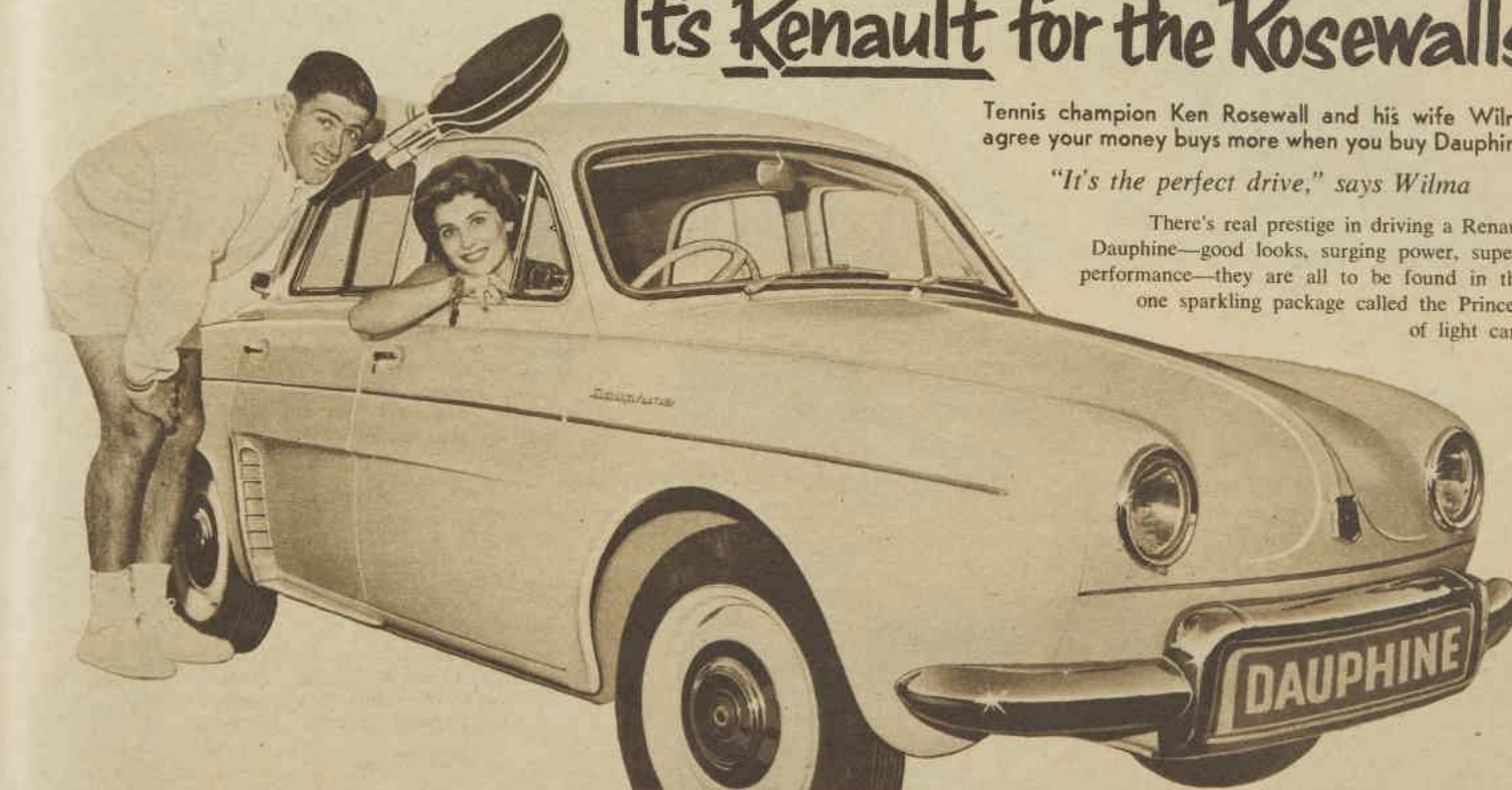
PHILIPS—AUSTRALIA'S MOST TRUSTED NAME
IN LIGHTING FOR OVER 50 YEARS

It's Renault for the Rosewalls!

Tennis champion Ken Rosewall and his wife Wilma agree your money buys more when you buy Dauphine.

"It's the perfect drive," says Wilma

There's real prestige in driving a Renault Dauphine—good looks, surging power, superb performance—they are all to be found in this one sparkling package called the Princess of light cars.



Call on your State Distributor or local dealer and test drive the Dauphine—you'll agree with the Rosewalls that it's the genuine winner, a perfect ACE

Your money buys more when you buy Dauphine

York Motors (Sales) Pty. Ltd.
52 William Street, Sydney
(Phone FA 9141)
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Maison Motors
A wholly owned subsidiary of
SKIPPER HOLDINGS LTD.
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PERTH. (Phone 23 3177)

Watson Motors
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Canada Cycle & Motor Co. (Sales) Pty. Ltd.
352-358 Latrobe Street, MELBOURNE, C.I. (Phone FJ 3156)

- ★ Built-in heater demister
- ★ Four wide-opening doors
- ★ Built-in, thief-proof steering lock
- ★ King-size boot that locks from inside
- ★ Automatic choke for easy starting
- ★ Continental styling
- ★ Low running costs—better than 42 miles per gallon

RENAULT Dauphine



LUXURY swimming - pool (above), with adjoining showers and dressing-rooms, is equipped with an oil heating system. The owners are Mr. and Mrs. J. Ahlberg, of Toorak, Victoria.



HIGH ABOVE THE BAY is the pool (right) of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Hawkins, of Beauty Point, Sydney. Harbor water is pumped uphill through plastic pipes.

TERRACE COLUMNS (left) frame the serenely beautiful swimming-pool at the rear of Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Huntley's home at Clifton Gardens, Sydney.



Make it a

SWIMMING POOL SUMMER



RAINWATER pool (above) at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Reichenbach, of Clontarf, Sydney, conforms naturally with its pretty wooded surroundings.

● *A family swimming-pool is an assurance of stay-at-home summertime pleasure. In this four-page feature are eight of varied shapes in beautiful settings, with some facts about the installation and upkeep of a pool in your garden.*



Finally!

- the coarse-pored look is ended!
- no more nose-shining!
- hard edges at chin-line disappear forever!

to capture and hold today's new dewy look!
a longer lasting liquid make-up

NEW
Angel Touch
— by POND'S

New Angel Touch by Pond's has moisture in its formula. Moisture that blends with your skin's own lubricants — to give a satin-smooth finish.

And how exciting your complexion looks! So soft... yet so alive... because Angel Touch actually absorbs light... diffuses it all over your face... captures and holds today's dewy look.

Available in 6 "love-light" shades in exquisite plastic squeeze bottles—only

4' 11"



Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's

C235

Your garden pool



STONE FLAGGING surrounds the rectangular pool of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Toose, of Warrace, N.S.W. At the deep end a diving platform is formed with large stone blocks, and at the shallow end steps lead to the water.

The family swimming-pool today is a good investment.

The dividends are many years of pleasure for all members of the family and their friends, and the added beauty that an area of water always gives to a garden.

THE bonus is attractive — an increase in the resale value of the house, sometimes adding more to its value than the original cost of the pool.

Although a medium-sized pool can be installed for the cost of a new car, even this would be a large outlay for the average family. A considerable amount of thought should therefore be given to choosing a suitable pool.

Expenses cut

However, when considering costs it should be remembered that having a pool at home often reduces spending on other entertainments. Even the surf can lose its allure when a hot journey to a crowded beach is compared with a dip in a pool of clear water with-

By
MARY MACKAY

out going outside the garden gate.

One of the most economical ways to build a pool is to have it constructed at the same time as the house is built. In this way the cost can be included in the original mortgage and no immediate cash outlay is needed. However, most banks will lend money for the construction of pools, because they add to the value of a house.

The size of your pool may be regulated by cost, but the type of pool and its shape are factors that must be considered. A type fairly new in Australia is the fibreglass pool similar to the one shown opposite in color.

The filtering system and in-

stallation with a concrete course is included in the price of approximately £1000 for a pool 25ft. long by 8ft. wide and with a depth of 3ft. 6in.

Concrete pools, both the poured type and the precast type, are still the most popular in Australia. A pool approximately 30ft. by 15ft. would cost under £1000, and it can be constructed even on steeply sloping land.

If you intend using your pool for serious swimming, then you will need a minimum length of 40ft., so a rectangular shape is best. But for casual dips and entertaining, an irregular design may look more attractive in its surroundings.

A pool that follows the contour of the land can give the appearance of a natural lake, but a simple design is usually more suitable on a small block of land.

A good minimum-size pool is 15ft. x 30ft. Mark out your area in string and see how it fits with the house and garden. If you like to dive, then you will need at least an 8ft. depth under the diving-board.

Maintaining a pool in good order involves keeping the water free of debris, such as leaves, papers, etc., and filtering the water or adding chemicals to keep it free of algae and bacteria.

Local rules

Filtering systems are absolutely necessary for full enjoyment of a pool. The initial expense is offset against savings on water and chemicals. Also, water restrictions in summer are no worry, because the same water can remain in the pool indefinitely.

Before commencing construction of your pool it is necessary to comply with local municipal or water authority regulations. This usually involves submitting a plan showing where the pool will be on your block and the location of waterpipes, drains, etc. After you have complied with the regulations, then permission to fill and empty the pool is needed if you use the water authority's or council's pipes.

How to build a wading-pool

● You can build a children's wading-pool in your garden for £16, similar to the one shown in color opposite, which was built by Mr. P. Beck, of Hornsby, N.S.W.

HERE are directions for making the pool, which is 9ft. long by 5ft. wide by 2ft. deep and holds 400 gallons of water. It has an attractive irregular shape, but could be built in the form of a rectangle.

Materials required: 1 cubic yard concrete; hardwood sheet 12ft. by 4ft.; length of lin. galvanised piping; lin. pipe cap; stakes for formwork; sheet 6in. by 6in. by 6G steel reinforcing mesh 15ft. by 7ft. 6in.; waterproofing compound; cement paint.

First excavate the soil and cut a channel from the pool for an outlet pipe. Place pipe in position and fit cap to outlet end—this prevents young children from taking out cap.

Cement stone paving in place around edge of pool. Make a formwork for the concrete, using hardwood sheets curved and held in position with wooden stakes driven into floor of pool. Place steel mesh on bottom and curving up sides.

Pour bottom and sides at the one time, using concrete mix 3:1 proportions—one cement, two sand, four blue-metal. Before concrete sets slightly loosen stakes. After one week remove formwork and cement render. Smooth the surface with a wooden float.

A week later give pool coat of waterproofing compound. After a further two weeks give inside of pool two coats of cement paint.

A removable timber frame wire-netting cover can be made to place over the pool as a safety measure when it is not in use.



FIBRE-GLASS swimming-pool in a garden at North Balwyn, Vic., measures 26ft. by 16ft. with a uniform depth of 3ft. 4in. This type of pool is manufactured in one piece in a variety of sizes.

Ready-made and home-made

● The home swimming-pool can be a shallow paddling area for children, scooped out of the earth and lined with concrete, or a simple rock wall enclosing part of a water frontage. The lure of sun and water is the same, whether the pool is inexpensive or in the luxury class.



WADING POOL (above) for three lucky children. Their father, Mr. P. Beck, built the concrete pool in the tree-lined garden of the Beck home at Hornsby, N.S.W.



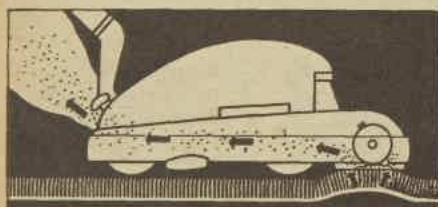
ROCK WALL (left) forms a safe bathing area on the Lane Cove River at Northwood, Sydney. Gaps in the stonework allow the tide to fill the pool.



*To add years
of life to your
carpets . . .*

THE NEW 1960 De Luxe HOOVER

REG'D TRADE MARK



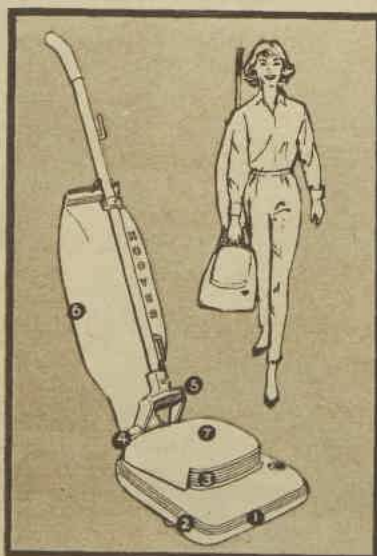
IT BEATS AS IT SWEEPS AS IT CLEANS

Only a Hoover gets out that deep-down scissor-sharp grit that other cleaners leave to eat away carpet nap. Hoover's *triple action cleaning* BEATS out buried dirt on a cushion of air, SWEEPS up clinging hairs and litter and SUCTIONS it all away. Hoover cleaning means longer life for your carpets and rugs.

PRICE 42 GUINEAS

Cleaning Tools 7 gns extra. Easy Terms, of course.

New low-line styling... 17% greater cleaning area



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Fine appliances — around the house, around the world

HCS0WVFFx

TWO-STORY HOME PLAN

● This week's "signature" plan is for a two-story home which provides comfortable family accommodation in an overall area of 13½ squares. It was designed by Adelaide architect Mr. R. R. Milton-Hine.

PLANS for this house, No. 694 in our series of standard home plans, can be bought for £9/9/- per full set from any of our Home Planning Centres whose addresses are listed below.

The living-room has a wide open fireplace in a central position and looks out to both front and back gardens.

Wide windows at the rear of the dining-room could be replaced with doors opening on to a terrace. From this room there is a servery opening over a flat bench in the kitchen for easy passage of food and dishes.

Estimated costs of building this home would be in the vicinity of £6500 to £7000 in brick, £5800 to £6200 in brick veneer, and £4500 to £5000 in timber/fibro.

For more accurate costing, please consult the Home Planning Centre in your capital city.

Although there is a wide range of standard plans at our Centres, many readers have definite ideas of their own and prefer a plan specially drawn for them. The fee for this special service is £1/1/- per square based on total area, with a minimum fee of £10/10/-. A deposit of £7 is requested on the order.

If you would like to see a design of your own drawn to

scale before making your final decision, a ground-plan sketch will cost only £2/2/-. This will show the overall area of the house, the positions and sizes of the rooms, kitchen, bathroom, and laundry layouts, doors, windows, terraces, etc. It would be adequate for preliminary cost discussion with a builder.

Many home-planners feel they need some assistance in planning a home to suit their block of land. We will arrange for one of our representatives to meet you on your land to discuss design for the fee of £5/5/- in the metropolitan area.

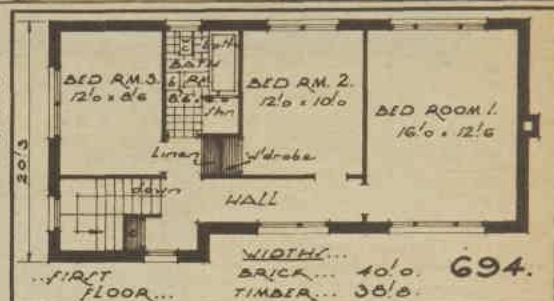
You can also select features from any of our standard plans and use them as the basis for your own individually prepared plan, adding ideas of your own. Representatives at our Centres will prepare the new drawings.

Every plan is guaranteed to be acceptable to your local council.

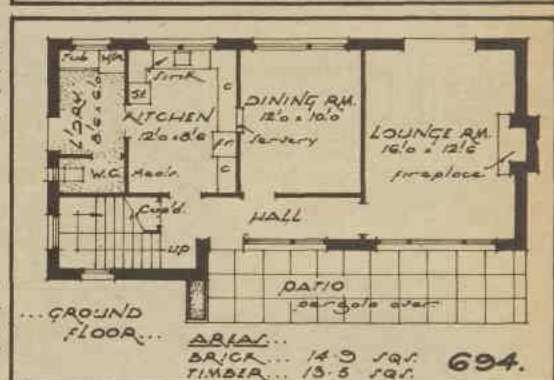
Many of our home-plan designs have been republished in the leaflets "21 Home Plans," "22 Home Plans," "Architects' Signature Plans" (all 2/6 each), and "Contemporary Homes" (3/-). They will be posted to you promptly from your nearest Home Planning Centre. Postage is extra.



PERSPECTIVE sketch shows simple roof-line. Windows are steel framed to give a light appearance. A pergola is over the front patio.



FIRST FLOOR contains three bedrooms and a bathroom. Three built-in cupboards provide good storage space.



GROUND FLOOR has separate dining and living rooms. Kitchen opens into laundry for easy supervision of work.


Where to buy this plan

THE plan shown on this page can be bought for £9/9/- per full set (five copies of plan and three copies of specification) from any of our Home Planning Centres which have been established in conjunction with the stores in which they are situated. Addresses are:

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.
HOBART: FitzGerald's.
CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.
MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.
GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Fridays and Saturdays only.
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's.
ADELAIDE: John Martin's.



LUCAS
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MADE FROM  YARN.

Nylon Tricot Enchantment

Lucas finds the frothy answer to the slightly tailored look, in the season's dreamiest nightgown. Featherlight Tricot caught at

shoulder and waist in guipure, forms the soft little cross-over top—veils a superbly cut skirt in a mist of diffused colour. In Ciel, Daybreak

and Aquarelle. Sizes 12-38 £10.10.0. The loveliest lingerie you'll ever own comes with a Lucas label.

FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST STORE OR SALON PLEASE WRITE TO: E. LUCAS & CO. PTY. LTD., 27 FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE.

Wonderful! NEW Toni EVEN-WAVE HOME PERM

gives your hair **HIDDEN BODY**

Wonderful!

*Hidden Body holds any set as
no other permanent can!*



Now you can give your hair the new manageable softness of Hidden Body, the secret of the smooth wave that looks alive and never droops! Costly conditioning ingredients, specially imported, make Toni's new Even-Wave the most wonderful perm you've ever had. Let Toni's Hidden Body give you the sure promise of a smooth and perfect wave.

Wonderful!

*No more setting your hair
every night! Shampooing doesn't
weaken Hidden Body!*

HIDDEN BODY - the secret of the smooth wave that never droops



Wonderful!

*Hidden Body makes hair so
easy to style you can change
a curly hair-do to smooth
... and back again!*



Smooth Styles look wonderfully alive. Hidden Body prevents hair from sagging, even in the hottest dampest weather. Makes the softest sleekest hair-do look alive!

Curly Styles with Hidden Body mean no curl let-down. Reveal your pretty curls! Fluff your hair up - it stays up with this new Toni.

TONI EVEN-WAVE HOME PERM: AVAILABLE IN SUPER, REGULAR, AND GENTLE • FULL HEAD KIT, 13/6 • EVEN-WAVE TIP TONI, 9/9

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 18, 1959

Built on a problem site

WIDE EAVES provide shade for Mr. and Mrs. M. Hirsch's contemporary home.

● The site for Mr. and Mrs. M. Hirsch's attractive house in Bellevue Hill, Sydney, presented quite a challenge for the architect.

THE land had a deep slope. Local regulations limited the height of the building, and the lower part of the site offered little view.

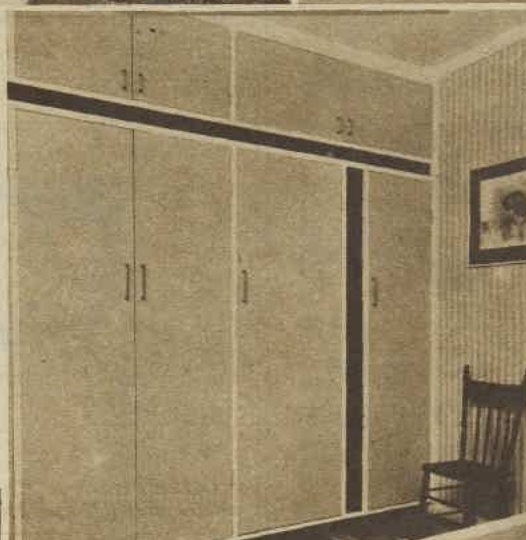
So the architect, Mr. Cyril Smith, designed a house where the main living areas were raised to run parallel with the high ground. The lower area under them has been used for garage and service rooms.

The photograph of the house above shows the living-room on the right with its

terrace overlooking the swimming-pool on one side. The view in front of it is across Sydney Harbor.

On the upper floor are the combined living-dining-room, kitchen, bathroom, study, and two bedrooms.

A swimming-pool has been constructed on the lower part of the land. Cement render and stonework form the major part of the exterior. Color is supplied with doors, glass panels, and curtains.



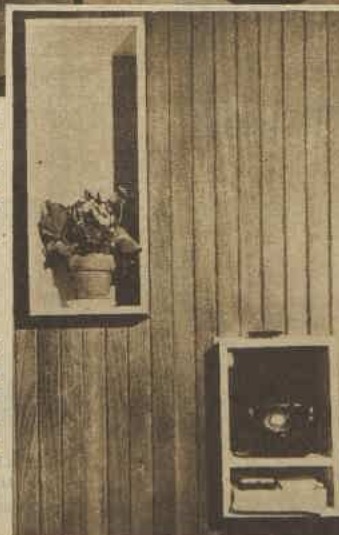
DRESSING-TABLE fitment in the main bedroom was designed by the architect. Head and tail boards of the bed are also incorporated in the fitment. Woodwork is grey, with black tops.

WALL OF CUPBOARDS matches built-in dressing-table, shown at right above. Backed with pine, this eliminated the necessity of building a wall between this bedroom and the adjoining study.



DINING section in the kitchen. The wall is sandstone. Telephone is in wall box on right.

TELEPHONE can also be reached from the hall. Another wall recess holds an indoor plant.



SO BEAUTIFUL
FEATURE PACKED
YOU MUST SEE IT



Suddenly everything else seems old fashioned...

- Giant full-width freezer • Full-width Meat Keeper • Eleven Shelf positions • Push-button Defrost • Butterfly touch Magnetic Door • Glide out shelves • Twin Humidrawers • "Left overs" compartment • Cheese and Butter Keeper • Removable tilt-out racks for 18 eggs • Extra large bottle storage • Eye level Temperature control • Optional left or right hand door opening From 123 gns. (slightly higher in W.A. & country areas). Available on easy terms from your Westinghouse retailer.

THE SHAPE OF TOMORROW
REFRIGERATORS
Westinghouse

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 18, 1959

Support
your legs
in style!

Wear

HILTON
Supp-
hose

the sheer all nylon
support stocking
that eases tired legs

For the first time your legs can feel good—and look good, too! Only Supp-hose gives wonderful, restful support with the glamorous leg-line of sheer nylons. So economical, Supp-hose lasts and lasts, costs a third the price of other support stockings. Doctors agree too, that Supp-hose definitely relieves leg fatigue, especially at the ankles and calves. But best of all, because Supp-hose is all-nylon, no one knows you're wearing a support stocking. For support, for style, for economy, Supp-hose is the stocking so many women have waited for.

In smart colours and proportioned sizes... **42/-**

Wear tests results prove that Supp-hose wears 9 times longer than ordinary nylons.



with . . .

GOLDEN CIRCLE PINEAPPLE

SALADS

Add crisp appeal to EVERY salad with juicy, tangy Golden Circle pineapple — a keen tonic for jaded summer appetites.

MEATS

Give all cold meats new zest by serving with them Golden Circle Pineapple, the best companion to all good foods.



and of course it's
**Pineapple
Sweets Time**

with versatile Golden Circle
proving just how delicious
summer sweets can be.

ASK FOR RECIPES AT YOUR STORE



Continuing . . . THE RENDEZVOUS

from page 17

of deliberation in his voice, a formality of delivery, that warned the girl he considered her evening engagement unnecessary and a breach of faith.

Finally, after a brief note to his American agent, an acceptance to speak at the Oxford Union, a letter to a friend in Austria recommending a small hotel known only to himself, and another longer letter expressing thanks to a reader in Sweden who had only just come across his printed volume of criticisms, including the appreciative review on Swedish pewter, he removed his spectacles and sighed.

"That will be all, Judith," he said, "don't let me detain you a moment longer."

The secretary, still uncomfortable, felt she had ruined Robert Scrivener's evening. Her

have known there would be a letter, and even the scribbled "Personal" would not keep it sacred from the prying eyes of Judith.

Some few months previously Robert Scrivener had received a letter from a reader praising three poems that had appeared in a new quarterly. He did not often contribute verse to literary periodicals, and when he did so it was a special favor, an intimate revelation, so he thought of his more personal feelings, which he hesitated to make public but which his duty to Art and to Letters compelled him to do.

The editor of the quarterly, whose own book of verse had recently been praised by Scrivener in the Sunday newspaper,

these things had made the reader review the whole of life in its totality, personal problems were forgotten, the reader — in a word — was reborn.

Robert Scrivener answered the letter. The signature was ambiguous, A. Limoges, and the address, Zurich. Scrivener visualised a professor of psychology, or if not a professor — for surely such a one would have letters after his name — possibly a student in medicine; at any rate, someone of great sensibility and intelligence.

A week later he received an acknowledgment of his own letter, the writer had not slept for the night after receiving it but had walked the streets of Zurich, and then this second letter went on to expostulate about the drabness of society as known to the writer, how lonely was life, how lacking in beauty, and that since Robert Scrivener had turned the key to a hitherto undreamt of experience the dull routine of life had become unbearable.

Scrivener replied to this letter, too. He might not have done so had he not also received that day a Press cutting from some obscure newspaper in the United States disparaging his last novel "Taurus."

The reviewer called the novel "pretentious nonsense." Scrivener threw the Press cutting into the wastepaper basket; nevertheless, the review pricked, and it would be irritating if his American friends should come across it.

It was a relief to turn to the letter from A. Limoges. This time he let himself go, and discoursed for two pages on suffering, the inner man, and the existentialist approach.

There was silence for a week, and then a modest note came containing a poem by A. Limoges, and asking for criticism. Scrivener read the poem indulgently. It was not bad. A little influenced, of course, by everything A. Limoges had ever read, and therefore pastiche, but even so, there was nothing glaringly faulty about it or even amateur.

Scrivener wrote back, and then — as an added sop, and as a small batch of proofs had just come in from a photographer — he enclosed his own signed photograph. Since appearing on television in the Brains Trust he had had several requests for photographs from appreciative viewers, and it had occurred to him that it would be wise to keep a few on hand.

He imagined the lonely professor or lonely medical student placing the photograph in

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"And this is where Mum buys those swell trick chairs that fall apart when Dad sits on them."

own late arrival at the theatre unchanged did not matter.

"I'll get them typed at once, and bring them for signature," she said, pushing back her chair, and then, before leaving the room, remembered a letter, still unopened, on his desk.

"I'm afraid I forgot to open the one from Switzerland," she said, "it's there, on your blotter. It must be from that fan who keeps bothering you about some poem you promised to criticise. I think I recognise the handwriting."

Scrivener glanced at the envelope. "Very probably," he said. "In any case it can wait. I would not dream of letting you be late for the theatre."

His secretary left the room, and immediately she had gone Scrivener reached for the letter. How careless of him, he thought, as he slit the top of the envelope with a paper-knife, not to glance through the pile before giving dictation. He might

was pleased to publish his more famous colleague's group of poems, and they were, indeed, given pride of place when the quarterly appeared.

Robert Scrivener received two letters from readers who had read the poems. One was insulting, saying the verse was rubbish, and the reader was delighted to hear the rumor that the quarterly in which it had appeared was soon to go out of production for lack of funds. This letter Scrivener tore up.

The second letter was from someone who said never had any poems, save those of Rimbaud and Rilke, made such an instant and profound impression upon the reader.

The reader's world, literally, had changed. The depth of wisdom, the cosmic understanding, the sheer tragedy of outlook — the poet, as it were, looking out upon a doomed world with a wry smile, yet giving this same world his blessing

OUR EMBROIDERY TRANSFER



APRONS, PLACE MATS, kitchen towels can be made attractive with the pretty designs in Embroidery Transfer No. 215. The lettering can be separated from the flowers. The whole sheet costs only 2/6 from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



WIPE JOINT with a damp cloth, trim off any scraggy pieces with a sharp knife. Dust all over with pepper and salt, insert 3 or 4 small pieces of garlic into flesh, if added flavor is desired.



LIFT JOINT into large baking-dish, spread 2 or 3 tablespoons good-quality fat or oil on and around the meat. Place in moderate oven, cook, basting with fat occasionally, for 1½ hours.



REMOVE DISH from oven, arrange cut vegetables around meat. Baste with hot fat, return to oven for one hour further. Lift out meat, return dish, increase heat to brown vegetables.



REMOVE LEAVES from 4 stalks mint, chop finely. Place ¼ cup vinegar, 1-8th cup water, and 1 dessertspoon sugar in pan. Bring to boil, add chopped mint, set aside for 15 minutes. Serve.



DEBBIE COOKS ROAST DINNER

Debbie, our teenage chef, shows how she cooks a family-style roast dinner. She chooses a leg of lamb as the joint

because she knows that at this time of year lamb meat is at its choicest for tenderness and flavor. For a family

of four Debbie cooks a 4lb. to 5lb. leg of lamb, four medium-sized potatoes, four pieces pumpkin, four small

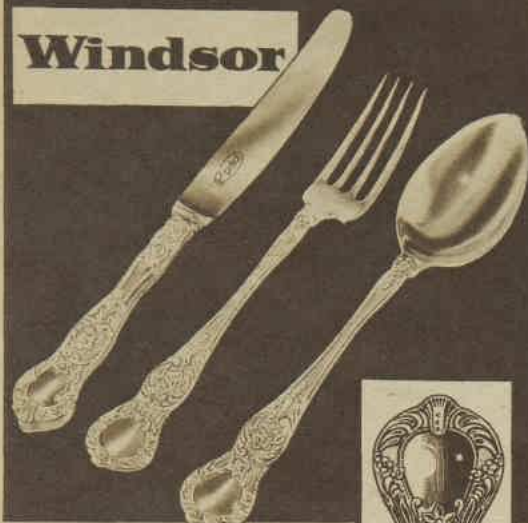
onions, two carrots cut in halves, eight cauliflowerettes, and eight brussels sprouts. She also makes mint sauce and a gravy from pan drippings and vegetable stock.

You'll love this
glorious new pattern
by

Roddl



Windsor



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EXQUISITELY FINISHED —
DOUBLE SILVERPLATED**

Here is the aristocrat in table silver, in a design of traditional beauty, and double silverplated to give you a GUARANTEED FIFTY YEARS of proud use. WINDSOR is Australia's finest production in table silver; replacement or extra pieces will always be obtainable. It is presented in a full 44-piece service, with Fish Knives and Forks, and Sweets Spoons and Forks, also available.



B771

Windsor by Roddl

GUARANTEED FOR FIFTY YEARS



**EMBARRASSING
HAIR GONE**

Superfluous hair can be so offensive — unglamorous, too. But don't remove it the harsh way. Avoid razor rash and scratchy stubble — use new-formula VEET instead. New VEET is whiter, daintier than ever — faster, too! It's the modern cosmetic cream which stops quick regrowth by dissolving hair below skin level. Apply VEET, leave, then simply wash the hair away. Feel how soft, how smooth, your skin becomes! Don't be without this special beauty cream. It's safe for facial hair, too. 3/6 a tube; large size, 5/6. At all chemists and stores.

NEW VEET



CHOCOLATE CHARLOTTE RUSSE makes a special-occasion dessert as well as a colorful centre-piece on any party table. See recipe below.

Prize recipes

● A luscious chocolate-walnut dessert wins the main prize of £5 in our recipe contest this week.

THE sponge fingers can be omitted from the prizewinning recipe, and the chocolate mixture filled into an oiled mould instead, if a simpler dessert is required.

A recipe for crisp asparagus savories wins a consolation prize of £1.

Spoon measurements are level.

CHOCOLATE CHARLOTTE RUSSE

Two dozen single sponge fingers, 1 tablespoon gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 3oz. dark chocolate, 4 eggs, ½ cup sugar, pinch of salt, few drops peppermint essence, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ pint cream or ½ cup thoroughly chilled evaporated milk, ½ cup chopped walnuts.

Line the sides of an 8in. cake-tin or mould with sponge fingers. Soften gelatine in ½ cup of the cold water. In a saucepan, combine grated chocolate and remaining water, place over low heat, stirring constantly until chocolate melts and mixture is smooth. Remove from heat, add softened gelatine, and stir until dissolved. Beat egg-yolks until thick, gradually beat in sugar. Add salt and pepper-

mint essence, then gradually stir in the chocolate mixture. Beat egg-whites stiffly with cream of tartar; fold into chocolate mixture and lastly whipped cream or evaporated milk and walnuts. Pour half this mixture into tin, arrange remaining sponge fingers in a layer, then top with second half of chocolate mixture. Chill until set. Unmould, tie a ribbon around dessert. Decorate with cream and walnuts.

First Prize of £5 to Miss S. Warby, Box 12, P.O., Plympton, S.A.

ASPARAGUS LOGS

Four ounces plain flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon mustard, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1oz. grated cheese, 1 tin asparagus, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs.

Sift flour, salt, cayenne, mustard, and baking-powder into basin. Rub in butter, add cheese. Mix to dry dough with 1 or 2 tablespoons of the asparagus liquid. Roll out pastry thinly, cut into strips 3in. x 2in. Place an asparagus spear on each piece. Moisten edges, roll up; pinch ends. Dip in egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Deep-fry until brown.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. O. Parker, Box 299, Queenstown, Tas.

FAMILY DISH

THE ever-popular sausage is featured in this week's family dish, sausage-and-tomato pie.

The dish serves four or five persons and costs approximately 7/-.

SAUSAGE-AND-TOMATO PIE

One and a half pounds sausages, 3 large tomatoes, 2 small onions, 1 tablespoon shortening, ½ cup stock or water, salt, pepper, 1½lb. cooked potato, milk, butter, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Boil sausages 5 minutes. Drain, remove skins, cut in halves lengthwise. Fry sliced onion in hot shortening. Place half the sausages in ovenware dish, add onions, skinned sliced tomatoes, salt, pepper, and remaining sausages. Pour in stock or water. Mash cooked potato with milk, butter, pepper, and parsley. Spread over sausages, smooth with a knife. Brush top with milk, cook in hot oven 25 to 30 minutes.

DON'T MISUSE SUNLIGHT

By Sister Mary Jacob, Our Mothercraft Nurse

● Sunshine, used correctly, has an important and beneficial effect on the general health both mental and physical, but misuse of the direct rays of the sun can be dangerous.

CHILD-CARE experts advise mothers to put their babies in the sunshine outdoors as much as possible so the babies will grow strong, healthy, and vigorous.

But these experts also stress the importance of following safety rules and the danger of exposure to the sun's rays, unless this is done very gradually and systematically.

Mothers should use commonsense in giving their babies and toddlers sunbaths. The climate, season, and the temperature will all determine what time of the day is best.

Blue-eyed, very fair children and adults usually have fine, sensitive skins and cannot take exposure to the direct rays of the sun as well as the darker-skinned types.

Some skins should never be exposed to direct sunlight. Severe sunburn can cause a toxic condition that may necessitate the sufferer's admission to hospital.

The eyes, as well as the skin, can suffer ill effects from the wrong use of sunshine.

A common practice often observed among children and adults is that of allowing the strong, direct sunlight to be reflected on the pages of a book or newspaper they are reading.

This is most damaging and dangerous to the eyes, and is a frequent cause of eye troubles in later years.

Mothers should always give protection to the eyes of their babies, toddlers, and adolescent children, and should make sure their school-age children do their work or home lessons in a properly adjusted, good light, whether natural or artificial.

The results of misuse of sunshine may not be noticed at once, but will show themselves as the years go on. Visits to the doctor and the oculist will be the outcome of this early misuse of what should always be beneficial and a factor for good health.

Robin STARCH



— and shirts are
morning fresh
at 6 p.m.

Whether it's a shirt or frock, you're sure of all day fresh, crisp when they're starched with Robin—the easy-mix powder starch that seals out dirt and mending so much easier. You'll love the look Robin starched things.

Robin STARCH

and for a sparkling white—
never forget Reckitt's Blue.

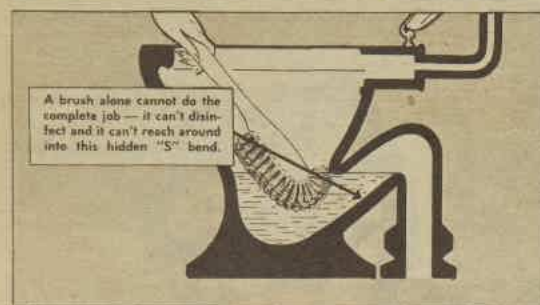
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1954



Hundreds of thousands of Australian housewives now make cakes the White Wings way—light, nourishing and delicious. In Chocolate, Vanilla Snowcake, Buttercup Yellow and Orange Chip. Buy a packet today—you'll be delighted.

White Wings guarantee you a perfect cake

Now
Keep your toilet
fresh and bright
— THIS EASY PLEASANT WAY!



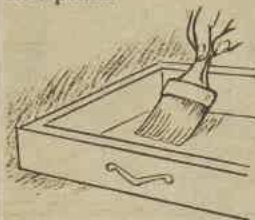
Harpic leaves bowl hygienically clean
 Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night, and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and destroys bacteria in the lavatory bowl, leaving it sparkling and hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Ask for Harpic at your store.

HARPIC LAVATORY CLEANSER
 REGD.
 SAFE FOR CLEANING SEPTIC TANK TOILET BOWLS

Miss Precious
Minutes gives

● Here are new ways to solve old problems and make your housework just a little quicker and easier, too.

QUICK way to clean wicker furniture is to sprinkle a new washing-up mop with good furniture polish. The mop will reach every crevice and retain the dust. From time to time wash mop and add new polish.



HAVING trouble with drawers sticking? If you paint the insides with shellac it will protect the wood from moisture and prevent swelling and sticking. It also reduces the amount of dust that usually collects.

ANOTHER good use for shellac is on window sills where constant scrubbing to remove dust and dirt wears away flat paint. First, wash painted sills, dry thoroughly, then paint with shellac. Keep windows closed while painting to prevent outside dirt settling.

DETERGENT suds make excellent cleaners for upholstery. Work on small area at a time and overlap a little as you progress. Remember to remove the surface dust first.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

WHEN you are making breadcrumbs from baked bread it's much quicker to put it through the mincer instead of crushing with a rolling-pin. If you are short of crumbs, minced wholemeal biscuits are a good substitute.

BEST way to remove dust from electric light bulbs is to clean them with liquid silicone furniture polish. It will also improve their efficiency.



THINKING of painting a ceiling? No need to take down the light fitting. Just tie a paper bag around it and put petroleum jelly on the base (where it is attached to the ceiling). When you have finished painting, the fixture will be free from spots.

GRUBBY sisal matting can be cleaned by scrubbing briskly with detergent suds. Wipe with a damp cloth and dry outdoors.

WHEN whipping cream on hot days prevent it turning into butter by adding a small piece of ice.

AN ordinary typewriter eraser cleans stains and dirt in the recessed area of grout between bathroom tiles. No cleaning agent is necessary, since the pumice is the eraser and acts as a scouring powder. Scrub with the eraser, using plenty of warm water to remove dirt, then brush the crevices with eraser brush.

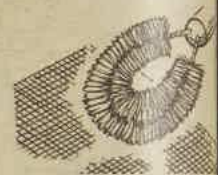


MAKE gravy the lump way by putting required amount of cold water into bowl, add flour, and beat with an egg-beater. Then stir mixture into meat liquids. Important thing to remember is that you must be sure use COLD water.

IF cupboards are damp, charcoal in muslin bags absorb the moisture.

DRIED fruits become plump and juicy if you place them on plates in a warm oven for a few minutes before serving. This process is the natural sugar in the fruit.

WHEN mending broken china and glass stick glue in the usual way, then put adhesive tape between the two parts in place until the glue is thoroughly dry.



STRAINERS can be cleaned quite easily if they are scrubbed with a vegetable brush. The stiff bristles will brush through the mesh, making it easy to flush the residue with water.

Mother's Love
and Lactogen...

your tender care and safe, proven

Lactogen ensure baby's future health.

Lactogen—the balanced milk formula

PREPARED IN TWO MINUTES!



1. Pour required quantity of warm (previously boiled) water into clean jug.
2. Sprinkle measured amount of powder on top of water.
3. Stir briskly with a clean fork.

NESTLE'S — DEVOTED TO CHILD WELFARE



POST COUPON TO-DAY

To Lactogen Dept., Nestlé's, Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Newcastle or Hobart. Please send me (post free) a copy of the Vi-Lactogen and Lactogen Mother Book.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



Continuing . . . THE RENDEZVOUS

from page 48

up between Robert Scrivener and Annette Limoges.

The correspondence was not shown to Judith, Scrivener's secretary, and Scrivener was careful to write only at weekends. It made, so he told himself, a relaxation from the work he was engaged upon, a biography of Ibsen.

His letters varied. At times serious, at times amusing, he formed the habit of treating his unknown correspondent as a form of peg on which to hang his theories and his moods. A week that had gone well in work reflected itself the following weekend in the letter to Annette Limoges.

The letter would be confident, even gay, containing scraps of gossip about his own friends of whom the salesgirl in the Zurich store had never heard.

A week that had gone badly, with only a few pages of manuscript covered, resulted in a certain asperity of outlook, or perhaps a temperamental tirade against his muse which had, for the time, forsaken him.

The letter he received in return invariably commented on his feelings and his moods, making Scrivener feel that here at last was someone who understood, someone who—making no sort of interference in his life—had yet become part of it, absorbing his confidences like blotting-paper absorbed the ink-blobs from his pen.

What made the correspondence even more delightful was that Annette Limoges never intruded her own less important life upon that of Robert Scrivener.

There were no dull pages about the sale of nylon stockings, no chat of friends in Zurich in whom Scrivener could not possibly take interest; in fact, Annette Limoges lived, it would seem, only to retain what Scrivener cared to send her, passing chills in London were her concern in Zurich, his laughter at noon her solace at midnight, his thought, his whims, his attitudes her spiritual food.

It did not occur to Robert Scrivener, when he accepted the engagement to give two lectures at Geneva, that this might give him an opportunity to meet Annette Limoges in person. He wrote and told her of his forthcoming visit, as he told her all his plans, but with no other thought in mind.



"See? I told you women go wild over these foreign cars."

It was Annette—and by now they were Annette and Robert—this last at his instigation, after writing to her once at midnight when he had dined too well—it was Annette who wrote in great excitement saying that the dates he had booked for the lectures in Geneva happened, by a miracle, to coincide with her own vacation from the store in Zurich. It would be the simplest thing in the world to take the train to Geneva and meet him at last. She enclosed a snapshot of herself in a bathing-suit.

Now it happened that Scrivener had, that particular week, attended the wedding of a friend and fellow author, a widower, who had suddenly decided to remarry late in life.

Although Scrivener had gone to the wedding in a spirit of mockery, he found himself during the reception with the tables

turned. The groom, with his young bride at his side, twitted him, Robert Scrivener, with being a prim old bachelor. There were standers-by who laughed.

When he shook hands with his old friend, whose books he despised—they sold in ridiculous numbers—and congratulated him, his friend smiled in a manner quite superior, almost as if he were sorry for Scrivener, and he said, "Don't you envy me going off to Majorca for our honeymoon?"

And he looked at his bride and laughed.

Scrivener swallowed his glass of champagne and left the reception before he was forced to endure the spectacle of his contemporary climbing into a confetti-sprinkled car adorned with white ribbons, but on his return to his flat he unlocked the drawer in his desk and looked once more at the photograph of Annette Limoges.

He also read one or two of her warmer letters, and glanced at the snapshot of the lake at Zurich, with Annette—y younger, possibly, than his friend's bride—standing on a diving-board in her bathing-suit.

His friend's jest about an old bachelor rankled. It made him feel that he, Robert Scrivener, lacked the wide experience of life that his novels appeared to possess. He compared the snapshot with the photograph. Both were equally attractive.

Boldly he took up his pen and wrote, there and then, to Annette Limoges, suggesting that she should come down to Geneva to meet him, and that he would reserve the necessary accommodation.

Just as soon as the letter was in the post he had qualms, but a cutting in the morning newspaper showing the fellow author and his young bride leaving London Airport for Majorca put Scrivener on his mettle once again. It was true his friend had married the daughter of an earl and a

To page 54

STOP!



Look for the
"SANFORIZED"* label
before you buy!

Looking for the Sanforized® label when you're buying shorts takes you just about two seconds. Not looking for it can cost you £2/10/0—the price of the garment! For if they're not labelled Sanforized®, those shorts can shrink right out of fit in just a few washings. You see, when a cotton fabric is woven, the yarns in it are stretched. Then, when you wash the garment, those yarns relax and return to their normal shape. That's why cotton garments can shrink—as much as two sizes. That's why cotton wash 'n' wears can be wash 'n' bewares! When you buy cottons, the only way you can be certain you're not throwing money down the drain is to look for the Sanforized® label. Vague claims such as "shrinkproof," "pre-shrunk" and the like, are not enough—garments so marked can still shrink up to 5%! So follow this commonsense, money-saving rule—whenever you're shopping for a cotton garment—

Look for this label—
before you buy!

•SANFORIZED•
REGD. TD. MK.
Shrunk Fabric
FOR PERMANENT FIT

* REGD. TD. MK. Shrunk Fabric

Make car cleaning easy with **KLEENEX** TISSUES - FOR - MEN
...stay strong when wet, wipe like a cloth!



Wipe and polish car windcreens with absorbent Kleenex tissues-for-Men. They stay strong when wet... wipe like a cloth! Lint-free Kleenex leaves no fluff on glass surfaces.



Rear vision mirror... These new wet-strength tissues wipe, clean, dust, polish anything! Always keep a box within easy reach of the driver's seat.



Kleenex tissues-for-Men are big, strong enough to cope with a man-size cold. Soft... soothing to tender noses. Lint-free... so important whatever your allergy.



Use Kleenex tissues-for-Men for wiping the oil dip-stick. Remember—this new Kleenex tissue has extra wet-strength.



2-, 3/9 sizes
—the only tissues that
pop up one at a time!

Every car needs

WET STRENGTH KLEENEX TISSUES

*Registered Trade Mark.

KX321A

Page 53



Silvo

has
a way
with
silver

Yes, Silvo always keeps your silver at its glowing best. Even after years of use your silver looks like new after regular cleaning with Silvo... it's so wonderfully effective, yet so gentle with the most delicate surfaces. And Silvo cleans and polishes quickly and easily because you use it straight from the tin.

Illustrated: Silverware by Paramount. Like other leading Australian silverware makers, Paramount recommend Silvo for the care of your silver.

Silvo

LIQUID SILVER POLISH



for
lasting
brightness



For all brass
and copper

Continuing . . .

THE RENDEZVOUS

from page 53

society flippity-gibbit, which made the marriage all the more unsuitable, although in Scrivener's literary world titles had, since the war, become fashionable—one dined either with earls or miners, nothing in between—but even so, the bride had none of the looks of the girl from Zurich.

If the author of "Madrigal" and "Taurus" was seen about in Geneva with Annette Limoges, heads would indeed turn and tongues wag. It was a pity Annette was not the wife of some Italian or French nobleman, known in international circles; this would add flavor to the encounter, and a certain respect.

that she was not the flaunting wife of an Italian nobleman. A beautiful, unattached young woman would be much easier to manage . . .

And then . . . image succeeded image, and Robert Scrivener could hardly wait for the necessary hours to pass before he took flight from London Airport for Geneva. His secretary returned with the typed letters for signature, and glad now to be rid of her, he signed them, and bade her goodbye.

"I hope it won't be too exhausting at Geneva," she said.



"Man, did you dig THAT crazy character?"

The story would get about that Robert Scrivener had broken up a marriage, which, although perhaps discreditable, and enough to put aside forever any chance of that New Year honor, would squash any further innuendoes about old bachelors.

As things were, it might be as well if he did not introduce Annette to anyone in Geneva, that is, to any Englishman. Europeans saw things differently, a mistress was accepted without question as to background or position.

As time for the encounter drew near Robert Scrivener was aware of mounting excitement. He felt ten, twenty years younger, and found it almost impossible to concentrate on the notes he was making for the forthcoming lectures. The integrity of the written word, these things took second place when he thought of the two connecting rooms at the Hotel Mirabelle, Geneva.

He had been careful to make the reservations himself, not permitting Judith to have any part in the business—and on this last night, before departure, he allowed himself the luxury of imagining the first meeting; Annette radiant and a little shy, smiling at him across a dinner table set on a terrace. He had taken care to order flowers for her room.

The lecture was not until the following night, and his first engagement was luncheon during the day with the Swiss man of letters who was organising the lecture, therefore the first evening, after he had landed at Geneva airport, would be set aside for Annette alone.

The letter, which had escaped the vigilant eye of Judith, was an ecstatic note from Annette telling Scrivener she would arrive in Geneva first, possibly the day before, and would be waiting at the airport to meet him.

"If I'm not at the airport," she said, "it will mean I don't want to embarrass you before officials, and you will then find me at the hotel."

This showed her discretion. She was not going to put herself forward in any way. It was, after all, a good thing

"Isn't it very hot there at this time of the year?"

"Not at all," he said, "pleasantly warm. I shall be swimming in the lake while you are being rained on here in London."

He supposed she pictured him sweltering in a stuffy lecture hall, when in reality he would be standing in bathing-trunks—he had bought a pair in sharkskin, claret-red—with Annette Limoges by his side, preparatory for the take-off for a swallow dive. Judith departed, leaving him to his dreams.

The flight to Geneva was uneventful and luckily smooth—Scrivener disliked bumps, and a rough trip might have brought on migraine—and as the aircraft taxied up the landing strip he looked out of the window eagerly for a young, girlish figure with a cloud of light brown hair.

The time was late afternoon, and Judith had been right about the heat. The sun blazed. The lake was a dazzling blue. A crowd of people had gathered behind the reception barrier to greet their friends, but he could see no one resembling the photograph that he now knew so well.

Scrivener went through Customs, and collected his baggage, and hailed a porter. No official advanced to welcome him. This did not bother him, although it might have been courteous, and the Swiss man of letters should have been aware of his time of arrival. As for Annette, she had warned him she might not come. It was disappointing but discreet.

Scrivener preferred to take a taxi rather than climb into the more prosaic hotel bus, and very soon drew up before the Hotel Mirabelle, gay and inviting in the bright sun, its windows and its terrace overlooking the blue lake. Scrivener's bags were seized by a page in uniform, and he went himself to sign the register and to collect his key.

It was a moment of apprehension. He had a foreboding that after all, Annette Limoges might not have come. Something could have prevented her.

To page 55

You risk stomach upset when you take ordinary aspirin

THE MAIN INGREDIENT OF MOST PAIN RELIEVERS

ORDINARY ASPIRIN—the main ingredient of most headache and pain relievers—does not readily dissolve. This means that it may enter your stomach as coarse acid particles. Medical experience shows that these undissolved aspirin particles can lodge in and irritate the stomach lining—a cause of serious conditions in some people, of indigestion, dyspepsia and heartburn in others.



DISPRIN, THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN, is free from these defects. Disprin dissolves in seconds to become a solution so that no undissolved aspirin particles remain to irritate and upset your stomach. Disprin is far less acid, too. And because Disprin dissolves so readily it is absorbed more quickly into the bloodstream to bring faster relief. That's why Disprin is the safe, fast way to relieve headache and pain. Disprin is safer for children, too. It can easily be given as a drink and is most helpful when infants are teething.



but you avoid this
risk when you take
DISPRIN

THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN



DOCTORS RECOMMEND DISPRIN—FOR HEADACHES, NERVE PAINS, FEVERISHNESS, COLDS, CHILLS, 'FLU' • From all chemists

REMOVE ACHING
CORNS!

★ Painlessly!
★ Quickly!
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**CARNATION
CORN CAPS**

AVAILABLE FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

Start the Weekend well
with
WEEKEND
1/- from your Newsagent.

For people who think—
The Observer
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fortnightly review.
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Keep up-to-date
read . . .

**MODERN
MOTOR**

every month

★
2/6

from your
newsagent

Continuing . . . THE RENDEZVOUS

from page 54

he had the idea that she might, after all, have arrived back at the hotel and gone to her room, lacking the courage to let him know.

He crossed the room and tapped on the door. There was no answer. Possibly she was in her bath. He seized the telephone and asked to be put through to the room next door. After a moment or two the voice at the switchboard informed him that it was useless

to be put through to room No. 51. The inevitable ringing tone followed, with the inevitable no reply. Scrivener swore, and replaced the receiver.

Then he went down to the terrace and ordered another martini.

People came out on to the terrace in couples or in groups, some to drink and some to dine,

and had been waved away. Then, downing his last martini, he saw advancing towards him, half-screened by a group of people dressed for dinner, someone in flower-patterned matadors and sandals, a vivid shirt, and—yes, it was her, it was Annette Limoges. She raised her hand and waved and blew a kiss.

Scrivener stood up. She was by his side, taller than he had expected, fairer, the hair still damp from her swim and dishevelled, but lovely, undeniably lovely. People at the next table were staring at her.

"Can you ever forgive me?" she said, and the voice, attractive with its slight accent, was soft and low.

"Forgive you?" he said. "Of course I forgive you. Waiter . . ." and he turned to summon a passing waiter for another martini, but she put her hand on his arm.

"No . . . no . . ." she said quickly. "You surely don't think I'm going to sit down like this? I'll fly upstairs and change. I'll be ten minutes. Order me a martini."

She was gone before he had time to assimilate anything that had happened. He sat down again, and began to crumble a bread roll, thrusting small pieces of it into his mouth. The photograph and the snapshot had led him to expect something attractive and warm, but the reality far surpassed the images conjured in imagination.

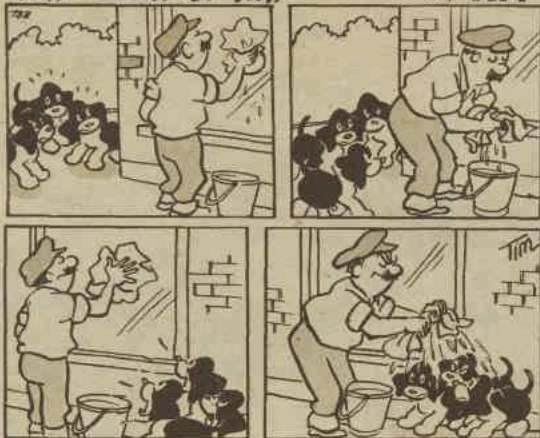
In fact . . . he was bowled over. His ideas, in a word, revolutionised. He had seen himself being indulgent, a little patronising, while she sat listening with rapt eyes to his conversation, mostly monologue, but now he was not so sure, hypnotised by the flowered matadors and the vivid shirt, he felt suddenly at a loss, callow and as awkward as an undergraduate ordering his first dinner.

To be concluded

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



to ring the number 28—his own room was 27—as room 28 was unoccupied.

"Unoccupied?" he said. "But there must be some mistake! I want to speak to a Mademoiselle Limoges, who has room No. 28."

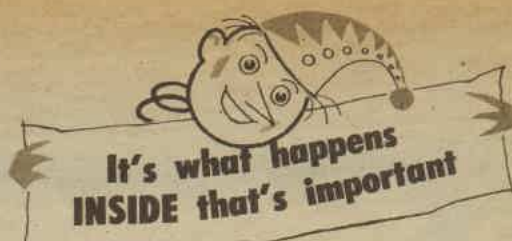
"Monsieur is mistaken," replied the voice. "Mademoiselle Limoges occupies room 51, on the floor above."

Scrivener controlled himself with difficulty. The fools at the reception must have made some idiotic mistake. He had distinctly ordered the two communicating rooms. The mistake could no doubt be set right, but perhaps not tonight. He asked with shaking voice

and Robert Scrivener sat at his solitary table with nothing to do but watch the door leading to the Mirabelle restaurant.

Even the solace of lighting a cigarette was denied him. He was a non-smoker. A third martini did little to calm him; being a moderate drinker at all times, this sudden taking to spirits produced an intensity of fever; it occurred to him that some disaster might have overtaken her, cramp in the lake, anything, and it was only a matter of time before a grave reception clerk would appear through the restaurant door to break the news.

Twice the waiter had come to his table with the menu-card,



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MEMORIAL ROSES



HUNDREDS of people visit the Garden of Remembrance at Chatswood, N.S.W., on November 11 each year—Remembrance Day.

One of the most colorful gardens in the State, it contains 392 roses and memorial plates honoring the memory of soldiers who died in the Boer War, World War I, and World War II.

It was built in 1947 by local ex-servicemen and Volunteer Defence Corps members on land supplied by Willoughby Municipal Council.

● The four pictures on this page were taken at the Garden of Remembrance, Chatswood, N.S.W. Here are dwarf red salvias, zinnias, linarias, bedding dahlias, blue salvias, celosias, and African marigolds. All can be planted this month from seed or seedlings.



● Carmine-red Alain, a French rose from the Villers-Bretonneux War Cemetery, where Australian soldiers lie.



● Rose Yvonne Rabier, from the Delville Wood (Somme) War Cemetery, was formerly called Katherine Zeimet.

● Kirsten - Poulsen, or Rose of Picardy, from Villers-Bretonneux, bears a medium-sized flower.



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Tawny excitement! Soft lustrous orange... deliciously cooled with cream ... a colour dangerously subtle and lovely.



'Princess Pink'

A soft-and-pretty pink, singing with sweet colour. Gentle and haunting... a shade for summer flattery and romance.

Michel 'STAYS ON LONGER'

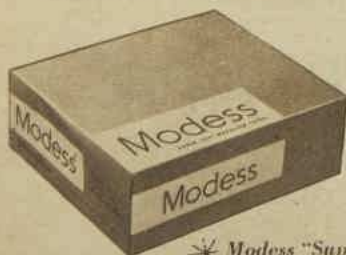
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Design No. 1449

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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD
For week beginning November 16



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

* Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, grey.
Gambling colors, grey, red.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sun.
Luck in an experiment.

* Don't be afraid to tackle something new. If you yearn to make a dress or hat, upholster a chair, put up a shelf, or attend to odd jobs, begin on a small scale, then expand. Careful observation of professional work gives you many a clue. Dexterity comes only with practice. First attempts may not be perfect, but you soon get the idea.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

* Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, silver.
Gambling colors, silver, gold.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.
Luck in the evening.

* Friends may drop in; you'd better have that guest shelf ready. A rush of social events could keep you on your toes. Anything from a club party to an anniversary or birthday party is likely to be the agenda. The man in your life may ask you to extend hospitality to friends or relatives passing through your town.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

* Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, brown.
Gambling colors, brown, orange.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
Luck in a new attitude.

* If you've been slapped down rather hard by the boss, a parent, an associate, or a situation beyond your control, resolve to stage a comeback like a colled spring. If you're tired of the old grind, change your schedule, gallop through at top speed in order to enjoy more leisure. If trouble has been brewing with your beloved, don't nag.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

* Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, mauve.
Gambling colors, mauve, grey.
Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
Luck through young people.

* If a parent, a child could win a distinction or a business opportunity. If a voluntary worker, any effort on behalf of youth is likely to bring public recognition or appreciation. If a teenager, you join a group of contemporaries for a definite object. At a gathering of young people you may meet a person destined to be your life mate.



LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

* Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, navy-blue.
Gambling colors, navy, gold.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
Luck in a happy ending.

* You are coming to the end of a chapter; you may miss recent activities, friends, or places, but look forward to exciting new developments. You may say farewell to a friend who is leaving the district, but new arrivals are just around the corner. If you're quarrelled with your nearest and dearest making up can be fun.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22

* Lucky number this week, 2.
Lucky color for love, white.
Gambling colors, white, green.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
Luck in expert advice.

* Read the instructions if beginning a job you haven't attempted before. Don't rely on hearsay where expensive materials are concerned; find out all you can from the shop where you bought your equipment. If personal relationships seem headed for trouble, a confidential talk with a trained adviser could prevent possible heartbreak.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 23

* Lucky number this week, 4.
Lucky color for love, orange.
Gambling colors, orange, black.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Luck on the footpath.

* When walking along keep a sharp lookout for treasure trove. You might pick up a parcel, a piece of jewellery, or a sum of money in a purse. There could be a reward or, if unclaimed, it is yours. Window shopping could pay off handsomely if you are passing through a district which you rarely frequent; you may discover a real "find."



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

* Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, violet.
Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.
Luck in leadership.

* Take the initiative if you wish to develop a friendship with a new acquaintance. Don't wait for others to come to you; but give them the chance to respond to your overtures. Should a good-looking stranger of the opposite sex be involved, invite him along with a group to your home. If a voluntary worker, attend meetings with well-thought-out plans.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 24-DECEMBER 23

* Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, violet.
Gambling colors, violet, rose.
Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
Luck in finding a way.

* If you're trying to finance a long-cherished wish, cut a few expenses in other directions. You'll have less spending money, but you will be comforted by the thought of your goal coming nearer. If yours is a problem in personal relationships or a social situation, swing into action. The stars will be with you.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 24-JANUARY 19

* Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, black.
Gambling colors, black, white.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Luck through friends.

* If quite young, you may be asked to make up a foursome and meet a new friend. If older, a friend's influence may help you get a job or entrance to a social circle. A suggestion made in casual conversation could affect your holiday plans, you team up with members of your own sex for travel, renting a beach cottage.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

* Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, pastels.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
Luck in rising prestige.

* Prove you can carry out smoothly any duty required of you with poise, grace, a minimum of friction with associates. Aquarians are naturally good mixers, but don't rely on mere popularity to get by. Your originality, quick wit, interest in the job lead to promotion, a step up the career ladder, wider scope, new horizons.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

* Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, rose.
Gambling colors, rose, green.
Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
Luck in clear thinking.

* Know what you want, then go after it. Doubts, uncertainty, hazy thoughts will bring catastrophe. If a student sitting for examinations, look up obscure points. If hunting a job, decide what you can, and cannot, handle. If asked a question give a straight answer or you are sure to be misunderstood. In love affairs take nothing for granted.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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'Hi and Dri' instantly stops odor! Ends worry of perspiration stains! Ensures 24-hour protection! It's the roll-on deodorant created for a woman's special needs; the result of everything Revlon knows about women and science. You'll love it!

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The roll-on deodorant made just for women!



13/6

Continuing . . .

THE DRESSMAKER'S DOLL

from page 19

across the landing to the room on the other side.

Sybil stared at the relaxed doll. An expression of bewilderment was growing on her face. Alicia Croombe entered and Sybil turned sharply. "Miss Croombe, how long have you had this creature? Surely you must be able to remember that."

"What, the doll? My dear, you know I can't remember things. Yesterday, it's too silly—I was going out to that lecture and I hadn't gone half-way down the street when I suddenly found I couldn't remember where I was going. I thought and I thought. Finally I told myself it must be Fortnum's. I knew there was something I wanted to get there."

Well, you wouldn't believe, it wasn't till I was actually home and having some tea that I remembered about the lecture. Of course, I've always heard people go gaga as they get on in life, but it's happening to me much too fast. I've forgotten now where I've put my handbag—and my spectacles too. I had them just now—"

"The spectacles are on the

mantelpiece here," said Sybil, giving them to her. "How did you get the doll? Who gave her to you?"

"That's a blank, too," said Alicia Croombe. "Somebody gave her to me or sent her to me, I suppose. . . . She seems to match the room very well, doesn't she?"

How many men would be mute if they were forbidden to speak well of themselves and evil of others!

—Mme De Fontaine

"Rather too well, I think," said Sybil. "Funny thing is, you know; I can't remember when I first noticed her here."

"Now don't you get the same way as I am," Alicia Croombe admonished her. "After all, you're young still."

"No. But really, Miss Croombe, I don't. I mean, I looked at her yesterday and thought that there was something—well, Mrs. Groves is quite right—something creepy about her. And then I thought I'd already thought so, and then I tried to remember when I first thought so and—well, I just couldn't remember anything. In a way it was as if I'd never seen her before. Only, it didn't feel like that. It felt as though she'd been here a long time but I'd only just noticed her."

"Perhaps she flew in through the window one day on a broomstick," said Alicia Croombe. "Anyway, she belongs here now all right." She looked round. "You could hardly imagine the room without her, could you?"

"No," said Sybil, with a slight shiver, "but I rather wish I could."

ALICIA CROOMBE demanded impatiently: "Are we all going barmy about this doll? What's wrong with the poor thing? Looks like a decayed cabbage to me, but perhaps," she added, "that's because I haven't got my spectacles on." She put them on her nose and looked firmly at the doll. "Yes," she said, "I see what you mean. She is a little creepy. Sad-looking but—well, sly and rather determined, too."

"Funny," said Sybil, "Mrs. Fallows-Brown taking such a violent dislike to her."

"Well, people do take dislikes very suddenly sometimes." "Perhaps," said Sybil, with a little laugh, "that doll never was here until yesterday. . . . Perhaps she just—flew in through the window as you say and settled herself here."

"Now, dear," said Alicia Croombe briskly, "do stop it. You're making me feel quite peculiar with shivers down my spine. You're not going to work up a great deal of super-natural hoo-hab about that creature, are you?" She picked the doll up, shook it out, rearranged its shoulders, and sat it down again on another chair. Immediately the doll flopped slightly and relaxed.

"It's not a bit lifelike," said Alicia Croombe, looking at it. "And yet, in a funny way, it does seem alive, doesn't it? Well, anyway, she seems to like being here. . . . She belongs to the room, as you said."

"Or the room belongs to her," said Sybil.

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

"Oh, it hasn't come to that yet," said Alicia Croombe.

Later, as she went round the showroom dusting, Mrs. Groves said, "It did give me a turn! Such a turn as I hardly like to go into the fitting-room now."

"What's given you a turn?" demanded Miss Croombe, who was sitting at a writing table in the corner, busy with various accounts. "This woman," she added more for her own benefit than that of Mrs. Groves, "thinks she can have two evening-dresses, three cocktail-dresses, and a suit every year without ever paying me a penny for them! Really, some people!"

"It's that doll," said Mrs. Groves.

"What, our doll again?" "Yes, sitting up there at the desk, like a human. Oh, it didn't half give me a turn!"

"What are you talking about?"

Alicia Croombe, followed by Mrs. Groves, got up, strode across the room to the little landing outside and into the room opposite—the fitting-room. There was a small Sheraton desk in one corner of it, and here, sitting in a chair drawn up to it, her long floppy arms on the desk, sat the doll.

"Somebody seems to have been having fun," said Alicia Croombe. "Fancy her sitting up like that. Really, she looks quite natural, doesn't she?"

Sybil came down the stairs at this moment carrying with her a velvet dress that was to be tried on by a client that morning.

"Come here, Sybil. Look at our doll sitting at my private desk and writing letters now."

The two women looked. "Really," said Miss Croombe, "it's too ridiculous! I wonder who propped her up there. Did you?"

"No, I didn't," said Sybil. "It must have been one of the girls from upstairs."

"A silly sort of joke, really," said Alicia Croombe. She picked up the doll from the desk and threw her back on the sofa.

Sybil laid the dress over a chair carefully, then she went out and up the stairs into the workroom. "You know the doll," she said, "the velvet doll in the fitting-room?"

The forewoman and the three girls looked up. "Yes, miss, of course we know."

"Who sat her up at the desk this morning for a joke?" The three girls looked at her, then they looked at Elspeth. "Sat her up at the desk? I didn't."

"Nor did I," said the second girl. "Did you, Marlene?" Marlene also disclaimed having sat any doll up.

"This your bit of fun, Elspeth?"

"No, indeed," said Elspeth, a stern woman who looked as though her mouth should always be full of pins. "I've more to do than going about playing with dolls and sitting them up at desks."

"Look here," said Sybil, and to her surprise her voice shook very slightly. "It was—it was quite a good joke, only I'd just like to know who did it."

The three girls bristled. "We've told you, Mrs. Fox. None of us did it, did we, Marlene?"

"You've heard what I had to say," said Elspeth. "What's this all about anyway, Mrs. Fox?"

Sybil said slowly, "It just seemed so odd."

"Perhaps it was Mrs. Groves?" said Elspeth.

Sybil shook her head. "It wouldn't be Mrs. Groves. It gave her quite a turn."

"I'll come down and see for myself," said Elspeth.

"She's not there now," said Sybil. "Miss Croombe took her away from the desk and threw her back on the sofa. Well—"

To page 63

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others the night we met?
Or was it your morning
freshness?
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AS YOU ARE
WITH **Slainweat**
The Deodorant you can trust

Continuing . . . THE DRESSMAKER'S DOLL

from page 61

she paused, "—what I mean is
someone must have stuck her
up there in the chair at the
writing desk—thinking it was
funny, I suppose. And — and
I don't see why they won't say
so."

"I've told you twice, Mrs.
Fox," said Margaret. "I don't
see why you should go on accus-
ing us of telling lies. None of
us'd do a silly thing like that."

"I'm sorry," said Sybil. "I
didn't mean to upset you. But
—but who else could have done
it?"

"Perhaps she got up and
walked there herself," said
Marlene, and giggled.

For some reason, Sybil didn't
like the suggestion. "Oh, it's
all a lot of nonsense, anyway,"
she said, and went down the
stairs again.

Alicia Croombe was hum-
ming quite happily. She looked
round the room. "I've lost my
spectacles again," she said. "The

room, walking round looking
quite closely. Finally, as a last
idea, she took up the doll from
the sofa. "I've got them," she
called.

"Oh, where were they,
Sybil?" Alicia Croombe asked.

"Under our precious doll. I
suppose you must have thrown
them down when you put her
back on the sofa."

"I didn't. I'm sure I didn't."

"Oh," said Sybil with exas-
peration. "Then I suppose she
took them and was hiding them
from you."

"Really, you know," said
Alicia, looking thoughtfully at
the doll. "I wouldn't put it past
her. She looks very intelligent,
don't you think, Sybil?"

"I don't think I like her
face," said Sybil. "She looks as
though she knew something
that we didn't."



"Are you sure we're both going on the same
vacation?"

trouble is, of course, when you're
as blind as I am, that when you
have lost your spectacles, unless
you've got another pair of spec-
tacles to put on and find them
with, you can't find them be-
cause you can't see to find
them."

"I'll look round for you,"
said Sybil. "You had them just
now."

"It's such a bother," said
Alicia Croombe. "I want to get
on with these accounts. How can
I if I haven't got my spec-
tacles?"

"I'll go up and get you your
second pair from the bedroom,"
said Sybil.

"I haven't got a second
pair at present," said Alicia
Croombe.

"Why—what's happened to
them?"

"Well, I think I left them
yesterday when I was out at
lunch. I've rung up there, and
I've rung up the two shops I
went into, too."

"Oh, dear," said Sybil.
"You'll have to get three pairs,
I suppose."

"If I had three pairs of spec-
tacles," said Alicia Croombe,
"I should spend my whole life
looking for one or other of
them. I really think it's best
to have only one pair. Then
you've got to look till you find
them."

"Well, they must be some-
where," said Sybil. "You haven't
been out of these two rooms.
They're certainly not here, so
you must have laid them down
in the fitting-room."

She went across into the other

"You don't think she just
looks sort of sad and sweet?"
said Alicia Croombe, plead-
ingly, but without conviction.

"I don't think she's in the
least sweet," said Sybil.

"Mrs. Fox. Mrs. Fox," a
startled voice called up the
stairs. "Yes, Margaret?" said
Sybil. "What is it?" She was
busy leaning over a table, cut-
ting a piece of satin material.

"Oh, Mrs. Fox, it's that doll
again. I took down the brown
dress like you said, and there's
that doll again sitting up at the
desk. And it wasn't me — it
wasn't any of us. Please, Mrs.
Fox, we really wouldn't do such
a thing."

SYBIL'S scissors
slid a little. "There," she said
angrily, "look what you've
made me do. Oh, well, it'll be
all right, I suppose. It won't
leave much turning just there.
What's this about the doll?"

"She's sitting at the desk
again."

Sybil went down and walked
into the fitting-room. The doll
was sitting exactly as she had
sat before. "You're very deter-
mined, aren't you?" said Sybil
to the doll.

She picked her up un-
ceremoniously and put her back
on the sofa. "That's your place,
my girl," she said. "You stay
there." She walked across to the
other room. "Miss Croombe."

"Yes, Sybil?"

"Somebody is having a game
with us, you know. That doll
was sat up to the desk again."

"Who do you think it is?"

"It must be one of those three
upstairs," said Sybil. "Thanks
it's funny, I suppose. Of course
they all swear to high heaven
it wasn't them."

"Who do you think it is—
Margaret?"

"No, I don't think it's Mar-
garet. Margaret looked quite
queer when she came in and

To page 69



Are YOU one of the
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writes.*

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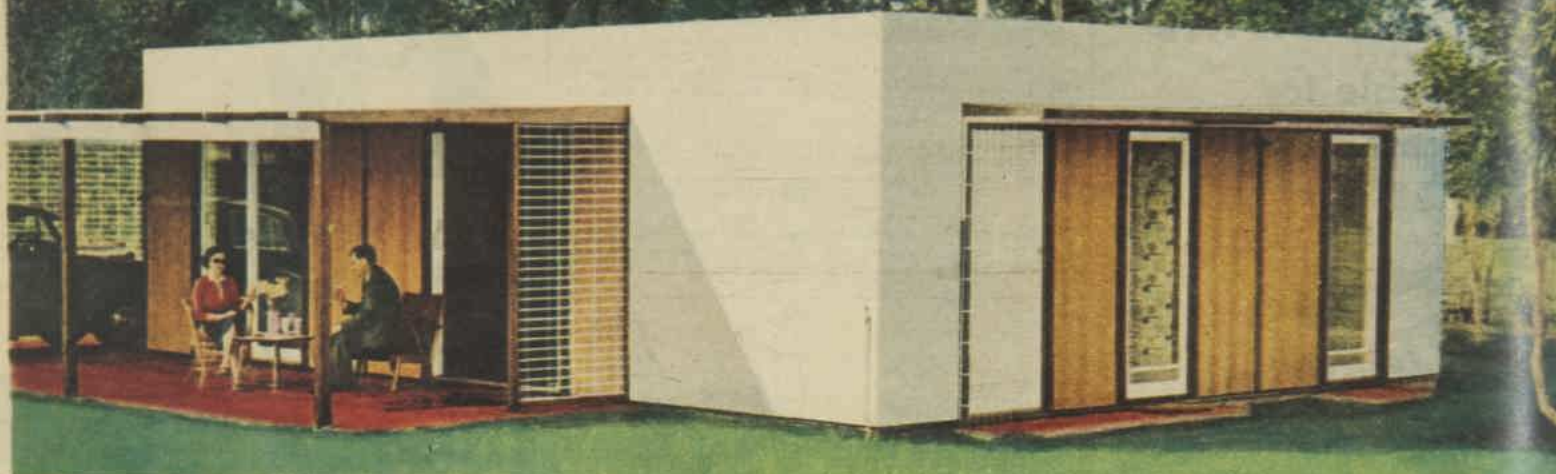
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The main bedroom — note the pleasant contrast with the plastic-faced plywood.



Mrs. Sturm in an alcove of her sitting room.

A SIMPLE LINE OF BEAUTY

German migrant builder A. Jockers erected this all-plywood home for Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Sturm of Zillmere, Brisbane, including built-in furniture, in a day of 12 hours. Cost was much less than for a conventional house.

Plywood THROUGH-OUT

The plywoods used for this delightful small home are available anywhere in Australia. The exterior, even to the roof of the patio, is of exterior plywood, striated and plain. Inside, imaginative use of a wide range of plywoods reflects the sophisticated good taste of the Old World with the use of the most modern materials. The beauty of natural wood panelling and the softly gay pastel designs in plastic sheeting on plywoods are highlighted against a background of retiring paint tones on commercial plywood. The Oriental-textured embossed plywoods on cabinets give quite an exotic touch.

All the built-ins are of plywood, saving space and costs while enabling the polished doors to increase the wood-panel effect that enriches the whole interior design. The development of plywoods has become one of the industrial romances of the postwar period. In the United States, plywood use has now passed seven thousand million square feet a year; in Canada whole towns have been built with it. In Australia, plywood use has increased by more than 100 per cent in the past 10 years.

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Entertainment
FILMLAND'S
FIERY BEAUTY

★ Lovely Ava Gardner, as she appears in her role of the Australian girl Moira Davidson in Stanley Kramer's "On the Beach", film version of Nevil Shute's dramatic end-of-the-world novel, which will have its Australian premiere in Melbourne on December 17. The film was made in and about Melbourne earlier this year. Easily the most colorful screen personality ever to have visited Australia, Ava was written about (not always flatteringly) in the local Press almost every day of her two-and-a-half months' stay. Interest ran specially high when she was visited by faithful beau Walter Chiari. But the two quarrelled, and Ava returned to Spain alone when the film was finished.

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By the makers of Robinson's Patent Groats and Barley

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Where's the WETTEX!

★★ BUT NOT FOR ME

Romantic comedy, with Clark Gable, Carroll Baker, Lilli Palmer, Lee J. Cobb, Barry Coe, Prince Edward, Sydney.

THOUGH it lacks any real spontaneity or bubble, this tale of Broadway theatre people should please the not too critical.

In a role tailored to his advancing years, Gable plays a producer who takes advantage of his youthful secretary's love to turn a poor play into a success.

He persuades the playwright (Cobb) to reverse the play's theme of an older man in love with a young girl, and supplies passages of dialogue using almost word for word those spoken to him in real life.

Carroll Baker, seen previously only in the sensational "Baby Doll," fails to make any great impression as the secretary. But Lilli Palmer, off the American screen for many years, makes a delightful comeback as Gable's still-interested ex-wife.

Young Coe is sympathetic and pleasant in the role of the secretary's actor-suitor. It is his best work to date. The ever-efficient Cobb handles the playwright's role with authority.

In a word... **AGREEABLE.**

★★ THE GOLDEN AGE OF COMEDY

Hollywood historical, with Will Rogers, Ben Turpin, Laurel and Hardy, Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard, Harry Langdon. Palace, Sydney.

ANYONE interested in early Hollywood will find this feature, made up of excerpts from slapstick comedies of the early 'twenties, of absorbing interest.

There is Will Rogers doing a wonderfully funny satire on Douglas Fairbanks and William Hart; Mack Sennett (in person) and his bathing belles; the Keystone Cops in frenzied action; and those two great "silent" comics Ben Turpin and Harry Langdon.

Jean Harlow is shown in an early movie with Laurel and Hardy, and Carole Lombard (unfortunately the extract is too early to give any indication of the light comedienne she was to become) is seen in a college comedy.

What is especially interesting is the immense originality and ingenuity of early comedy-makers Mack Sennett and Hal Roach.

In a word... **NOSTALGIC.**

★★ NORTH BY NORTHWEST

Comedy thriller, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason. In color. Liberty, Sydney.

SOME cunningly timed sequences and a couple of ingenious plot-twists jolt you into renewed interest whenever it seems that director Alfred Hitchcock's film is less taut and exciting than it should be.

NEW RELEASES

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

Film Parade

the arms of a mysterious blonde (Eva Marie Saint), UNESCO headquarters, and the good graces of the F.B.I. James Mason plays the international master-mind who is behind Mr. Grant's troubles. In a word... **ENJOYABLE.**

Studio gossip

IT'S Dirk Bogarde who gets the role opposite Ava Gardner in "The Fair Bride," based on a Bruce Marshall novel, and the first of three M.G.M. co-productions with Titanus Films of Italy.

Bogarde will play a priest who, during the Spanish Civil War, decides he must leave the Church. He finds shelter with a cabaret girl, Ava.

But after he hears the confession of a priest who has suffered political torture, he renounces the girl and returns to the Church.

★ ★ ★ VIENNESE - BORN

Lilli Palmer's comeback into English-language films after some years spent movie-making on the Continent has been a huge success. When she has finished the big Rank production "Conspiracy of Hearts," a story of nuns and the refugee children they smuggle to safety, Lilli goes to Hollywood to star with Fred Astaire in "The Pleasure of His Company," from the Broadway play success.

THE family home and one-time studio of the great French artist Renoir is being used by his son Jean Renoir (grand old man of the French

film industry) for some of the scenes of his newest work, "Dejeuner sur l'Herbe"—a title taken from one of his father's most famous paintings.

BECAUSE the next picture for Gina Lollobrigida will be for her own company, the Italian star is very anxious to get the right co-star, and has been in London trying to sign up Dirk Bogarde. The role would cast Bogarde as an English flier who falls in love with an Italian actress—Lollo, of course.

★ ★ ★ ORIGINALLY discovered as

a singer by Warner Brothers Records, 22-year-old Chuck Wood is being groomed for a film career, and will be seen with Peter Finch and Angie Dickinson in "Rachel Cade." Singer Patti Page is also showing interest in acting, and will try her hand at a straight dramatic role in "Elmer Gantry," with James Simmons and Burt Lancaster.

★ ★ ★ TONY PERKINS, who can

be pretty difficult to get on with when the mood takes him, has been asked by Alfred Hitchcock to star in his forthcoming thriller "Psycho."



ENTHUSIASTIC collectors of modern art, Anne and Kirk Douglas, seen here in their library, have recently added to the walls of their Hollywood home many new paintings that they bought in Europe.

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TELEVISION PARADE

● There are still outposts in Australia manned by diehards who maintain stoutly that Australian programmes are shocking. I don't know how they can honestly hold this opinion these days.

By **NAN MUSGROVE**

THINKING back over the past couple of weeks of what an advertisement describes as "gracious viewing," I find that I've had hours of splendid entertainment, lots of laughs, and I've looked in on many events of national importance.

High up in the laugh section with me always are The Phil Silvers Show (Channel 2, Wednesdays, 8 p.m.) and Bobby Limb's Late Show (Sydney's Channel 9, Fridays, 10 p.m.). And many other regular shows are first-class entertainment. Have you seen ABC-TV's "Gaslight Music Hall" (alternate Wednesdays, 8.30 p.m.)?

More seriously, I think all stations are to be congratulated on their cover of the Commonwealth Parliamentary Conference in Canberra, although some of the group discussions have been just jabberwocky to me.

Practically every day there is something on TV I'd hate to miss. There are shows, too, that I love to miss. Making, if this is possible, a carefully considered sweeping statement, I'd include in the shows I'd love to miss practically all of the present rash of private-eye TV shows.

My private hates are "Peter Gunn" (Channel 9, Thursdays, 9 p.m.) and "Staccato" (Channel 7, Mondays, 8.30).

These shows have in common a handsome rogue as the detective, a voluptuous abandoned-looking female to carry on with after he's shot the last criminal, and a jazz background that uses crashing cymbals and lots of noise to cover up any inadequacies in the stories.

I don't like them. But TV being what it is, I don't have to look at them, I can always find something else.

More crime

I was pleasantly surprised with "The Untouchables," Sydney's Channel 7's latest show (Tuesdays, 8.30 p.m.). It's more crime, but real stuff. It features the work of a special squad of Federal agents charged with breaking up the Capone gang in Chicago.

It has a well-written script that dealt with situations in a credible instead of incredible way, gave a glimpse of an era that is happily over, and was a good hour's entertainment.

"The Untouchables" goes on my list of shows of this kind that I like to see, plus my favorite, "Meet McGraw" (Channel 9, Tuesdays at 10 p.m.).

There are other TV treats coming, too. It all adds up to what I've said so often, television is wonderful.



LORRAE DESMOND, one of the big names of Britain's TV world, who is at present visiting her parents in Sydney.

LORRAE DESMOND, Australian singer and big name in Britain's TV, sounded English and said, "Oh, jolly good," when I telephoned her to fix a time and date to see her during her visit home to see her parents.

I was surprised. I'd just been reading a lot of old Press cuttings about Lorraine, and the minor uproar she caused several years ago when she refused to tone down her Australian accent to appear on BBC-TV.

Lorraine had been offered a job on that condition and had refused. "You'll have to take me the way I am or not at all," she told them.

She got the job, and I don't wonder. In the flesh she's 5ft. 4in. of personality plus, as Australian as billy tea.

I told her I thought she sounded English on the telephone, and she was amazed.

"Well, I'd be using my telephone voice," she said, "and you do pick up English phrases."

Poor Miss Desmond. She'd been talking to London on the phone before I saw her, and they'd remarked on her Australian accent. "It's broader than ever," they told her.

Accent or no accent, I think you'd pick Lorraine anywhere as Australian.

She is small, well-shaped (36, 24, 36), with brown eyes, blond hair, and a wonderful suntan, unusual this year in Sydney's slow-starting summer.

She told me she started it on a short holiday in Majorca, continued it in Malaya, where she went to entertain British troops, and was topping it off at Cabarita Baths.

The ambition of this highly successful young woman is "to have summer all the year round."

"If I have an ambition, that is it," she said. "Sun all the time and swimming."

Miss Desmond is lucky. She's got the talent that makes the fulfilment of ambitions possible.

Happy position

She tells me she's in the happy position now of being successful enough to control the size of her income.

"My income can be what I want it to be," she said. "Without any effort, I can average £200 sterling a week."

Lorraine is doing two half-hour shows, "The Lorraine Desmond Show," at 10 p.m. on November 11 and 18 for ABC-TV before she returns to England to star in a Christmas pantomime.

"I'm going to be Jack in 'Jack and the Beanstalk,'" she told me.

"English people are completely potty about pantos," she said. "Not just the kids, the mums and dads. The season lasts three months."

"It's pantomime and the summer seasons at the big holiday resorts like Blackpool and Great Yarmouth that give you a back-log in the bank, your bread-and-butter for the year."

"The jam is TV appearances, recordings, nightclub stuff, and radio."

Lorraine does a lot of TV work both for the BBC and ITV (Britain's commercial channel).

"I love live TV," she said,

"specially if I'm given a 15-minute spot and told to entertain people."

"Shows of this length are wonderful. You just hop in front of the camera, do your best, and hope not to bore the viewers. It's up to you."

"With longer shows the trouble is that other people are involved and you all have to rely on direction."

I asked Lorraine about her TV wardrobe. It is quite different to her stage one.

"Modified," she said. "On the stage I always wear short evening dress, very low in the neck, with a little tight bodice and a very bouffant skirt."

"On TV I wear much the same style of dress, but low necks look awful on TV, and the dresses have to be much simpler, much less flashy."

"For TV I depend largely on patterned materials for effect. Brocade is good; so are paisley patterns. Satin and lame are right as long as they are not too sparkly. Sequins are definitely out."

Lorraine's talents range from straight singing, through rock-'n-roll, to satire and burlesque.

She is impressed with the vast improvement of Australian TV, although she is disappointed there are not more live shows. She thinks what live shows there are are good, but all could have more rehearsal.

"For a B.B.C. 30-minute variety show we always have a week's paid rehearsal time before the show, and on the day of the show we rehearse straight through from 10.30 a.m. until the show at night."

As Lorraine talks about her life, rehearsals and recording and stage shows and TV, you get the impression of an amount of activity that needs much more than a 24-hour day.

No time

So I asked her: what about her romantic life?

"Quite honestly, I move around so much I don't have time to latch on to anyone permanently," she said.

"I've always got plenty of escorts, but I don't want to get married now; I don't think I could manage. But a bit later, when I've got more time, I'd like to."

At this stage of the interview one of our copy girls carried a big file of paper past us.

"Isn't The Weekly wonderful?" she said. "It's part of home. I'm dying to catch up on it again. How is Mandrake? And his girl-friend — Princess Narda, isn't it?"

I told her Mandrake and Narda were still going steady and still, after the seven years Lorraine has been away, apparently no closer to the altar.

"See," she said to me, "they're busy, like me; they've got no time. That makes me feel much better."



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 18, 1959

told me. I expect it's that little giggling Marlene."

"Anyway, it's a very silly thing to do."

"Of course it is—idiotic," said Sybil. "However," she added grimly, "I'm going to put a stop to it this time."

"What are you going to do?" "You'll see," said Sybil.

That night when she left she locked the fitting-room door from the outside. "I'm locking this door," she said, "and I'm taking the key with me."

"Oh, I see," said Alicia Croombe, with a faint air of amusement. "You're beginning to think it's me, are you? You think I'm so absent-minded that I go in there and think I'll write at the desk, instead of which I pick the doll up and put her there instead to write for me. Is that the idea? And then I forget all about it?"

"Well, it's a possibility," said Sybil. "Anyway, I'm going to make quite certain that no silly practical jokes are played to-night."

The following morning, her lips set grimly, the first thing Sybil did on arrival was to unlock the door of the fitting-room and march in. Mrs. Groves, with an aggrieved expression and mop and duster in hand, had been waiting on the landing.

"Now we'll see!" said Sybil.

Then she drew back with a slight gasp. The doll was sitting at the desk.

"Cool!" said Mrs. Groves behind her. "It's uncanny! That's what it is. Oh there, Mrs. Fox, you look quite pale, as though you've come over queer. You need a little drop of something. Has Miss Croombe got a drop upstairs, do you know?"

"I'm quite all right," said Sybil.

She walked over to the doll, picked her up carefully, and walked across the room with her.

"Somebody's been playing a trick on you again," said Mrs. Groves.

"I don't see how they could have played a trick on me this time," said Sybil slowly. "I locked that door last night. You know yourself you couldn't get in."

"Somebody's got another key, maybe," said Mrs. Groves, helpfully.

"I don't think so," said Sybil. "We've never bothered to lock this door before. It's one of those old-fashioned keys; there's only one of it." Her brows wrinkled anxiously.

"Perhaps the other key fits it. The one to the door opposite."

In due course they tried all the keys in the house, but none fitted the door of the fitting-room.

"It is odd, Miss Croombe," said Sybil later.

Alicia Croombe was looking rather pleased. "My dear," she said, "I think it's simply extraordinary. I think we ought to write to the psychological research people about it. You know they might send someone—a medium or someone, to see if there's anything peculiar about the room."

"You don't seem to mind at all," said Sybil.

"Well, I rather enjoy it in a way," said Alicia Croombe. "I mean, it's rather fun when things happen! All the same—" "No," she said thoughtfully, "I don't think I do quite like it. I mean, that doll's getting rather above herself, isn't she?"

On that evening Sybil and Alicia Croombe locked the door again on the outside.

"I still think," said Sybil, "that somebody might be playing a practical joke, though really, I don't see why..."

"Do you think she'll be at the desk again tomorrow morning?" demanded Alicia.

"Yes," said Sybil, "I do."

But they were wrong. The doll was not at the desk. Instead, she was on the window-sill, looking through the window

Continuing . . .

THE DRESSMAKER'S DOLL

from page 63

on to the street. And here again there was an extraordinary naturalness about her position.

"It's all frightfully silly, isn't it?" said Alicia Croombe, as they sat that afternoon snatching a quick cup of tea. By common consent they were not having it in the fitting-room as they usually did, but in Alicia Croombe's own room on the other side which though formally called the show-room was also occasionally used as a sitting-room.

"Silly in what way?"

figure in its limp, soft velvet, with its painted silk face.

"Some old bits of velvet and silk and a lick of paint, that's all it is," said Alicia Croombe. Her voice was strained. "I suppose, you know, we could—er—we could dispose of her."

"What do you mean, dispose of her?" asked Sybil. Her voice sounded almost shocked.

"Well," said Alicia Croombe, "we could put her on the fire,

gone gaga and perhaps you're just humoring me, is that it?"

"No," said Sybil. "But I've got a nasty frightened feeling—a horrid feeling that she's too strong for us."

"What? That miserable, limp mess of rags?"

"Yes, that horrible, limp mess of rags. Because, you see, she's so determined."

"Determined?"

"To have her own way . . . This is her room now!"

"Yes," said Alicia Croombe, looking round, "it is, isn't it? Of course, it always was, when you come to look at it . . . The colors and everything . . . I thought she fitted in here, but it's the room that fits her. I must say," added the dressmaker, with a touch of brisk acerbity in her voice, "it's rather absurd when a doll comes and takes possession of things like this." She added with a hint of panic, "What are we going to do, Sybil? It's getting me down, you know. I haven't been able to design anything for weeks."

"I can't keep my mind on cutting out properly," Sybil confessed. "I make all sorts of mistakes. Perhaps," she said uncertainly, "your idea of writing to the physical research might do some good."

"Just make us look a couple of fools," said Alicia Croombe. "I didn't seriously mean it. No, I suppose we'll just have to go on until—"

"Until what?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Alicia. "Until she's taken the whole house, perhaps." She laughed, but it was rather an uncertain laugh.

But on the following day Sybil, when she arrived, found the door of the fitting-room locked. "Miss Croombe, have you got the key? Did you lock this last night?"

"Yes," said Alicia Croombe, "I locked it and it's going to stay locked. I've given up the room. The doll can have it. We don't need two rooms. We can fit in here."

"But it's your own private sitting-room in here as well."

"Well, I don't want it any more. I've got a very nice bedroom. I can make a bed-sitting-room of it, can't I?"

"Do you mean you're really not going into that room again?" said Sybil incredulously.

"That's exactly what I mean."

"But—what about cleaning? It'll get in a terrible state."

"Let it!" said Alicia Croombe. "If this place is suffering from a kind of possession by doll, all right—let her keep possession. And clean the room herself."

And she added, "She hates us, you know. You must have known. You must have seen it when you looked at her."

"Yes," said Sybil thoughtfully, "I suppose I did. I suppose I felt like that all along. That she hated us, and wanted to get us out of there."

"She's a malicious thing," said Alicia Croombe. "But anyway, she ought to be satisfied now."

Things went on rather more peacefully after that. Alicia Croombe announced to her staff that she was giving up the use of that room for the present. It made too many rooms to dust and keep clean. She was going to keep it locked up for the time being.

It hardly helped to hear on the evening of the same day one of the work girls saying to the other, "She really is batty, Miss Croombe, now. I always thought she was a bit queer, the way she lost things and forgot things. But it's really beyond anything now, isn't it? She's

To page 71

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"Well, I mean, there's nothing you can get hold of. Just a doll that's always in a different place."

And as day followed it seemed a more and more apt exposition. It was not now only at night that the doll moved. At any moment when they came into the fitting-room after they had been absent for a few minutes, they might find the doll was in a different place. They might have left her on the sofa and they found her on a chair. Then she'd be on a different chair. Sometimes she'd be in the window-seat, sometimes at the desk again.

"She just moves about as she likes," said Alicia Croombe. "And I think, you know, Sybil, I think it's amusing her . . . She looks as though it were."

The two women stood looking down at the inert sprawling

if there was a fire. Burn her, I mean, like a witch . . . Or of course," she added matter-of-factly, "we could just put her in the dustbin."

"I don't think that would do," said Sybil. "Somebody would probably take her out of the dustbin and bring her back to us."

"Or we could send her somewhere . . ." said Alicia Croombe. "You know, to one of those societies who are always writing and asking you for something—for a sale of work or a bazaar. I think that's the best idea."

"I don't know," said Sybil. "I'd be almost afraid to do that."

"Afraid? In what way?" "Well, I think she'd come back," said Sybil.

"I suppose we're not going off our heads, are we?" said Alicia Croombe. "Perhaps I've



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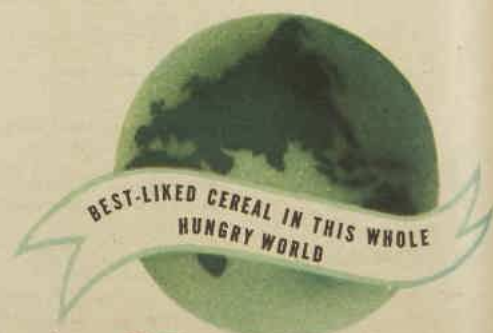
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get a sort of thing about that doll downstairs."

"Ooo, you don't think she'll go really bats, do you?" said the other girl. "She might knife or something."

They passed, chattering, out of earshot and Alicia sat up indignantly in her chair. Going into the room, she added thoughtfully to herself, "I suppose, if it wasn't for Sybil, I should think myself that I was going bats. But with me and Sybil and Mrs. Groves, too, well, it does look as though there was something in it. But what I don't see is how it's going to end."

It was three weeks later when Sybil said to Alicia Croombe, "You know, we've got to go into that room some time."

"Why?"

"Well, I mean, it must be in a filthy state. Moths will be getting into things. All that. We ought just to dust and sweep it and then lock it up again."

"I'd much rather keep it shut up and not go in there," said Alicia Croombe.

Sybil said, "Really, you know, you're more superstitious than I am."

"I suppose I am," said Alicia Croombe. "I was much more ready to believe in all this than you were, but to begin with, you know—I—well, I found it exciting in an odd sort of way. I don't now. I'm just scared, and I'd rather not go into that room."

"Well, I want to," said Sybil. "and I'm going to."

"You know what's the matter with you?" said Alicia Croombe. "You're simply curious, that's all."

"All right, then, I'm curious. I want to see what the doll's done."

"I still think it's much better to leave her alone," said Alicia. "Now we've got out of that room, she's satisfied. You'd better leave her satisfied," she gave an exasperated sigh. "What nonsense we are talking about nothing but a doll!"

"Yes, I know we're talking nonsense, but if you tell me of any way of not talking nonsense—come on, now, give me that key."

"All right, all right."

"I believe you're afraid I'll let her out or something. I should think she was the kind that could pass through doors or windows."

Sybil unlocked the door and went in. "How terribly odd," she said.

"What's odd?" said Alicia Croombe, peering over her shoulder.

"The room hardly seems dusty at all, does it? You'd think, after being shut up all this time—"

"Yes, it is odd."

"There she is," said Sybil. The doll was on the sofa.

Continuing . . .

THE DRESSMAKER'S DOLL

from page 69

She was not lying in her usual limp or lax position. She was sitting upright, a cushion behind her back. She had the air of the mistress of the house waiting to receive people.

"Well," said Alicia Croombe, "she seems at home all right, doesn't she? I almost feel I ought to apologise for coming in."

"Let's go," said Sybil. She backed out, pulled the door to, and locked it again.

The two women looked at each other.

"I wish I knew," said Alicia

"Miss Croombe, Miss Croombe, come down here."

"What's the matter?"

Alicia Croombe, who had got up late, came down the stairs, hobbling a little precariously, for she had rheumatism in her right knee. "What is the matter with you, Sybil?"

"Look. Look what's happened now."

They stood in the doorway of the showroom. Sitting on the sofa there, sprawled easily over the arm of it, was the doll.



"After I built it I couldn't get it out of the basement."

Croombe, "why it scares us so much . . ."

"My goodness, who wouldn't be scared?"

"Well, I mean, what happens, after all? It's nothing really but just a kind of puppet thing that gets moved around the room. I expect really it isn't the puppet, itself, at all, it's a poltergeist."

"Now, that is a good idea."

"Yes—but I don't really believe it myself—I just think it's—that doll."

"Are you sure you don't know where she came from?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," said Alicia. "And the more I think of it the more I'm perfectly certain that I didn't buy her and that nobody sent her to me. I think she—just came."

"Do you think she'll—ever go?"

"Really," said Alicia, "I don't see why she should. . . . She's got all she wants."

But it seemed that the doll had not got all she wanted. The next day when Sybil went into the showroom she drew her breath back with a sudden gasp. Then she called up the stairs,

"She's got out," said Sybil. "She's got out of that room. She wants this room as well."

Alicia Croombe sat down by the door. "In the end," she said, "I suppose she wants the whole house."

"She might," said Sybil.

"You nasty, sly, malicious brute," said Alicia, addressing the doll. "What do you want to come and pester us for? We don't want you."

It seemed to her, and to Sybil, too, that the doll moved very slightly. It was as though its limbs relaxed still further. A long limp arm was lying on the arm of the sofa and the half-hidden face looked as though it were peering from under the arm. It was a sly, malicious look.

"Horrible creature," said Alicia. "I can't bear it. I can't bear it any longer."

Suddenly, taking Sybil completely by surprise, she dashed across the room, picked up the doll, ran across to the window, opened it, and slung the doll out into the street.

There was a gasp and a half cry from Sybil. "Oh, Alicia, you

shouldn't have done that. I'm sure you shouldn't have done that."

"I had to do something," said Alicia Croombe. "I just couldn't stand it any more."

Sybil joined her at the window. Down below on the pavement the doll lay, loose-limbed, face down.

"You've killed her," said Sybil.

"Don't be so absurd. . . . How can I kill something that's made of velvet and silk, bits and pieces. It's not real."

"It's horribly real," said Sybil.

Alicia caught her breath. "Good heavens. That child—"

A small ragged girl was standing over the doll on the pavement.

She looked up and down the street, a street that was not unduly crowded at this time of the morning though there was a certain amount of traffic; then, as though satisfied, the child bent, picked up the doll, and dashed across the street.

"Stop—stop," called Alicia.

She turned on Sybil. "That child mustn't take the doll. She mustn't. That doll's dangerous—evil. We've got to stop her."

It was not they who stopped her. It was the traffic. At that moment three taxis came down one way and two tradesmen's vans in the other direction. The child was marooned on an island in the middle of the road.

Sybil rushed down the stairs and Alicia Croombe followed her. Dodging between a tradesman's van and a private car, Sybil, with Alicia Croombe close at her elbow, arrived on the opposite side.

"You can't take that doll," said Alicia Croombe. "Give her back to me."

The child looked at her. She was a thin little girl about eight years old, with a pale, pointed face and large dark eyes. Her expression now was defiant.

"Why should I give her to you?" she said. "Pushed her out of the window, you did. I saw you. If you pushed her out of the window you don't want her and so she's mine."

"I'll buy you another doll," said Alicia frantically. "We'll go now to a shop anywhere you like and I'll buy you the best doll we can find. But give me back this one."

"Shan't," said the child. Her arms went protectingly round the velvet doll.

"You must give her back," said Sybil. "She isn't yours."

She stretched out to take the doll from the child and at that moment the child stamped her foot, turned, and cried defiance at them.

"Shan't. Shan't. Shan't! She's mine. She's my very own. I love her. You don't love her. You hate her. If you didn't hate her you wouldn't have pushed her out of the window. I love her, and that's what she wants. She wants to be loved."

And then like an eel, threading her way through the vehicles, the child ran across the street, down an alleyway, out of sight before the two women could decide to dodge the cars and follow.

"She's gone," said Alicia, in a breathless voice.

"She said the doll wanted to be loved," said Sybil.

"Perhaps," said Alicia, "perhaps that's what she wanted all along. . . . To be loved. . . ."

In the middle of the London traffic the two women stared at each other.

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Continuing . . .

TO PENNY WITH LOVE

from page 21

she fended off Peter's efforts with a handkerchief, saying, "Darling, don't panic. I don't suppose she did it on purpose. It will clean, I dare say. Just ring for a cloth . . ."

It had all blown over, of course. Katharine's dress was sponged, Penny's tears were dried.

When they left Penny at the school in the early evening before driving back to town, she said goodbye calmly, almost indifferently; when Peter picked her up for a goodbye hug she did not cling to him as she usually did, and her cheek was cold against his.

He hated leaving her like that; with everything still unresolved and unexplained between them he felt like pleading with her, begging her to like Katharine, to be her real sweet self when Katharine was there. Of course, it would do no good and she was too young to understand.

Margaret, Peter's wife, had died when Penny was three years old, and he had been a long time getting over it. Then he met Katharine and the whole world seemed to be born anew.

He was humbled-minded about himself and at first he could hardly believe that this lovely and adorable creature returned his love; he was still terrified of losing her, heavily conscious that he could not offer her a new-minted marriage, with both of them starting, free as air, at the shining beginning of a new life.

There were strings attached, responsibility. Penny, Penny with her stubborn little mouth folded firmly, and her childish reserve and dignity drawn round her like a cloak . . .

He was depressed and silent all the evening. Katharine was patience and tenderness itself, all through the rather unsatisfactory dinner they had at a wayside hotel on the way home and the rest of the evening in Katharine's flat, where she made coffee and did her best to woo and cajole him out of his bad mood.

But his uneasiness was heavy upon him and she said at last, bewildered, "Peter, darling, what is the matter?"

"I don't know exactly," he said wearily. "I suppose I'm just afraid. Scared things may go wrong. You may get tired of me, or something may come between us . . ."

"But what could?"

He could not say outright "Penny." He turned away, muttering, "I suppose I'm afraid of disappointing you. All that business this afternoon . . . it was such a mess-up."

"Good heavens," Katharine said. "You're not worrying about that?" She wrinkled her nose, laughing at him tenderly. "Nothing very terrible happened, did it? You take everything so seriously, darling . . . it will all come right in the end. You see?"

She put her arms round him; her perfume came to him sweetly and headily. "Forget it," she said softly. "Don't think about it now. Think about me . . ."

One morning in Peter's office, a week or so later, the telephone rang. The fresh young voice at the other end of the line sounded nervous. "Mr. Reid . . . it's Judy . . . Judy Harrison. I'm in town for the day, and I wondered if I could see you for a few minutes, if you could manage it?"

"What's the matter? Penny's not ill, is she?"

She hesitated. "Not ill, no. But I'd like to talk to you about her. It's a bit difficult over the telephone. Perhaps I could come to your office? It wouldn't take long."

"Wait a minute," Peter said. He reached for his diary. "Could you lunch with me?"

"Well . . ." he thought she was smiling. "I didn't really expect that. But I'd like to very much."

He suggested a restaurant where he had never been with Katharine. Quiet and unfashionable, it would be about right for Judy; she wouldn't feel out of place there.

But when he went to meet her he thought at first she hadn't arrived; his eyes passed right over the pretty girl in the high-fashion suit and a frivolous little hat, until she came over to him and touched his arm: "Mr. Reid," she said, smiling. "You didn't seem to recognise me."

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, embarrassed.

"Please don't be. I'm not surprised. People don't, sometimes, when they see me in town clothes. Besides, I've just had my hair done. That makes a difference."

She really was very pretty indeed, he thought. He was pleased he had invited her to lunch. For the time being, as if by unspoken consent, neither of them broached the subject of Penny. Judy seemed to be in holiday mood.

She was not returning to Melcombe till the next day, she told him; in the afternoon she was going shopping and in the evening she was dining out, going to a theatre, and expected to dance somewhere afterwards.

Her eyes shone, as she spoke of this like a child looking forward to a treat, and Peter wondered who was taking her out.

But with the arrival of the coffee Judy's mood changed. She became grave and rather nervous. At last she looked at him very straightly with her

One who is contented
with what he has done
will never become famous
for what he will do.

—Boswell

frank eyes — she had extraordinarily long thick eyelashes, he observed, and wondered why he had never noticed them — and began, "Mr. Reid—"

"Just a minute," Peter interrupted. "Don't you think you'd better call me Peter? I can't start calling you Miss Harrison, can I?"

"All right," she said. "Peter," she added experimentally, and unaccountably blushed.

Peter said comfortably, "Now tell me what's worrying you. Has Penny been misbehaving?"

"Not exactly," She hesitated. "May I ask you a question? I'm afraid it's rather personal."

"Go ahead."

"Are you going to be married?"

Peter stiffened a little. "As a matter of fact, I am, yes."

"Congratulations," she said coolly.

"Thank you. But I'm afraid I don't quite see . . ."

She cut in swiftly. "You haven't told Penny yet, have you?"

"No. She doesn't know anything about it."

"That isn't quite true," Judy said. "Children are awfully quick to sense these things."

She broke off, remembering how, when Peter and Katharine had left after their last visit, Penny had flung her arms round her sobbing, "Judy, Daddy going to marry that lady?" It had taken a long while to soothe the child . . .

"Penny knows there is something," she went on, "that things are different. She needs careful handling, you know. She's insecure and frightened." She paused, and added bluntly, "You've been neglecting her."

Peter stared at her. He said in a controlled tone, "Don't you think, for someone as young and inexperienced as you obviously are, that you take rather a lot on yourself?"

When he spoke like that to people, it usually quelled them completely; but you couldn't quell this girl.

She flushed a little, but looked back at him gravely and said in a courteous, considering voice, "No, I don't think so, really. I may be young, but I've had a proper training, and I understand children, really I do. Penny is unhappy, very unhappy."

"Does she say so?"

"Of course not," she said impatiently. "Children never do. It comes out in other ways. She has always been such a darling, and now she has become terribly difficult . . . she flies into rages at the slightest thing. It's obvious there's a connection."

"Obvious to you, I dare say, but I don't necessarily accept it."

"Can you deny you've only been down once to see her in the past six weeks? Or that something happened to upset her when you brought your fiancée to see her?"

Peter felt a cold anger. He said icily, "Perhaps you'll explain to me what right you think you have to cross-examine me like this."

Judy sighed. "I'm sorry. I put that badly and made you angry. Miss Mallory warned me about that."

"She knows you're here?"

"Of course. I wouldn't have come without asking her first. She wouldn't stop me, but she was just a little bit worried . . ."

"Oh, she was? She's afraid of losing a puppy, of course," Peter said nastily.

"Not really. We have a waiting list as long as my arm. We don't care about that. But we do care about Penny. I know I'm not very diplomatic. But I didn't really think I'd need to be."

She looked at him squarely with her large clear eyes and added gravely, "You see, I love Penny. I'm fond of all the children, but Penny is special. And I liked you. I didn't think you were the sort of person to put your own dignity in front of Penny's happiness."

Peter was silent. She gathered up her gloves and handbag, smiled a small conventional smile, and said, "Well, that's that. I'm sorry if I've offended you. Thank you for a lovely lunch."

"Wait a minute," Peter said. "I'll get you a taxi."

"You needn't bother . . ."

But civility demanded that she lingered until the bill was paid and they could walk out into the street together. They stood for a moment waiting for Judy's taxi, in an uncomfortable silence.

The cab wheeled to the kerb, and Judy turned to Peter and held out her hand. "Goodbye, Mr. Reid." She had abandoned her promise to call him Peter, he noted. "There's just one other thing . . . I hope you'll forgive me for reminding you."

"What is it?"

"Penny's birthday. The 17th."

"I haven't forgotten it and I'm not likely to."

"That's all right then. Goodbye."

"Give Penny my love," he said.

She gave him a fleeting, doubtful little smile, and the taxi bore her away.

Peter walked back to his office, worrying about Penny and conscious that he had behaved very badly. He had been angry with Judy because he felt guilty.

To page 74

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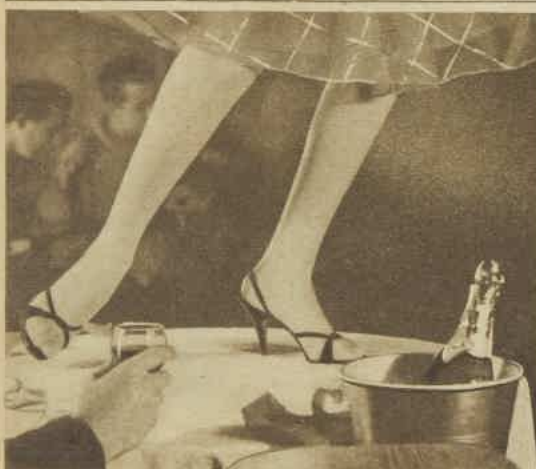
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Continuing... TO PENNY WITH LOVE

from page 72

At four o'clock he told his secretary he was calling it a day. He went down to a West End store and bought the most beautiful doll he could find for Penny and everything else he could think of that she might like. After that he felt better.

He didn't tell Katharine anything about his meeting with Judy; not because he was afraid she would be jealous; Katharine was too supremely confident ever to be that. But he didn't want to admit to her that Penny was being difficult.

It was a bad week all round. From the next day onwards he was up to his eyes in work, and in addition there were difficulties over the house he and Katharine had chosen, which involved discussion and arguments with the architects, the builders, and the local authority.

In the midst of all this business, Penny's birthday was, after all, forgotten.

Nearly forgotten. Not quite. He didn't remember it until he went in the evening to call for Katharine.

While he was waiting for her in her sitting-room, he walked over to the window, where her charming little antique writing-table stood. Polished, orderly, and beautiful, like all Katharine's things, it was neatly arrayed with notepaper, a diary, a desk, a calendar.

The figures stared at him: 17. It was the 17th today, and it was already evening.

The door opened, and Katharine came in. She looked awfully lovely in a short evening-dress, with a stole over her shoulders. She took one look at him and exclaimed, "Darling, what is the matter? You look as if you've seen a ghost!"

He said, "Look, Katharine. Something terrible has happened."

"Darling, what is it?" She looked quite frightened; she came and put her arms round him.

"I've forgotten Penny's birthday."

"Oh!" said Katharine. "Is that all?" She burst out laughing. She sank into a chair and looked up at him, her lovely face sparkling with relief and amusement. "Darling, you had me really scared!"

"Does it seem so trivial to you?"

Katharine stopped laughing. She said quickly, "Of course not, darling. Poor little Penny! What a shame! But it really isn't the end of the world, you know, Peter."

"When you're only eight years old, things like that seem like the end of the world to you."

"Yes, I know, Peter, but you mustn't reproach yourself. You've been so busy... I know it's awfully upsetting. I do understand how you feel."

"I wonder if you do."

"Peter, you are being peculiar about this. Anyone would think it was my fault. There's no need to make such a tragedy of it. You can ring up, or something, can't you?"

"I could, but I'm not going to. We'll have to go down there, Katharine."

"Go down there? Now? Tonight?" She looked bewildered. "But, darling... we've got tickets for the ballet!"

"So we have," Peter said strangely. He looked at her, searching the lovely impervious face for the slightest spark of imagination or understanding, thrusting away from him, for the moment, the dreaded full impact of disillusionment.

He said quietly, "Well, I shall have to go. I hoped you'd want to come with me, but you don't, do you?"

"Not really," Katharine said lightly. "And I don't want you to, either. I can't see any reason to ruin our evening now. Why, the child will be in bed by the time you get there."

"That's right," Peter said woodenly. "She'll be in bed, crying herself to sleep."

He took out his wallet and pulled out the two tickets for Covent Garden. He held them out to her. He said politely, "Sorry to mess up our date like this, Katharine. But I'll have to get going right away."

She stood there with the tickets in her hand. "And what am I supposed to do with these?"

The amused, incredulous tone infuriated him, and he lost his temper. "I don't know," he shouted, "and I don't care. Get someone else to go with you. Or give 'em away and stay at home for once in your spoiled little life, thinking what a callous beast I am to leave you alone and go and see my little girl instead."

"Peter!" She stared at him, shattered, horrified. There were tears in her eyes, and it occurred to him coldly that he had never seen Katharine cry before.

She said, her voice trembling, "You didn't say it... you couldn't speak to me like that."

"I wouldn't have thought I ever could," he said. "But I have." His temper went, and he looked at her wearily, unmoved by her tears, for she wept, he knew, only for herself.

"I'm sorry, Katharine," he said gently. "You're so lovely. It's a terrible pity you haven't got any heart."

He turned away then, anxious to be gone, and heard her voice, high and angry, behind him.

"You've forgotten this, haven't you?" She held out the big sapphire-and-diamond ring he had given her.

This was the gesture, he knew, that was supposed to bring him to his knees; but he had never felt less like kneeling.

"You've forgotten this, haven't you?" She held out the big sapphire-and-diamond ring he had given her.

"No. What made you think I was?"

"Oh, I don't know..." She sighed. "I'm glad you're not going to. I didn't like her much, and that's funny because she was awful pretty... like a princess in a story..." she yawned, and her voice trailed away.

Peter bent to kiss her again, and waited until her soft, even breathing told him she was fast asleep.

Then he went downstairs to find Judy once more.

She was in the hall, waiting for him. The house was very quiet; the rest of the staff, he supposed, were off-duty and out somewhere.

Judy smiled, and said quietly, "All right?"

"All right now, yes, but I felt terrible about it. You were right, of course. I did forget."

Her eyes were gentle. "Never mind. You came, didn't you?" It was almost what Penny had said. "Have you had anything to eat?"

"Well, no..." he hesitated, embarrassed, and she said quickly, "Come into the kitchen, then, and I'll rustle up something. Would an omelet do?"

"It would be wonderful."

The kitchen was large and warm, and smelt of coffee and fresh bread. He sat down by the big scrubbed table and watched while Judy beat eggs and busied herself at the stove.

She was very pleasant to watch, and it was all so peaceful that he could feel himself relaxing, muscles and nerves easing out thankfully as if after some prolonged effort.

The omelet was good, and so was the coffee. Judy had some herself, perched on the other end of the table.

She wore jeans and a sweater, the kind of clothes which made

She was fast asleep; doubt and grief and disappointment had been smoothed away now, but he could see tearstains still on her flushed cheeks.

A new-looking dolly lay in the crook of her arm—who had given it to her? Peter stood and looked down at his young daughter with a grieving heart.

Somehow through her dreams she must have sensed his presence; she opened her eyes. "Daddy?" she said very drowsily.

"Here I am, sweetheart."

Still half asleep, she sat up and scrambled out of the bed-clothes and into his arms; she smelt sweetly of soap and clean cotton. "I do love you," she said, giving him a hug.

Peter held her tight and couldn't speak, and she twisted herself round to look in his face and say anxiously, "I did believe you'd come, really I did. Only when it was bedtime..."

"Yes, darling. I know. I'm terribly sorry about it."

"Judy said you would come if you possibly could, and if you didn't come it would be because you were... were un-avoidably prevented," she added, articulating the long words laboriously.

"That was kind of Judy. But I really am sorry."

"It doesn't matter. You're here now, aren't you?"

"Don't you want to see your presents, Penny?"

They unwrapped them together, and he saw her eyes shine over them; but she was too tired and sleepy to get very excited.

Presently he tucked her up again, the dolls arranged round her. Her eyes were already beginning to close; then they flew open again, and she said, "Daddy... I want to whisper..."

He bent down, so that his ear was close to her mouth. "That lady who came... the one called Katharine... are you going to marry her?"

"No. What made you think I was?"

"Oh, I don't know..." She sighed. "I'm glad you're not going to. I didn't like her much, and that's funny because she was awful pretty... like a princess in a story..." she yawned, and her voice trailed away.

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The omelet was good, and so was the coffee. Judy had some herself, perched on the other end of the table.

She wore jeans and a sweater, the kind of clothes which made

her look so young, but the light falling revealingly across her face, showed that she was very pale, and there were smudges of fatigue under her eyes.

Peter stared at her with his throat tightening. She looked tired, he thought, little and young and tired... He thought of her coping valiantly with the situation, soothing and reassuring Penny, and steadfastly making excuses for him. And she hadn't uttered a word of reproach, either.

He felt very humble, and at the same time full of tenderness for her, and would have liked to show it; but that was something he knew he must not do.

Instead, he said aloud, "My engagement has been broken off, by the way. I insisted on coming down this evening, and Katharine didn't see it in the same light."

He looked into her widening eyes and laughed. "Don't look so solemn. It's quite all right. I've had a lucky escape, and so has Penny. I've made a fool of myself, but otherwise no harm has been done, not even to Penny, thanks to you. I'd like to apologise for my performance that day at lunch, by the way. You must think I'm a complete heel, and you're probably right."

Judy said quickly, "I don't think that. I never have. I told you at the time... I liked you." Then the color ran into her cheeks and she was abruptly silent, as if she had said something outrageous.

"Past or present tense?" Peter asked, watching her.

She didn't look at him. She stared down at her hands, which were linked together in her lap; they trembled a little.

"Present," she whispered.

"But does it matter?" "It does to me," Peter said, and she turned her head and looked at him with her large eyes, so full of warmth and candor, and suddenly her mouth quivered into a wide, curly smile; their eyes met, and Penny smiled, too, and for a long moment neither of them spoke.

They heard the front door of the house open and close, heard a click across the hall, and a member of the school staff, peeling off her gloves, peered into the kitchen, said "Oh, good evening" to Peter, and withdrew quickly.

Judy sighed, "You must go home," she said. "You've got that long drive..."

"Yes, I suppose I must."

She walked with him to the front door; the country night air came to them, cool and sweet, and the sky was a tangle of stars.

Peter paused on the threshold, her hand in his. "I'll be down again on Sunday," he said. "Judy... I'll see you then, won't I? I thought perhaps... we could go out somewhere, after Penny's bedtime... have some supper or a drink... there are a lot of things I'd like to talk to you about."

"I'll be here," Judy said simply. "Good-night, Peter. Don't worry about Penny. She'll be all right now." She hesitated, added very softly, "Mind how you go."

He got into the car, and the engine roared into life. He leaned out to wave goodbye to Judy, and as he pulled away he could see her in the driving mirror, still standing in the bright oblong of the doorway, watching him go. Then she was lost to his sight, and he began the long drive home.

As always when deeply content, he loved to drive fast, particularly at night, and he knew this road like the palm of his hand. But mind how you go, she had said, and smiling to himself he drove back to London soberly under the wheel of stars, thinking about her all the time.

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Timothy's precious telescope. She told him so.

He looked offended. "You're new to the game yet," he told her. "Just wait and see. I'll find Jupiter for you now."

Joanna obediently looked at Jupiter and then at Mars. "They look so close," she said.

Timothy laughed. "Close? The nearest star is over four light years away."

Joanna shrugged. "Light or heavy," she said, "what's the difference?"

Timothy assumed a long-suffering expression. "A light year," he explained, "is the distance light travels in a year."

"I think I want to go home," Joanna said. She sneezed.

"Are you cold?" he asked her. "You can have my jacket if you like. Do you mind staying just a little longer?"

Joanna sat silently while Timothy swung his telescope around, occasionally giving vent to such enlightening exclamations as "Well, well!" and more often "Wow!" Now and again he invited her to look, but for the most part she sat there feeling unwanted and neglected.

After a while he said that he had finished. "A bit misty for good viewing," he told her. "We'll come again another night." Joanna looked forward to the prospect without enthusiasm.

As they walked home, Timothy said: "It was great having you along tonight, Joanna. It's nice to find a girl who is interested in my hobby."

"I'm interested in you, you great boob, not your hobby," Joanna said to say. Aloud she said: "I'm afraid I wasn't much help."

"Bless you," he said. "I didn't want any help. Just someone to talk to and show things to."

"Why, he's lonely," Joanna thought, sudden tenderness welling up in her. Impulsively she put her hand through his arm. Timothy said anxiously: "Don't knock the telescope." Joanna withdrew her arm, the tenderness dying.

A few nights later he caught up with her as she mounted the stairs and said: "There's a club meeting tonight—the Space Observers' League. Seeing how interested you were the other night, I thought you might like to come with me."

"Yes, I'd like to," Joanna said weakly.

A club meeting, she thought. Just what I need to put me into a nice mood. Doesn't he ever go dancing or to a show.

She went to the meeting, and came away feeling more bewildered than ever. The club seemed to consist of a dozen or so eager young men like Timothy, a sprinkling of venerable, white-bearded oldsters, one or two middle-aged men, and even, surprisingly, a handful of women. The talk swam around her and over her. Joanna smiled and nodded and tried to look intelligent when she was spoken to, but her head was swimming and she was thankful when they were able to leave.

"Great meeting, wasn't it," Timothy said happily as they strolled along to the bus stop. This time, of his own accord, he pulled Joanna's arm through his. "You know, Joanna," he said, "one of these days..." He gazed skywards.

"Yes," Joanna prompted eagerly. "One of these days..."

"Oh," He brought his attention back to her with an effort. "Oh, yes, one of these days," he continued, "I'm going to get you up early and show Venus to you."

"Venus," Joanna said feebly.

"Yes, You'll love it."

"Will I? Oh, look," she exclaimed suddenly. "A shooting star. Make a wish."

"You are a funny little

Continuing... STARS IN HER EYES

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thing," he said. "Do you want to know what a shooting star really is?"

"No," she cried fiercely. "I don't want to know. I've always called them shooting stars and made wishes on them and I don't want you spoiling things."

"All right," he said, chuckling. "Keep your illusions."

The bus rumbled along and they found seats upstairs. "You know," Timothy remarked idly, "I've been wondering if I oughtn't to buy a little car."

A car! Joanna sat up brightly. A car meant outings and picnics. She said: "I think it's a great idea."

"Yes. Often the club has meetings in a park and we all take our telescopes. It's a bit awkward carting it on a bus. A car would make things much easier."

The next day she had a letter from Paul. Paul, it appeared, was missing her. When was she going to give up this absurd idea of living in the city and come back to the country where she belonged.

He was still hers ever, Paul. Joanna didn't like the way he tried to run her life, but it was nice to be missed.

Her friendship with Timothy proceeded by leaps and bounds. He lent her some books (on astronomy), she made him an apple pie, he mended her iron, she darned some of his socks. It was all very friendly and domestic. And, to Joanna, frustrating.

One red-letter day he asked her to go to the pictures with him. At last, thought Joanna, we are progressing. But the picture, as she might have guessed, was about space travel.

Worse still, Timothy didn't even hold her hand through the screening, and, coming home, he strode alongside her, talking excitedly about the film and apparently not noticing that she had worn her new suit.

Then he bought his car. It was small, second-hand, and duced a horrible blue, but, as Timothy said, it went. He drove her around the block proudly and pointed out that there was plenty of room in the back for his telescope.

"Plenty of room for a picnic basket, too," Joanna said pointedly, and Timothy looked rather surprised, as though the combination of cars and picnics had never occurred to him.

"Yes, I suppose we might do that one day," he said. "Go for a picnic or something, if the idea appeals to you."

Joanna said sweetly that she just loved picnics.

The next letter she received from Paul said rather ominously that he was alarmed at the frequent mention of this Timothy person in her letters and that, as he had a week's holiday due to him, he was thinking of coming to the city to see her. This time he was hers lovingly, Paul.

Joanna read the letter through twice and wondered why she wasn't thrilled to bits. When Paul had seen her off at the station the day she left for the city she had cried pitifully on his shoulder. How can a girl change so in six short months? she wondered.

True to his promise, Timothy knocked on her door at an unearthly hour one morning and told her to wrap up warmly and come up to the roof to view Venus. Resignedly Joanna pulled on slacks and a sweater and stumbled up three flights of stairs to the roof, where he had his telescope rigged up.

"Just a minute," Timothy said, and then proudly, as though Venus was something

he alone was responsible for: "There!"

Joanna looked. For the first time a glimmering of excitement stirred in her as she saw the little silver ball floating in the heavens millions of miles away and yet looking so close.

"It's beautiful," she breathed.

Timothy looked gratified. "Venus is my favorite," he told her. "I always think there's something—poetic about her."

"The morning star," Joanna said, and suddenly could not feel in the least annoyed with Timothy for dragging her out of bed so early.

A week passed. On Sunday she went to visit an aunt who lived in a remote suburb, and by the time she returned, tired, hungry, and cold, she was in no mood for Timothy's suggestion that she spend an hour or so down in the park—with the telescope as chaperon.

"Sorry," she told him. "I'm all in, Timothy."

"By the way," he said casually, "there was a character here today looking for you."

"A character?"

"Chap about my age—inclined to be a bit paunchy, beaky nose, superior expression, has an air about him of always being right. He wasn't this time."

"You can't mean Paul," she said.

"That's it. Paul someone."

"What do you mean, 'he wasn't this time'?"

"He wasn't right. He had some silly idea that you were his girl."

"But I was. I mean I am."

"Nonsense," Timothy said cheerfully. "Anyway, I told him he was wasting his time coming to see you. I said you were my girl now."

"You said what?"

"Well, you are, aren't you?"

"It's the first I've heard of it," she said furiously. "And what right did you have to send Paul away like that?"

"Well, he went, didn't he? Like a lamb, without even waiting to see you."

"So he did," Joanna looked thoughtful.

"A bit spineless, if you ask me," Timothy went on. "I think you're well rid of him."

"Well, I didn't ask you," she said, "and anyway what's all this about me being your girl. It's like your nerve to tell Paul such a thing."

"But I thought you were." Now it was Timothy's turn to look bewildered. "You've been coming out with me and... well, I just took it for granted."

"Girls don't like being taken for granted," she pointed out. "I'm sorry, Joanna," he said humbly.

"It's just that... oh, I can't explain," she said. How could she tell him that a girl liked to be taken out, occasionally, without a telescope in tow. That she liked to be told she looked nice, that she was pretty, and that she was the only girl in the world, and everything else a boy usually told a girl. If Timothy didn't know these things, how could she possibly tell him.

"Joanna," Timothy said, "I missed you today."

"Oh!" Irrationally, a thrill of joy swept through her.

"I was wondering," he went on, "if you'd like to spend next Sunday with me. We could go somewhere in the car."

"You mean a picnic?"

"Yes, if you like."

"Oh, Timothy, I'd love to."

"That's fine! We'll start off nice and early. Make a day of it. And we could take our tea, too, and do some viewing when it's dark. I'll take the telescope."

"That will be lovely," Joanna said coldly. Couldn't the man budge anywhere without his wretched telescope.

Sunday was fine—a blue-skied, cloudless day with a crispness in the air that promised a cool night. Joanna had spent practically all Saturday afternoon baking things for the picnic basket. At least Timothy would discover that she could cook. Then, perhaps, he would discover other things about her, too.

They set off along the main road that led to the northern beaches, reached one that was more deserted than most, and spent the day sunbaking.

Later the moon came up, and with a happy sigh she set his telescope up alongside the car and was soon absorbed. Resigned, Joanna, curled up on the front seat huddled in a rug and wondered whether a girl ever had such an odd rival.

Several times she crawled out of her nest and obligingly peered and gasped and made appropriate comments, but for the most part Timothy was quite content to sit there alone gazing into his other world.

FINALLY he gave up and they drove off. They were both quiet on the way home. Joanna was drowsy with warmth and the long day in the sunshine and Timothy was still millions of miles away.

He pulled up outside the flats and Joanna stirred herself with an effort. "Oh, it's been a lovely day," she said.

"Yes, we must do it again," Timothy hauled out the picnic basket and the rugs and then gazed longingly at his telescope.

"Can't leave that there," he said. "Do you think you could carry it up for me?"

"Yes, of course I can."

"I'd rather carry it myself, but I can't let you take the basket. Do be very careful."

"Of course I'll be careful," she snapped. Really, it was absurd the fuss he made over the blessed thing.

She picked it up and marched inside and began to follow him up the stairs. About five or six steps up, it happened.

Whether she tripped or merely stumbled with tiredness she never knew. But she felt herself falling, and even as she fell she thought despairingly of Timothy's telescope and tried to fling herself sideways so it would not be broken.

She fell heavily on her hip and cried out with pain as she rolled over and over and landed more or less in a sitting position on the bottom stairs.

TIMOTHY dumped the basket and flung himself down the stairs.

"Joanna!" he cried. "Oh, Joanna, are you hurt? What happened?"

"I tripped," she sobbed.

"Oh, Timothy, I do hope I haven't hurt your telescope."

"Are you all right," he said urgently. "Did you hurt yourself?"

"I think I'll have a few bruises," she said, "but I don't think anything's broken. Oh, Timothy, do look at your telescope. I'll never forgive myself if I've broken it."

"It can be fixed," he said vaguely. He had his arm around her and he could smell the fragrance of her hair.

"It's you I'm worrying about," he said. "If anything happened to you, Joanna..."

She looked at him wonderingly and he held her a little closer. Joanna gave a long, contented sigh and leaned back against his shoulder.

"Oh, Joanna," Timothy whispered. "Why have I never noticed them before?"

"What?" she asked him.

"The stars in your eyes," he said, and then he kissed her.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

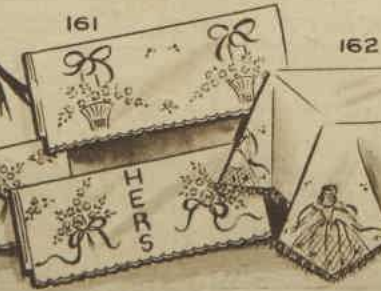
No. 160.—ATTRACTIVE WORK-DAY FROCK
Easy-to-make shirtmaker frock has bodice pockets. Available cut out ready to sew in unusual printed poplin spot design in green and white, blue and white, rose-pink and white, avocado-green and white, and grey and white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 43/6; 36 and 38in. bust 45/9. Postage 2/6.

No. 161.—GUEST TOWELS
The pretty flower-design guest-towel set is obtainable clearly traced to embroider on Husbuck in white, pale blue, pale pink, lemon, and green. Sizes are 15in. by 24in. Price 3/11 each, with postage at 9d., or the set of three for 11/3, with postage at 1/6.

No. 162.—EMBROIDERED TABLECLOTH
The tablecloth is traced ready to embroider on Swiss organdie in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size is 36in. square. Can be finished with lace around the hem, but the lace is not supplied. Price 7/9. Postage 1/3 extra.

No. 163.—FASHIONABLE SHIRTMAKER FROCK
This pretty summer frock is obtainable cut out ready to sew in a floral cotton in pale pink and green, pale green and lemon, pale green and blue, and pale blue and rose-pink. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 39/9; 36 and 38in. bust 41/6. Postage 2/9 extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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FREE OF RHEUMATIC PAINS FREE OF ILL-HEALTH thanks to MENTHOLIDS

—says Mrs. W. M. of Kensington.
"Severe rheumatic pains made life a misery. I cried with pain as it was agony to move. I was advised to take Menthoids. After the first flask I felt so much better. I continued treatment. I'm happy to say I'm now really well. Aches and pains have left me. I can do my housework and go about as I used to. My bad health has gone, and I feel really alive and well, thanks to Menthoids."

(Original letter on file, Head Office.)

SEE WHAT MENTHOLIDS WILL DO FOR YOU!

The remarkable double action of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids rids the system of poisonous toxins, the main cause of rheumatic aches and pains, sciatica, lumbago, kidney and bladder weaknesses, hot flushes, aches and pains in limbs and muscles.

Menthoids tonic action also tones the system to recapture youthful energy, buoyant health and a real zest for living. Say goodbye to aches and pains that sap your strength and make life a misery. For yourself and your family—start Menthoid treatment TO-DAY and start feeling years younger in mind and body.



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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

15/-, 9/- and 5/- EVERYWHERE!

CUSHIONS EVERY STEP

makes walking WONDERFUL
Dr. Scholl's latex foam cushion ends pain at ball of foot. Relieves callouses, stops burning, "high heel" soreness. Loops over toe—no adhesive. 5/9 pr.
Men & Women, at Chemists, Stores, Shoe Dealers, Scholl Depots.
Dr. Scholl's SUPER-SOFT BALL-O-FOOT CUSHION *Pat. Trade Mark

Start the weekend well with

Weekend

1/- from your newsagent



Arnott's

famous

Nice Biscuits

Floats at the **MARDI GRAS** Carnival at NICE
Mardi Gras (Shrove Tuesday) is the last day of the Nice Carnival.

ARNOTT'S NICE BISCUITS

So crisp, sweet, and dainty; with a fine sparkly coat of sugar, reminiscent of the sparkle of the blue Mediterranean. They don't need any preparation and that's what makes them just right for picnics and parties and that quick cup of tea.

There is no Substitute for Quality.

JACKY'S DIARY

by JACKY Mendelsohn
Age 32½.

ON FRIDAY MUMMY & ME WENT TO THE BANK TO GET OUT SOME MONEY.



When you first go in they got a **POLICE MAN**. HIS JOB IS TO SEE THAT NO BODY STEALS THE FOUNTAIN PENS THEY GOT TIED ON THE TABLES.



also he HOLDS YOUR BUNDLES & HELPS YOU IN OTHER WAYS WHEN YOU TAKE OUT MONEY.



EXCEPT if you don't have an ACCOUNT there. THEN if you TRY it, he isn't so NICE.



THEY GOT LOTS more PEOPLE working there too. Some of them GIVE you MONEY, & others of them TAKE it AWAY. YOU JUST GOTTA BE LUCKY & GET ON THE RIGHT LINE.



Also There's a MAN WHO'S CALLED THE **TELLER**. CAUSE he's THE ONE WHO TELLS THE POLICE MAN whether you GOT AN ACCOUNT OR NOT.



in other words, He's a TELL-TAIL!

MUMMY'S GOT WHAT THEY CALL A **CHECK BOOK**, which is different from a REAL BOOK ON A COUNT of there's NOT MUCH to read in it. But there's LOTS OF ROOM TO WRITE, which is the GOOD PART.



Here's the **CHECK** which I wrote on, only they didn't have ENOUGH MONEY to PAY me it.

I HOPE PEOPLE HURRY UP & PUT MORE MONEY IN THE BANK, SO'S I CAN CASH it.

THE CITY BANK AND TRUST CO. Today 59 1,000,000 000,000 £

Me. a MILLION TRILLION POUNDS & 6 PETICE

Your Friend, **JACKY.**

ADD VICE for CHILDREN:

The BANK GOT a sign which SAYS you CAN borrow MONEY on your SIGNATURE ...so STUDY HARD & LEARN to write your NAME REAL GOOD, so you'll NEVER BE POOR WHEN you GROW UP.

Your Friend, **JACKY.**

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



YES IT'S MY WIFE'S BIRTHDAY TODAY.

AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO GIVE HER FOR A PRESENT!

WELL, WHY NOT INCREASE HER ALLOWANCE?!!



Ever see a mountain
2 MILES HIGH?
It's breathtaking... just
to stand back and look.
It's New Zealand's
mighty Mt. Cook—
Amongst the "cloud
piercer." Many people
spend days soaking up
the beauty of New
Zealand's Southern Alps,
where "cloud piercers"
are almost commonplace.
New Zealand has so
much to see. When can
you come? Autumn is a
glorious time.
See your Travel Agent.

New Zealand
NOT DISTANT
—YET SO DIFFERENT



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**DEARBORN'S
PURE
MERCOLIZED
WAX
FACE CREAM**



Look younger
with a clear
smooth and
healthy
complexion.
Give your skin
the best beauty
treatment available
today.

"The loveliest girls
use it"

5%

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1959

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and
PRINCESS NARDA and their friend Dr.
Tate are inside the mysterious "shaking"
mountain. They find a large cave and
strange machinery, and also the petrified
body of a dinosaur. Then they are con-

fronted by what appears to be a "cave-
man." He tells them he can speak all
languages and knows all about them, and
when Dr. Tate fires his gun at him the
bullets just bounce off. The "cave-man"
is a robot. NOW READ ON.



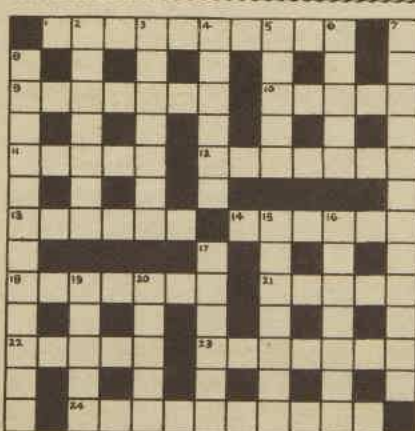
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Limits in scope (10).
- Feel satisfied with (7).
- A superficial furrow to be seen in Aus-
tralia (5).
- One of the holy books (5).
- It makes the heart grow fonder (7).
- Deprived of nothing when Ted follows
us (6).
- Holy vault for stiffening linen (6).
- So is every Englishman and the Irish
and Scotch, too (7).
- Stout cords made of spore (5).
- World-famous opera house (5).
- In Rome it had three banks and a float-
ing population (7).
- This meal, in spite
of appearance, could
be in proper time
(4, 6).

PALINDROMES
L E A O E L L A I
A N G E R M I D I R O N
S E W O O C E
A B R E A S T F L O O R
N Y E F M
T A P T O R I G L A M B
M A R I A T R A N S I T
U E O S Z P T
M I S S I L E E L I T E
M A A B S T I N
Y W A L L F L O W E R S

Solution of last week's
crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- X
t, t, t (7).
- Declare openly with a noun
inside (7).
- This is a bacchante (6).
- Snuggeries containing a
broken set (5).
- Small finch made of resin
(5).
- It is promptly used on the
stage (5-7).
- It takes a very short time
to name him (4, 8).
- No rot is in a state of be-
ing spirally twisted (7).
- Let peer be abundantly
supplied (7).
- Red tag (Anagr., 6).
- Seat in a theatre with a
tall end (5).
- Smallest mostly where the
sun rises (5).

SENSATION!



NOW Flawless make-up
with a 'delicate look'
even under the sun

It's wonderful!... a complete make-up with a unique
cream foundation that defies summer sun.
BEAUTY PUFF by Goya.

More than a base, more than a powder, **BEAUTY PUFF**
imparts new radiance to your complexion...
makes you lovelier at once. No flying powder... no
foundation fiddle. **BEAUTY PUFF** contains a
wonderful new make-up discovery that helps retain
your skin's natural moisture... gives your complexion
a fine-textured look. Start today with **BEAUTY PUFF**
for flawless flattery that lasts all day.

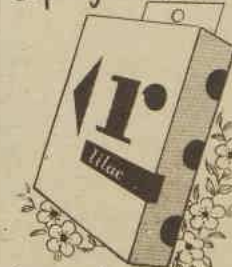
Goya Beauty Puff



Cocktail compact
with puff 8/6
Jeweller-designed
shell with puff and
mirror 13/6

ONLY BEAUTY PUFF MAKES YOU SO LOVELY FOR SO LONG

Spring Freshness



in your home
all the year round
RACASAN

Air Freshener & Moth Block

The smell of sweet fresh air every-
where you hang a Racasan Air
Freshener Block. No more un-
pleasant odours in bathroom
toilets, kitchens, cupboards, etc.
No "moth-ball" smell to linger
round your clothes. Racasan Air
Fresheners are available in six
delightful perfumes — violet, nar-
cissus, lavender, lilac, heather and
pine.

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Start the
weekend well
with
Weekend
★
1/-
from your
newsagent



Next time you 'change' baby...change to NYAL Baby Powder

Moisture-resistant powder keeps baby safe from chafe



PINK FOR GIRLS! BLUE FOR BOYS!

Silky-soft, moisture-resistant NYAL BABY POWDER and super-creamed, pure NYAL BABY SOAP are both now packed in this attractive colour-choice which every mother loves—pretty PINK for GIRLS, handsome BLUE for BOYS!

And here's a comforting thought for mothers of young "fin-nibblers"—NYAL BABY POWDER tins are printed with lead-free enamels—completely non-injurious.

Because it actually resists moisture, NYAL BABY POWDER forms a s-o-o-t-h-i-n-g film of protection between wet nappies and baby's tender skin. It gives safe, sure protection against irritation-causing moisture. A sprinkle of NYAL BABY POWDER at "change" time keeps baby cool, comfy and contented even through hot summer weather.

REGULAR USE STOPS CHAFING

Regular powdering with NYAL provides the important "in-between-change" protection so necessary to prevent chafing. Silky-soft NYAL BABY POWDER cannot "cake"—it protects and refreshes throughout day and night to keep your baby comfy and contented.

ENJOY BABY'S DAY-LONG DAINTINESS

Experience the refreshing, light, fragrant perfume of NYAL BABY POWDER... keeps baby's body fresh and sweet.

Made from the whitest, purest talc (specially processed and sifted through silk), NYAL BABY POWDER is beautifully fine to the touch. Two gentle antiseptics (borax and alphozone) are carefully blended to give you a powder which is protective, too!

FOR ADULTS, TOO, NYAL BABY POWDER gives pleasant after-bath comfort—brings quick relief from heat rash and similar skin irritations.

Regular, 2/5; Giant Economy, 4/9.

SEEING IS BELIEVING!

Look how this droplet of water cannot penetrate the moisture-resistant barrier created by NYAL Baby Powder. The powder forms a film of protection which actually repels moisture. That's why NYAL Baby Powder helps keep baby safe from chafe.



Nyal

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NYAL BABY POWDER

Nyal Company • Division of Sterling Pharmaceuticals Pty. Limited • Ermington, N.S.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1955

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

November 18, 1959

Teenagers

WEEKLY

**BUYING A
TROUSSEAU,
Pages 8, 9**



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Dieting on a date

WHY are girls always dieting? Every time I take a girl out to the pictures or to a coffee-shop, she always refuses any food I offer her because of her 23in. waist. All my friends have the same problem. We can't really eat alone in front of the starving girls. Girls should eat when they go out and diet at home.—*Fond of Food . . . and Girls,* Roseville Chase, N.S.W.

Diet doubts

WHY doesn't someone think of the ideal diet and stick to it? Every week I read of a different diet, and in each one I'm assured that the diet I've been following for the past week is all wrong. Perhaps the simplest solution would be not to eat at all, but I don't think I would have enough will power for that. Would someone invent a calorie-free cake? Also is it true that 90 per cent. of boys prefer fat girls to thin girls? —*"Diet Happy,"* Kew, Vic.

Hamlet no teen

IN Teenagers' Weekly (14/10/59), Ross Campbell states that Hamlet was "a mixed-up hero, and really a brilliant, worried, erratic teenager." I have studied this play intensely, and have resolved that Hamlet was thirty years of age, far beyond adolescence. He was definitely brilliant, as he studied at Wittenberg University, and he was decidedly worried, because of the murder of his father, but not erratic—a better word would be irresolute. As Sir Laurence Olivier states—"Hamlet is the tragedy of a man who could not make up his mind." —*Dympna Bishop, Nedlands, W.A.*

Be your age

I DISAGREE with any 13-year-old who thinks she is a grown-up. When I was that age I tried to make myself look older, but now at the ripe old age of 16 I realise how silly I must have been.—*Ann Brogan, Linden Park, S.A.*



ANN BROGAN
... 16, looking back

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

OUR PIN-UP:

Paul Anka, 18-year-old American singing idol whose first film, "Girls' Town," will be released here soon.

OUR COVER:

Bridal study by John Nisbett, of Sydney.

Black legs

WHY is it girls resent wearing black stockings as part of their school uniform, yet when it comes to wearing them as part of a "Beatnik" outfit, they are all for it. Don't think we are against the "Beatnik" fashion, but we favor black stockings being worn as part of the school uniform. —*"Curious Couples,"* Bega, N.S.W.

Invest that money

MANY advertisements today are directed at teenagers because they have considerable spending power. I wonder if teenagers would be interested in investing some of their money in a special advisory service was

set up. Their money would provide much-needed capital for Australia's expanding industries, interest young people in their country's affairs, and reward them with financial gains. —*"Thoughtful,"* Jamestown, S.A.

[On page 12 we tell you how teenagers in the U.S. and Australia are investing their money in stocks and shares. — T.W.]

Not a widge

WHY are teenagers who dress in casual and comfortable clothes, such as jeans, bright jumpers, and desert boots, branded as bodgies and widges. I am 16 and like to relax in this way, and to my amazement I am called a widge by a lot of older people. What beats me is that they don't really know me, yet I am judged by my age and clothes. —*Lynne Secker, Yellanna, S.A.*



LYNNE SECKER
... likes to relax

Plea on teeth

AT a certain age girls and boys, mainly girls, begin to realise how important their teeth are. We don't want to have false teeth before we are 16, or even 60, but many of us will if something isn't done. The number of teenagers with false teeth is alarming. Headmasters should make it a rule for students to bring their toothbrush and paste to school. It's not square to clean your teeth, nor is it childish — it's clean and proper. Who wants to be toothless? —*"Teeth Lover,"* Balmoral, Qld.



MARGARET PERRY
... never unkind

Dutch girl's plea

I'M a Dutch girl of 16 who came to Australia five years ago. Why are some Australians so rude and call me "Dutchy," or "Little Dutch Girl," or say "You can't speak English" when I can't pronounce a word properly? I wouldn't get angry, but I would like to see them in Holland and see how they get on. Mind you, not all of you are like that. I love Australia and I'm going to be an Australian soon. So please help me instead of laughing; I'll like you for it. —*"New Australian,"* Foster, Vic.

Davey memorial

I SUGGEST that people who would like to pay a tribute to Jack Davey should send an amount of money to the Cancer Research Fund. It may only be a small amount but it all helps. Jack Davey gave enjoyment to thousands and I am sure that his passing will be felt as a personal loss and it would make him happy to know that people were helping in the fight against cancer. —*"Good Cause,"* Goulburn, N.S.W.

Jack's example

I THINK that one of the reasons the late Jack Davey was so popular was that he never at any time made the contestants on his shows feel small. Oh! How much happier school would be if teachers followed this example.—*Margaret Perry, Bathurst, N.S.W.*

Mum cured her

I COULD always think up some kind of sickness to keep away from school, until mother gave me a quick cure. She told me to clean the kitchen and give the bathroom a good turn out, put the roast on, prepare all the vegetables and set the table for tea. She went to town for the whole day. I went to school from then on.—*E. Bollen, Weyville, S.A.*

Weighted down

I AM a schoolgirl and my mother says I am round-shouldered. Many of my other friends are told this too, but how can we help it when we have to carry heavy cases to school each day.—*Lesley Turner, Chester Hill, N.S.W.*

DEFENDING OUR ROCKERS

● Lorraine Fordham (T.W., 21/10/59), an American girl now living here, criticised Australian rock singers and said they should develop their own Australian style.

LORRAINE FORDHAM'S letter which said that Australian singers should develop a style of their own amazed me. Australian singers sing the way Australian singers wish them to sing. If they developed a different style, they would lose their popularity. —*S. Roach, Hamilton, Vic.*

I AGREE with Lorraine that Johnny Devlin can't sing, but he is a New Zealander, not an Australian. However, I disagree with Lorraine when she says that Australian singers should develop their own style. Surely she has seen or heard Col Joye. Col definitely has his own style, which I think is better than any American's. —*"Joanne,"* Sherwood, Brisbane.

IF Lorraine Fordham thinks Johnny Devlin can't sing she's a SQUARE. But still, he's not as good as Fabulous Fabian and Frankie Avalon. —*Elaine Field, Hobart.*

IF Miss Fordham is dissatisfied with the style of our Australian rock-n-roll, may I suggest

a visit to our North to witness a native corroboree. This is undoubtedly an ancient form of rock-n-roll, and it certainly has a distinctive Australian style. —*"Graham,"* Macleod, Vic.

IN my opinion Australian singers are much better than American singers. They do not sing out of tune like many Americans, such as Fabian and Tab Hunter, who himself admits he can't sing. And don't forget our singers are just starting off. —*"Loyal Australian,"* Byee, Qld.



PATRICIA McENEANEY
... proud Aussies

I DISAGREE entirely with Lorraine Fordham. In my book Johnny Devlin, Johnny O'Keefe, Col Joye, Dig Richards, and the others are tops. Miss Fordham should open her eyes to Australia's singers, as well as to our country's beauty. —*"Aussie Fan,"* Penola, S.A.

WHEN we read Lorraine Fordham's letter, our blood almost boiled. If she thinks Johnny O'Keefe has no style of his own, what about the "fabulous" (?) Fabian? When he sings "Tiger" he sounds like a bear with a bitten nose. So, before criticising Australian singers, think about some of the poor excuses for singers that the U.S.A. produces.—*L. Jones and L. Harrison, Bendigo, Vic.*

ALTHOUGH I admire the talented American singing artists, I think that Johnny Devlin has turned out some great records. As for Johnny O'Keefe, I have been to many of his shows, and his originality of style really intrigues me. We Aussies can be mighty proud of these boys, and also Col Joye,

Dig Richards, and Johnny Rebh, who all have their own styles.—*Patricia McEneaney, Epping, N.S.W.*

LORRAINE FORDHAM said that Australians have no style of their own. With this I heartily agree. Johnny O'Keefe, for instance, has taken the American folk song "Swanee River," and he "Americanises" his voice. Australian artists should use Australian songs. But they can sing. —*"Peta,"* New Lambton, N.S.W.

I DISAGREE with Lorraine Fordham that Johnny Devlin and Johnny O'Keefe can't sing. I think that they can sing just as well as the Americans. As for Elvis—give me Johnny Devlin any day. —*"Aussie Fan,"* Newcastle, N.S.W.

SURELY Lorraine Fordham doesn't think Elvis Presley can sing? My opinion of Elvis Presley is he just stands and shakes himself till a noise comes out. Glad to know Miss Fordham likes our country, which we tend to take for granted. —*"Country Teenager,"* Berry, N.S.W.

What is the RIGHT age to marry?

Is it true that if you marry in haste you'll repent at leisure?

SOMEONE, many years ago, penned a few wise words that teenagers who want to get married might consider:

*Misses! The tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.*

How young is "too young" when it comes to marriage? How old must two people be before taking the big step into matrimony?

Some say 17; some say 27. But most people agree there is no perfect age for marrying, that it all depends on the two individuals concerned.

Even experts can't agree on the right age for marriage. A while back in London, the President of the International Organisation of Soro-optomists, Dr. Violet Parkes, aroused controversy when she stated: "Seventeen is mature, adult and ready for marriage."

She advocated that a girl should marry young, have three children before the age of 24, look after them for five years, then devote time to furthering her own education and career.

In contrast, Miss May Pillinger, of Sydney's Family Welfare Bureau, thinks that really young marriages are a mistake.

She'd like young couples to wait until they have left school five or even 10 years behind them.

"I believe doctors say the mid-twenties are ideal from the physical point of view in marriage," she said.

"In those years after school, girls and boys settle into jobs, gain experience outside the home, get to know their own minds, and have the fun of being grown-up yet free of responsibility."

"If you marry really young," she continued, "you could feel resentment later over the things you've missed."

Firm agreement with this view comes from the Rev. W. G. Coughlan, director of the N.S.W. Marriage Guidance Council.

"Too-young marriages are too often marked for divorce," he said. "If the average marriage age for women is 20 or so (23 for a man), it means that for every year younger than the average, risk of the marriage break-up is much greater."

This is also the view of the 1956 Royal Commission on Marriage and Divorce in England, which concluded that to marry young means often to part early.

And a London physician, Dr. Jeremy Goslin, makes these points—differentiating, however, between "young marriage" and "teenage marriage."

• Early marriages can be good.

• Young motherhood favors healthy, easy childbirth.

• When children grow up, their parents will be still young enough to enjoy youthful companionship.

• Money must be considered. A family is less of a strain to young parents with a small but rising income than to parents whose income may be falling because of retirement or ill-health.

• As youth is good for marriage, marriage is good for youth. The natural, healthy, creative drive of young people has its happiest outlet and develops best in young marriage.

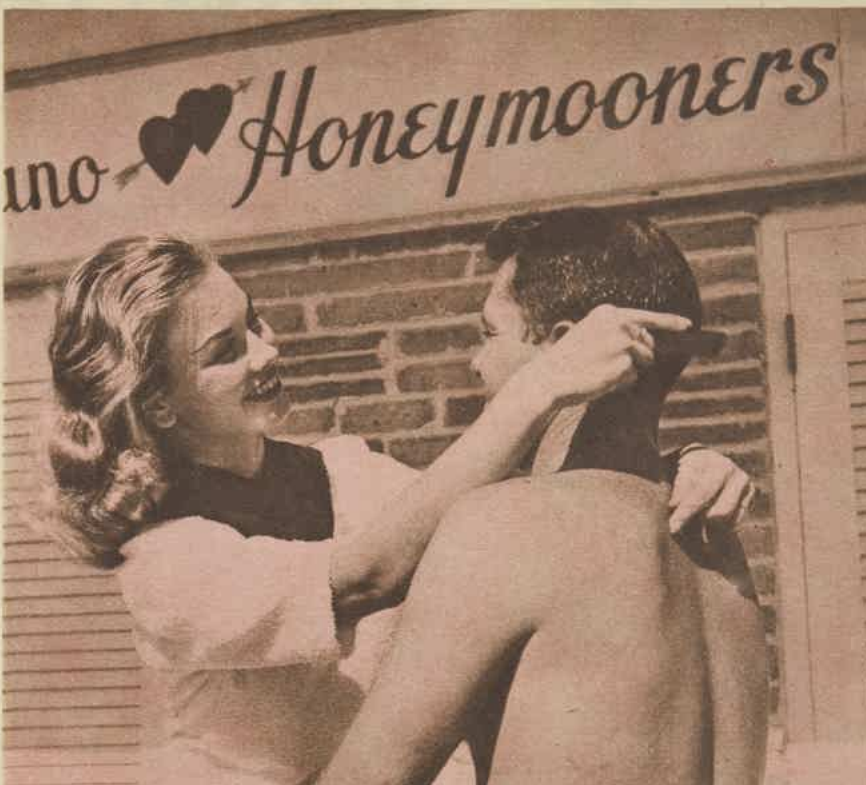
On teenage marriage he says:

• There are no serious medical reasons against marrying in the late teens, but, generally, I think that a girl should not have children while she is still growing herself.

Marriage, according to statistics, is here to stay. The rise in the divorce rate doesn't deter people, young and old, from entering the bonds of matrimony.

The minnettes' prayer to St. Catherine still rings in the heart of most single girls everywhere:

*St. Catherine, St. Catherine,
Oh, lend me thine aid
And grant that I never
May die an old maid!*



TOO YOUNG TO MARRY? They don't think so. And if you're thinking of wedding bells, then you naturally think your own age is just right for marriage... plus the responsibility and the cares, as well as the happiness, it will bring.

HERE'S WHAT OUR READERS SAY

Letters poured in when we asked teenagers their views on the right age for marriage. Most agreed that children of 14 and 12 were far too young for such responsibility, said that the Federal Government would be wise to raise the minimum age for marriage in Australia.

MARGARET DUNCAN (19), 2 Short St., Forest Lodge, N.S.W., receives £5/5/- for the following letter:

IT is amazing that the law permitting young marriages has lasted so long. Divorce rates are high, marriage-guidance councils do a roaring trade, and all this is tragic not only for the persons concerned but for society, which regards the family as its basic unit. The legal age for taking on the responsibility of a car is 17. Surely this is not more important than assuming life-long responsibility for another person. I think that 17 should be the legal age for marriage—not 14, when people are still children, physically, emotionally, mentally, and economically.

• Writers of the following letters each receive £1/1/-.

TEENAGERS who marry before they are of age miss the most important and exciting stage of their lives. Many boys and girls of 16 or 17 are still at school studying for matriculation, preparing to go to University and start their professions. There could be no thought of a profession with early marriage. Keeping up a house and family calls for money. How could unqualified youngsters earn it?—*"Too Young," Hobart.*

THOUGH I've been married only a few months, I'm a 19-year-old who says this is the happiest time of her life. There's nothing more beautiful than being married to the one you love. Definitely, early marriages are best. You're more adaptable then, and can grow with your own children. The ideal age for marriage, I think, is between 17 and 19. Twelve, of

course, is far too young. —*Mrs. I. J. Richards, Melbourne.*

IF a couple love each other and have the necessary advantages to start married life together, I think no one should stop them. —*"Pamela," Mordialloc, Vic.*

RAISE the minimum marriage age in Australia to 18 for both sexes. This would prevent unhappy marriages, and children growing up in broken homes. After all, most teenagers who marry very young usually have to! —*Elaine Urbanas (17), Cowandilla, S.A.*

MANY people thought I was too young when I married at 17, but in the year since I've never regretted it. However, I certainly would not have been ready for marriage at 12 or 15, and feel no girl should wed till she's 16, or a boy

till 18.—*"Not Too Young," Balmain, N.S.W.*

IT'S very hard to take advice when you are sure you love your husband-to-be, but it's harder still to shoulder responsibilities when you're not ready for them. I was only just over 17 when I married. At 19 I lost my first baby son, at 20 lost another. Now I'm 21, and expecting another baby any day. Before we married, my husband and I both turned a deaf ear to people who advised us to wait. Now we both feel they were right. If we'd waited two years, we would have been more mature, and would have saved for the future. I think that a boy should be at least 21 and a girl 19 for marriage. Any girls of 12 or 14 considering marriage should first listen to older couples, and have talks with their doctors and ministers.—*L.H., via Port Stephens, N.S.W.*

Making and...

By DR. WILLIAM C. MENNINGER

● *We may not realise it, but our friends play an important part in our lives. That's because we're very social animals.*

WE weren't meant to exist by ourselves on individual desert islands.

We like to live with others like ourselves. We need friends to listen to our tales of woe, to give us encouragement and approval, to share our joys and our activities.

Stop for a moment and take inventory of your friendships.

● How many close friends do you have?

● How many friends have you made in the past year—people whose company you really enjoy?

● Are you always ready to make a new friend?

● How many "old friends" do you have?

● Why are you interested in your closest friends?

Sincerity comes first in friendship, and honesty is part of sincerity. It means your word is good, that you stand up for your own opinions and ideas.

When your friends are in trouble, you come promptly to their assistance—without waiting to be asked. And your friends know you will say nothing behind their backs that you wouldn't say to their faces. All this goes to make up loyalty.

Confiding hopes and troubles

is one of the reasons we need friends. Even the most independent person has to get problems and worries off his chest once in a while. Two can carry a load better than one. But confidences should go no further. So it is important that our friends be trustworthy.

Friendships pay rich dividends, but only if you invest your time and energy and, on occasion, money. For your real friends you are glad to give any or all of these things—because generosity is an important part of friendship. It means a generous giving of yourself—in sympathy, understanding, and thoughtfulness.

Consideration is essential in friendship. If you are considerate you guard against thoughtless words or acts. You don't take advantage of friendship by being tactless and critical.

Occasionally, of course, everyone slips up. You make an unfair accusation or tactlessly hurt somebody's feelings. In such cases, the only solution is to be big enough to admit you were wrong.

Courtesy is often thought of as a matter of stiff formalities—standing up at the proper times, lifting your hat to a lady. Actually, courtesy is more

FRIENDSHIP TABLE

● Here is your chance to do some thinking about friendship. Listed below are a number of questions to get you started. Check the box marked YES or the one marked NO for each question. Answer as honestly as you can.

	YES	NO		YES	NO
1. Is your main feeling towards your friends one of affection rather than superiority or envy?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	6. Do you stand by your own convictions and	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
2. Do you enjoy the successes and achievements of your friends?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	7. If you promise to do something, do you always follow through?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
3. Do you stick up for your friends and defend them from the unkind attacks of others?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	8. Do you try to prevent outbursts of anger and thoughtless remarks, and follow them with sincere apology if they do occur?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
4. Do you go all out for your friends in times of difficulty, and offer sympathy and understanding when needed?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	9. Do you think of considerate things to do for your friends—praising a new dress or an A in algebra, showing appreciation for a favor, remembering birthdays?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
5. Do you always keep confidences?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	10. Are you as courteous to your friends as you are to casual acquaintances?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

● If you could truthfully answer yes to most of these questions, you probably don't have much to worry about in the friendship line. If you come out with a lot of no's, you can improve your score.

The first thing is to learn just what things are important in friendship. Then you can learn to make new friends and to get along more successfully with those you already have.

I could hardly believe it,
HAIRSETS FOR 4d!

Yes, when Jill said I would get 15 lovely hairsets from one 4/10 tube of concentrated Curlypet, wasn't I just amazed. But it's true, definitely true. I'm now saving pounds on my hairsets and find that Curlypet gives me the best hair do's I've ever had. Like Jill I'm telling all the girls how good, how economical Curlypet really is. It's the most!

So—Quickset with Curlypet!

Curlypet

... keeping friends



than just social routine; it is a basic form of consideration. It's a way of giving other people pleasure and of making them feel at ease.

For example, do you ever tell your parents that you appreciate the new watch, the increase in pocket-money? Or do you tell them occasionally that you think they're pretty nice? Have you ever told a teacher you enjoyed his class?

Small courtesies like these do a great deal to oil the wheels of friendship.

More important still in friendship is the capacity to love. This means the ability to feel genuine affection for someone and the capacity to give sympathy and understanding. It means being able to identify with those who are close to you—to feel their joys and sorrows as well as your own.

The chances are you've never thought of marriage as a friendship. It's surrounded with such an aura of romance that it seems, from a distance, like a magical state of existence, totally removed from the demands of everyday companionship or friendly give-and-take.

Marriage is a friendship, though—the closest one possible. The process of choosing friends means selecting, out of all the people you know, those with whom you have mutual interests or attraction. The choice of a husband or wife is guided by most of the same principles. You have to be much more discriminating, though, because you are choosing the one person with whom you will share the rest of your life.

There are many hurdles to cross in making friends. Some of us are painfully shy. Others think of friendship in terms of "What's in it for me?"

Some have an inferiority complex or suffer, often needlessly, from social, financial, or home handicaps, or religious and racial prejudice.

It's not easy to change

There is no simple solution for any of the hurdles you may have to overcome. But if you are to overcome them something has to happen—you either have to change yourself or change the situation.

Let's say the trouble lies with you. Of course, changing yourself isn't just a simple matter of deciding you want to be different. But if you recognise your difficulty you've won half the battle. The other half requires doing something about the difficulty. If, for example,

you've decided you fit into the "inexperienced" or shy category, it doesn't do much good just to sit back and say, "I don't know how to make friends." Look around you. Observe the people you'd like to have for friends. Then try to join their activities and take the initiative in forming friendships.

If you catch yourself with a what's-in-it-for-me attitude, exert a real effort to start giving when you don't expect anything in return. It takes a little practice, but you'll find you enjoy it. Or perhaps you're afraid of people. It may take a special effort for you to make friends. But remember—they won't come looking for you. So begin by cultivating a friendship on the firm ground of a hobby or activity.

If you have feelings of inferiority or inadequacy, find something you can do well and concentrate on that until you can feel some sense of satisfaction and self-confidence.

The really important thing, you see, is analysing the prob-

lems in a pod. But it is usually a good idea to choose people who have something in common with you. You may admire traits in them that you are proud of in yourself. Or, what is more common, you may have mutual interests—in sports or hobbies, special activities, a future career, or any one of a number of things.

Similarities in principles of living, and in moral standards, are important, too. This means that you want friends who have more or less the same notions of right and wrong that you do.

Choose a friend this way

Speaking in general, it's usually better to choose a well-adjusted person for a friend. Unless a person has learned to handle his own problems reasonably well, he won't be able to give much of himself to you. And friendship, as we've said over and over, involves giving as well as receiving.

Listing the qualifications you

Do your own investigating and make your own decisions about people.

A good general rule to go by might be this: Choose for a friend someone who will bring out the best in you, and someone in whom you can help bring out the best. Unless it works both ways, it isn't a satisfying friendship.

By this time you've formed a nice, rosy picture of "friendship." Unfortunately, there's another side of the picture, too. Some friendships are what might be called "unhealthy." They don't provide the lasting, mature satisfactions that we've been talking about. In fact, they can sometimes be quite harmful.

than you are yourself. But when they complain about a friend of yours they may have a good reason. Perhaps they are looking at the situation more objectively than you are or know something about the person that you are unaware of. So it's a good idea to at least think over such objections.

It's up to you now

Just as healthy motives are behind some friendships, unhealthy ones are behind others. Since such motives come from trying to satisfy the needs of unhealthy or poorly adjusted personalities, there is little likelihood that they will produce satisfying friendships. Let's take a look at some of these motives.

1. **Hostility.** Strange as it seems, hostile feelings may actually lead a person to try to make friends. Such a person is filled with animosity and resentment, which he must express somehow. So he looks for "friends" on whom to vent his hostilities.

2. **Selfishness.** The desire for self-gain motivates people to try to make friendships. They want to influence people because of what they can get out of them.

3. **Passivity.** Some people seem to have no initiative, no get-up-and-go, so they look for friends who will carry the load. They aren't self-sufficient, and so they want to be hangers-on or parasites. We say these people are passive.

4. **Exhibitionism.** Obviously nobody can get attention if there isn't any audience. Exhibitionists want to steal the show. They want friends who will stay in the shadows while they occupy the limelight.

Now you have learned about the necessary qualities in friendship, why you can or can't make friends easily, and how to go about having friends, the ball is in your hands. You can be a better friend and have more friends if you want to. It's up to you now!

[From the book "How to be a Successful Teenager," by Dr. William C. Menninger and others, published and copyrighted by Sterling Publishing Co., Inc., of New York, U.S.A., an excerpt from the pamphlet "Making and Keeping Friends," copyright by Science Research Associates, Inc., of Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.]

IT MEANS GIVING AS WELL AS RECEIVING

lem, and then figuring out what to do about it.

Sometimes, of course, it's the situation—not you—that needs altering. If your family hasn't much money, for example, and that handicaps you in keeping up with your friends, try getting a job to earn some money.

Sometimes a situation seems difficult only because of the way you look at it. You may feel ashamed of your home, for example, because it isn't as nice as those of your friends. But if you've never invited them over, how do you know they'd look down their noses at it?

In a case like this, a change of attitude on your part is necessary. The chances are that the handicap seems ten times greater to you than it does to anyone else. Of course, if the shabby living-room bothers you too much, why not take sewing lessons and make new slip covers? Or get a part-time job and contribute the money toward a new, inexpensive rug. If you want to, there are many ways of solving a problem.

Now about choosing and making friends.

You don't want a friend to be such an identical copy of yourself that you're like two

should look for in a friend isn't simple—there are so many "ifs" and "ands" involved. It's easier to put your finger on some things that should not guide your choice.

Don't accept the opinions of others as absolute fact—try to find out for yourself what a person is like. One girl may have a good reputation just because she doesn't talk about her escapades. Another may have a bad one because someone started a nasty rumor about her.

At some time in your life your parents may have cautioned you against seeing too much of a particular person. Maybe it was when you were small and admired Hank, who always played truant from school. Perhaps it was only last week that your mother asked you why you had to go out with that boy when there were so many nice ones around.

Of course, when your parents object to a friendship they aren't always right—any more

WORTH READING

MAIN STREET—by Sinclair Lewis

THIS famous American novel tells of the revolt of a sensitive young woman against the narrow, complacent life of a small town.

Carol Kennicott, a doctor's wife, is the rebel. The book, written in the nineteen-twenties, aroused much resentment in the Middle-West of the U.S.A. It also established Sinclair Lewis as a brilliant satirical writer. A red-haired, crutchy man and a hard drinker, he had an amazing talent for mimicry of conversation. He died some years ago, aged 65. *Babbitt* and *Dodsworth* are two other fine novels by him.

— ROSS CAMPBELL

OTHER GIRLS' JOBS

Anne teaches youth to swim

By MIRIAM FOWLER

● "When the weather gets warmer I'm going to paint the pool," 20-year-old Anne Henricks said. "I think I'll do it blue."

WE were sitting on the Henricks' verandah, sipping coffee and gazing through plate-glass windows at the pool in their garden in the Sydney suburb of Rhodes.

"It's 25 metres long and 16ft. wide," she said.

Anne teaches swimming in this family pool all through the summer.

"I teach from six o'clock in the morning until ten-ish—have a rest until 2.30 — and then carry on until seven at night," she said.

But in the school holidays Anne's day begins at 7.30 and goes right through until eight at night, with only half an hour off for lunch.

Anne, sister of the Olympic gold-medallist swimmer Jon Henricks, has had her own swimming classes for two seasons now.

"It's fun working for myself, and I get the winters off," she said.

Anne is just back from America, having spent this last winter in the States.

"I stayed about a month with Jon in Los Angeles, and then toured around a bit—goofed off generally, as they say," Anne said.

Anne's 24-year-old brother Jon is a student at the University of Southern California. He's studying TV and radio production, and swimming for the University.

Anne hasn't always liked swimming and can't remember learning — or Jon learning, either. "It just happened while we were living by the harbor at Drummoyne," she said.

When Jon began training with Harry Gallagher, Anne went along, too. "I wanted to be coached because Jon was," she said.

Anne began her training when she was eleven years old, and kept it up for a few years. She entered one State championship race and came third in her heat.

"I was really proud of myself," she laughed, "but I know I'm no champ."

She may not be a champ in races, but when it comes to turning swimming into a business Anne's a leader in her field.

When she decided to take her

own classes, she advertised at the local movies. A few came along — then more — and more.

"Last season I didn't advertise at all—the word just passed around," Anne said. "You know how it does—a boy brags at school that he's learning to swim, and the others ask him where."

"I don't know exactly how many pupils I had altogether," Anne said thoughtfully. "But in the school holidays I had an average of fifty children in my pool every day."

Likes working with children

"It's fun working with them," she went on. "In the classes I stand all the boys along one side of the pool, and the girls along the other."

"If a boy plays up, he has to cross to the girls' side. They hate it—it's the worst thing you can do to them."

Anne's youngest pupils are four-year-olds. "I think the younger you learn to swim the better," she said.

After their class is over they go straight home. There isn't enough room in the pool for enthusiasts to stay around while the next lesson is in progress.

But after a private lesson—if the pupil has brought a parent along—he can play for a while in the water. "The parent usually has a swim, too," Anne said.

When Anne tells people she's a swimming teacher they usually exclaim, "What a wonderful, easy life, out in the sun all day!"

They don't know what they're saying.

"Staying all day in the boiling hot sun is hard work," Anne said. "When I get up in the mornings I always put on my costume straight away and then slap paraffin oil all over me."

"I even rub it into my hair," she added.

The oil protects Anne's skin — stops it from drying. After donning her sunglasses and hat, she's ready for the day's work.

When the last lesson is over for the day, Anne is so tired — from the sun — that all she can manage to do is have a shower, eat dinner, and drop into bed.

Swimming is very important to Anne — it's more important than money.

For class lessons Anne charges only 4/-, and 10/- for private tuition. "I think it's better for all the children to be able to swim than for me to make my fortune from them," she said.

Swimming isn't Anne's only sport, she plays squash all the winter — and sometimes on summer Saturday afternoons after sailing, too.

"I finish my teaching at 3 p.m. on Saturday," Anne said, "and go sailing. We have the Concord-Rhodes Sailing Club just around the corner from here. So if I wander around after three I usually get a sail."

But in a few weeks Anne will be looking for someone to go sailing with her — she's getting her own VJ.

"Jon didn't have a boat. He isn't a good sailor and would probably capsize it," Anne said. "He'll be home from Los Angeles next June — if he can save enough money for his fare — so we'll most likely sail together next season."

Jon wants to come home next June so he'll be in time for the Olympic trials. He won two gold medals at the last Olympic Games.

ON THE JOB swimming teacher Anne Henricks guides the arm movements of one of her young pupils, eight-year-old Cheryl Wyatt, of West Ryde. The swimming-pool is in the garden of the Henricks' waterfront home at Rhodes.

ANNE SUPERVISES kicking practice for Cheryl Wyatt (in front) and Jim Ross, 6, of Ryde, while Jim's young brother, Lindsay, 4, watches from the edge of the pool.

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It's not all money for honey

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● Like to be earning £500 a week? So would I. And mellow-voiced ex-Londoner Ian Crawford said he would, too.

IAN'S marshmallow voice could easily win him that weekly £500 in a few months' time—rock-'n-roll singers rise to the big-time money quickly in Australia these days.

How do they do it?

"Well, you have a gimmick," Ian told me with a knowing look. "If you wiggle your knees, you're like Elvis Presley. You can use your face a lot and you're like Dig Richards. Or you can just do a bit of everything and hope you're a success."

Ian is the ideal subject for talking about being a "rocker." He's only been a few weeks in his new professional singing career, and is just at the stage of sorting it all out.

And at 19 he's just the right age to be a rock-'n-roll idol. He has the looks for the job, too.

But judging from the pessimistic look on his dark and handsome face when I met him, a rock-'n-roll career isn't just money for honey.

"I've just had a big let-down," he said. "Booked for a six weeks' singing tour of Tasmania, which was worth £35 a week. It was all cancelled at the last minute."

"Trouble is," he went on, "I turned down other jobs so that I could go. Now I've got to get in the swing again. At the moment I'm bored to tears."

Ian didn't look tearful when he warmed up to talking about his new career.

"I'm earning about £25 to £30 a week, which is quite good considering I was only earning £15 as a hardware salesman a couple of months ago," he said.

"But at the moment I'm not sure where I'm going. Singers like Johnny Devlin and Col Joye are earning more than £500 a week. I feel I'm on the way, but my fortunes could go up or down."

What if they go up?

Dances are best

"Well, the surest way to make big money is to have your own dance," Ian said. "Then you can't help making money. The thing is to find a hall."

What else bumps up a rock-'n-roller's earnings? Records?

Definitely. And Ian's been approached by a local recording company to do an EP cutting. "What happens is that the company offers you a lump sum—whatever they think you're worth—and then you get 4d. on every record that's sold. I'd be happy just making a record, though," he said.

That's because prestige and

publicity are worth more to the rising rock-'n-roll star than plain money.

And there's no prestige more gilt-edged than an appearance in one of Lee Gordon's Big Shows.

"Apart from the £50 you earn on a Big Show, literally thousands of teenagers see you," Ian explained. "You can't go wrong after that."

Right now, Ian's two flourishing fan clubs in Sydney are circulating a petition urging that he appear in the next Big Show.

It was because of a fan that Ian was launched into his new career. A girl heard him singing and swinging at a friend's birthday party in a Sydney hotel, rang up a TV studio and got an audition for him for "Six O'clock Rock."

"Actually I missed the audition," Ian said, "but they gave me another one. The week after that I had a pin-up picture published. That was a terrific boost."

"Before that I hadn't had any singing experience really," Ian grinned, "but I used to sing with Tommy Steele when I lived in London."

That was in the days when, as a 16-year-old, he used to drift down to sing in a London

coffee bar called the Cat's Whisker, and so did young Tommy. For nothing.

Tommy went on to his present £5000 a week stardom and Ian was set on a career in the Royal Navy. He'd got a scholarship to the H.M.S. Ganges training station and was doing well, when his family decided to emigrate to Australia two years ago.

After he arrived in Sydney, he tried lots of jobs but he wasn't happy in any of them.

He found he was happy singing.

Went job-hunting

So after his successful TV audition the first step on his rock-'n-roll career path was to contact almost every theatrical agent in town.

"I sing, can you give me a job?" Ian would ask. "Can't you stand on your head and wave your feet in the air. ANYTHING but sing?" every weary agent replied.

Every agent except one, who gave Ian a job singing in a suburban hotel.

"I was a big flop. The mike didn't work and the pianist couldn't read my music," Ian said with a smile.

But he didn't give up and neither did his agent. More



HANDSOME young singer Ian Crawford hopes to make a career of rock-'n-roll. He came to Australia two years ago.

hotel bookings followed, and then a radio show prompted a disc jockey to label Ian "The Golden Boy."

Ian laughed when he spoke about this. "I had to go off and get myself a gold suit. Cost £35 and it looks pretty funny,

but the louder the clothes are the more the kids like them."

With his new gold suit, and a group of musicians to back his voice, a job with a trio in a coffee bar every Sunday, Ian's career seems as set as a junket—or as solid as a rock.

LISTEN HERE — with Ainslie Baker

POPS: A package job with plenty of teenage appeal is London's "Young Love," an LP featuring a dozen pops originally released as singles. Among the 12 tracks are two million-sellers, Tab Hunter's "Young Love" (he also sings "Ninety-Nine Ways") and Jim Lowe's "The Green Door." Nick Todd, talented younger brother of Pat Boone, is among those present, and so is Robin Luke with his "Susie Darlin'."

FANTASTIC though it sounds, Johnny Mathis' new LP "Heavenly" (Coronet) is his eighth. Most people will agree that his is one of the sweetest and most polished voices currently cutting discs. Johnny can make it moonlight and roses all the way without getting nauseating. "Misty" is the big hit of this album. But others to put you in the romantic mood are "Stranger In Paradise," "Moonlight Becomes You," and "A Lovely Way To Spend An Evening."

Incidentally, I've heard from the U.S. that his recent

successful tour of South America has made Johnny into a far more assured and impressive public performer than he was during his visit here.

"**ANNETTE**," a Disneyland LP, is likely to appeal most to the junior teens, with the bright little ex-Mouseketeer singing her first hit, "Tall Paul," her own favorite, "Wild Willie," and several others.

LOCAL TALENT:

A robust, camp-show style of delivery is used by 22-year-old Nola Hirst, of Sydney, on Festival's EP "Nola Hirst Selects." Nola graduated from Australia's Amateur Hour. You'll hear "Careless Hands," "Bouquet Of Roses," "Walk Me By The River," and "One More Year To Go."

POPULAR Frank Ifield's latest, "Chip Off The Old Block" (a Columbia 45), is a catchy one with a solid beat. On the flip Frank's very pleasant voice gives the full romantic treatment to the old drawing-room ballad "Pale Moon." With him are

the harmonious Rock-a-Belles and Billy Antman's Sextet.

ROCK: That old grumpy of rock-'n-roll Bill Haley (and His Comets) have come back with a big one. Welcome back into the sun, son. It always was a good sound. Haley's comeback, a real rocket in America, is "Joey's Song," an easy, likeable instrumental (Festival 45). On a good, lively flip, "Ooh Look-a There, Ain't She Pretty," Bill takes the vocal.

INSTRUMENTAL:

If you haven't caught up with the boom in these, any of three new 45's could bring you up to date, with the fascinating "Sleepwalk" on offer from two labels—H.M.V. has *The Bermudians* doing this much-aired number (flip, the jivey "Espresso") and W. and G.'s "Sleepwalk" performers are *Bruce Clarke, The Rockers*, and *Les Adams* steel guitar. Their flip, "At The Wood-chopper's Ball," is a long way from Woody Herman but O.K.

ON another W. and G. *The Islanders*, with "The Enchanted Sea" (already showing up well on the charts), go for the exotic distant places and lapping waves touch. In case it worries you, the flip "Pollyanna" is more Polynesian than Pollyanna-ish.

CLASSICS: There's more than one way of approaching the mighty Beethoven, and Mercury, on one of its Living Presence EPs, suggests a very pleasant way by linking the master's two theatre pieces, the *Egmont Overture* and the *Coriolan*. Antal Dorati conducts the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.

JAZZ: An honest enthusiasm carries a largely self-taught French sextet, *The Left Bank Bearcats*, buoyantly through "Saints," "Golden Slippers," "Lonesome Railroad Blues," and, more unexpectedly, "My Grandfather's Clock" on a W. and G. EP, "Dixieland." Could be a useful conversation starter for parties.

TALKING ABOUT TROU

● *Part of every girl's dream of being a beautiful bride is a vision of a beautiful trousseau. Here is an outline of what experience and tradition advise you to have in your "box" and "bottom drawer."*

THE girls at the office think the ring is "simply divine" and you and David have set the wedding date.

Aunt Mavis has given you a set of beautiful linen table-mats. "For your trousseau," her card said, and that set you thinking.

You have stashed away a few bits and pieces in the years since you left school—a gorgeous nightgown mother brought back from the East that was too pretty to waste on the family, and some china you were given last birthday.

But really you haven't bought anything with marriage in mind.

Not like Kay in the office. She has been collecting linen and lingerie for literally years, and now she has a camphor-wood box just crammed with sheets and towels, lingerie, and even household things like jugs and saucepans.

Kay always said, "I'm determined to get married," and went ahead as though it had been arranged, while you felt it was rather tempting fate.

However, you have banked some of your salary each week and now have a nice little nest-egg to splurge.

But what to splurge it on?

Australian custom decrees that the girl provide the linen—sheets, towels, tablecloths, etc., generally called the "box"—and her own trousseau, which includes lingerie and some new clothes for the season ahead.

Another Australian tradition is that the man buy the blankets.

A young lass I know says she is happy to pay for the blankets, provided her fiancé buys the house, the car, and the TV set. Fair?

Opinions differ on what is a minimum "box," but most Australian girls agree it is unnecessary to buy up the shops as though you were going off to some uninhabited island and could never restock your linen

cupboard by so much as a new tea-towel.

A minimum list of the linen you will need is given later in this article.

Written and illustrated by Mary Mackay

When planning your trousseau first decide what kind of person you really are. Would you look beguiling in baby-doll pyjamas? If you are the healthy outdoor type with a coconut haircut, or your legs are not your best feature, then don't buy

versatile, comfortable, and easily laundered material for underwear and nighties.

Plisse, a soft cotton material, makes pretty undies, and a new one, cotton crepe, is also in the no-iron group.

A minimum trousseau should include:

- 2 full-length slips
- 1 half slip
- 3 brassieres
- 4 panties (and vests if you wear vests)
- 3 summer nightgowns or pyjamas
- 3 winter nightgowns or pyjamas
- 2 suspender belts
- 1 summer gown
- 1 winter dressing gown
- Slippers
- Stockings

The other clothes in your trousseau will depend on your present wardrobe, whether you are to be a working girl after your marriage, the amount of entertaining and theatre-going you hope to enjoy, and similar considerations.

Some girls spend a large amount of money on a "going-away" outfit that is bought purely with that one occasion in mind.

Rather than buy a dress and accessories completely divorced from your usual style of dressing, why not choose an outfit that harmonises with your wardrobe and will give you good wear for two or three seasons?

Now for your box. Choose your sheets with a thought to the furnishings of your future bedroom. A pleasant atmosphere is created when sheets, blankets, and eiderdown harmonise with other fabrics and colors in the room.

You won't have to sacrifice quality, because these days colorful sheets come in all the well-known and guaranteed brands.

A better-quality sheet

is a good investment, and an extra pair or two above your basic requirements a long-range economy.

The more you have the longer each will last—and be sure your sheets, whether single, double, or three-quarter size, are at least 100 inches in length. Only this length allows a good tuck-in at the foot and a comfortable turnover at the top.

Linen sheets and pillow-slips once set the standard, but today at £20 to £30 a set they are not for the average trousseau. Console yourself with the thought that they are certainly difficult to launder!

More fun, anyway, are the colored or striped cotton sheets with matching pillow-cases. Pastel-colored sheets are so flattering to the complexion.

You could make yourself a set from colored sheeting or candy-striped damask sold specially for this purpose. Then use the pennies you save for a really beautiful pair of Madeira hand-embroidered sheets or a set from Italy with floral bands on the top sheet and pillow-cases.

If you are all for saving hard work, nylon sheets just need a quick dip in warm water and dry as quickly as your nylon undies. The bottom sheet in these sets usually has mitered corners, so you must buy your exact

mattress size. Six sheets or more for each bed, three pillow-cases for each pillow is a good rule. Include your guest's bed in the numbers, and remember always to turn down a guest's



bed at night. You should never allow guests to do this themselves.

Because it is traditional for the man to buy the blankets, let him pay for them certainly; but no doubt he'll want your help with the selecting, so remember these marks of a good quality blanket:

- The weave is close and firm,
- the fluffy nap extends right to the edge,
- bindings are attached with close backstitching (satin bindings are machine stitched),
- the blanket is soft to the touch, but heavy to lift.

You will be reluctant to hide the colors of the latest blankets under a bedspread. There are bright checks and stripes in pastels, and some wonderful dark, rich colors.

Blankets are gay

I know someone who airs her striped blankets more often than is strictly necessary, because she says they look so gay flapping on the clothesline.

Two pairs of blankets per bed, or one pair and an eiderdown, should keep you warm in winter.

Matching towel sets make a bathroom smart and are practical, too. If he knows his towels are always the deep blue or red ones it will save a lot of arguments, and you'll never have axle-grease on your pale pink supply.

Ask for vat-dyed colors whether you want pastel or deeper shades. Pastels are more absorbent, and white most absorbent of all.

Monograms are a bright way to jazz up a plain towel. They make even the basic white towel distinctive. Have the initials in a contrasting color and in big letters that stand out boldly.

Floral motifs in the weave are pretty—but more expensive. Instead, you can applique a flower cut from a piece of washing cotton. Simply turn the edge of the material under and hem-stitch the motif to your plain towel. The centre of the border



MM.

USSEAUS . . .

a good place, or a corner that shows when the towel is hanging.

Large, plain-colored bath-towels with mix-and-match striped hand-towels look hand-together on a rack. Gold and silver metallic thread in bath and hand towels is a glamorous touch, too.

A pretty bathroom trick is to make curtains from a pair



of towels or from towelling bought by the yard.

Look for firm selvages in towels, and edges and hems that are closely stitched. The weave should be firm, fluffy, with loops that do not pull easily.

The average towel is 24in. by 48in., the larger size 27in. by 54in., and the jumbo just as big as you can buy. Six bath-towels per person is the usual minimum (two in use, two in the laundry, two in reserve). The same goes for hand-towels and facecloths.

Linen hand-towels for guests are very "U," but these days terry-towelling and cotton or tuckback towels are accepted. Six will do, but twelve would be better.

For a large party, multi-colored paper towels are a good standby.



Remember when you are entertaining friends, it is a point of etiquette to hang guest-towels on a separate rack or pile—not jammed against your half-damp bath-towel.

Two bathmats are basic, or you may prefer to have one of the new washable cotton pile mats on your bathroom floor. Some of them have non-slip rubber backs, an added advantage.

What a relief that it is no longer considered the thing to have a cupboard full of white damask and linen tablecloths with matching 18in.-square napkins, all requiring starching and expert ironing!

The modern girl has table-mats for most occasions—linen

or lace ones if you like for formal dinners—and lots of others for everyday use.

By making your own table-mats and napkins you can really save on costs, have a generous supply of table linen, and be proud to tell friends "I made them myself."

Linen in clear colors are sold by the yard in nappy departments, or for patterned table-mats furnishing fabrics are ideal. Some appear to have been designed just for table-mats—the motif is complete in a 12in. by 18in. area.

One yard of 36in.-wide linen will make six table-mats measuring 12in. by 18in. Six napkins measuring 9in. by 9in. can be cut from 1yd. linen. Hem the edges or stitch a running thread around on your sewing-machine and fringe to about one inch.

Rattan, cork, pegboard, and canvas are all possibilities for table-mats. With these materials hopsac or straw-cloth napkins look attractive.

Easy-to-make mats

In the panel below are directions for making heatproof table-mats from plywood or masonite.

Breakfast-cloths are also easily made from seersucker or drip-dry cottons (save that ironing). Cross-stitch a border in coarse cotton thread on the seersucker, and braid or bobble trim the cottons.

And don't despise plastic cloths for the kitchen table, especially if you are joining the working wives. Shop around and you'll find there are several attractive types of plastic that can barely be distinguished from cotton.

Tea-cloths em-



GONE ARE the days of only white linen sheets and pillow-slips. Now they come in every imaginable color and design—in delicate pastels, gay stripes, and dainty florals.

linen absorbs and dries faster and gives longer wear.

The colors and designs today are fresh as a spring garden, and there is linen towelling by the yard if you prefer to make your own.

A minimum "box" should include:

- 3 pairs sheets for each bed
- 3 pillow-cases for each pillow
- 2 pairs blankets for each bed
- 6 bath-towels per person
- 6 hand-towels per person
- 6 guest-towels
- 2 tablecloths with napkins or 2 sets place-mats with napkins
- 2 breakfast-cloths
- 1 afternoon-tea cloth
- 1 supper-cloth
- 1 throwover
- 6 tea-towels

It is a good idea to have some knowledge of table appointments (which include silver, china, and glassware) even if you don't intend to buy these before you are married.

Choose simple well-designed open stock. Open stock means the pattern is always available so replacements or additions can be bought singly.

Get everything to match—that's the secret of a smart table.

The place-setting plan is a good way to buy silver. A minimum place-setting includes large knife, small knife, fork, teaspoon, dessertspoon, dessert fork.

Begin with this "starter" set in a pattern you like and the family and friends may be coaxed into adding further place-settings as wedding gifts.

This way you are sure to have a design you admire.

The choice was once between sterling flatware (which is virtually solid) and silverplate, which has a coating of silver over another metal. Now the big decision seems to be "Will we have silver or stainless steel?"

Stainless steel has the advantage of never tarnishing, and the modern sculptured designs look equally fine with formal settings.

The very latest knives have extra-long handles with a short blade, sometimes with a serrated edge like a steak-knife.

Sets of knives with colored handles are gay for casual luncheons or outdoor meals.

Choosing china

You don't have to buy expensive china to get a handsome table.

True china is lovely but costly, and the sturdier earthenware and pottery are often in brighter patterns more suited to the decoration in contemporary homes.

Plain or banded china looks well on almost any cloth, but floral patterns need a simple background. Try to co-ordinate your china and table linen.

Perhaps you can manage in the kitchen with a tin-opener and no other implements. No doubt it has been done.

But if you are interested in cooking and want to present a varied menu, then you will need a certain amount of equipment.

However, most girls prefer to

leave these things until after they are married, realising that they will receive many pieces as gifts at shower teas and pre-wedding parties.

How to Make Heat-proof Table-mats

For each mat you'll need: a piece of plywood or masonite measuring 12in. x 18in.; colored enamel paint; paper-sealer; special, super-fine, colorless, heat-resistant varnish; piece of felt or baize same size as board; glue; print or picture cut from magazine.

Sandpaper the surface and edges of the board until smooth. Paint upper surface and sides with two coats of enamel, allowing sufficient time to dry between coats. Apply coat of paper-sealer to the under-surface of your cut-out or print and stick the picture to the board. Smooth out air bubbles with a cloth or sponge. Apply two coats of sealer over the picture, allowing the first to dry before putting on the second.

When dry, varnish the whole surface with special heat-resistant, colorless varnish.

Glue felt or baize to back of mat and weigh down to dry.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Fingers or tongs?

"MY mother insists that loaf sugar should be taken from the bowl by fingers. Should not a sugar spoon or tongs be provided? I'll admit the 'loaf' seems to wobble on a spoon. Please put me right."

"Tecna," N.S.W.

It is correct to use your fingers to take sugar from the bowl for your own tea or coffee, but tongs should be used if you are putting it in someone else's cup. A spoon is never used for loaf sugar, and even if tongs are provided the fingers are correct if you are taking sugar for yourself. So you're both right part of the time.

Broken home

"I AM a 16-year-old girl and I have a problem. My parents' marriage has broken up and they are both going to different cities to their girl-friend and boy-friend respectively. I do not want to leave where we are at present living as I have a good job and my friends are all here. A very respectable family has offered me board there, but both my mother and father want me to come with them. Is it possible to stay here and live with the other family?"

"Anxious," N.S.W.

You should write at once to the Child Welfare Officer, Post Office Box 134, Armidale, N.S.W., and tell him what you have told me.

It is possible to leave home at 16, but first you must have permission to do so from the Child Welfare Department. They give their permission if you are earning sufficient money, if

you have suitable accommodation to go to, and if they think it is the wisest course for you to take.

Address asked

"YOU might think this is a very silly question, but could you tell me the address of Dr. Albert Schweitzer in Africa?"

J.V.D.P., S.A.

Dr. Albert Schweitzer's address is: Lambaréne, Gabon, French Equatorial Africa.

Should she wait?

"I AM now 18 and I have liked a boy very much since I was 16. He said he loved me and that he wanted to marry me when I was 19, but at that time I was too young to settle down. But I have got only six months before I am 19 and he has been going with another girl for 12 months. I have seen him since and he still says we will be engaged in six months, and that he is only going out with this other girl for someone to take out. What should I do? I really think I love him. Should I wait? I don't like anyone else as much as him."

"Jealous Lover," Vic.

Don't wait round for this boy another minute. You are being made a fool of in a big way. You might like him, but it is quite clear that he couldn't care less about you.

I can't imagine how you can stand by while he takes another girl out for 12 months and still believe that he'll be engaged to you in six months.

Have none of him, even though there's not another man in sight. He

has treated you disgracefully and as if you're a simpleton. I can't say I blame him when you wait so obligingly on the sidelines. Why couldn't he be taking you out if he must have someone to take out?

If you're old enough to become engaged in six months you should be going out. Just in case you don't know, and you don't appear to, an engagement is preceded by a courtship. It seems to me it is the other girl that is being courted.

Holiday crush

"I AM 12 and live in a beach suburb.

While on vacation I met a very charming boy whom I was attracted to. I have grown to love him and I think it is genuine. I have his address but think that I would be too bashful to see him. I'm afraid I won't see him again and I don't want to lose him. Please advise me."

"Afraid," N.S.W.

Girls of 12 should do no more than think about boys; just forget you have that address. Your love is not genuine. You won't believe me now, but this time next year you'll know I was right. By then you'll have got over this surge of love and have thought yourself into at least one other.

Ask him to tea

"I AM very much in love with a 25-year-old man who works in the same office as I. I am 18. We often go out to lunch and he always seems pleased to see me when we meet. However, it is now two months since he first took me out to lunch, and as yet he has not asked me for a date at night. Some years ago he was very badly hurt by a girl he was very fond of, and I think this experience may have made him wary of girls. I was wondering if it would be correct for me to ask him to tea one night or will I let him make the first move."

S.M.N., N.S.W.

I think it would be very nice if you asked him to tea one night. It's a small return for his hospitality and one he would probably enjoy. When you ask him, make it quite a casual invitation, because if he is wary of girls, as you say, he may be wary of any invitation that has the slightest hint of "meeting the family" about it.

Persistent pest

"I AM 14 years old and work in a factory with lots of other girls and am always very happy with them, but about 12 months ago a man aged 27 started taking me out. He is kind in his own way but is very jealous, and won't let me talk to any other boys or dance with anyone else, and if I do he makes a show and I usually finish up in tears and very unhappy. All the other young people know this and tell me I am mad to go with him, but how can I shake him off—it doesn't matter what I say he still comes back. He also borrows money from me to pay our way into dances and pictures, but forgets to return it even though he has a better job than I have. I would love to be free to go with my girl-friends and have a good time, but wherever I go he turns up and spoils everything."

"Haunted," S.A.

If your letter is true you should immediately see your parents and ask them to speak to this man.

Actually, I wonder if you have any parents, for I can't imagine any parents letting a child of 14 go to dances with a man of 27. If you have no parents I would speak to the factory manager or welfare officer and ask him to

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



JETTED across the Pacific from America are some ideas for you to latch on to.

You're orbiting these days if you're going steady; he's ionised if the flame of your romance has turned him into a new man; he's quaint if he's so square he's got corners; the vanilla type if he is acceptable on all counts but not distinctive in any way.

For the boys—if your girl-friend is away and you write to her, address your letter this way:

Oh, how I

Miss Sarah Sminkelhoff,

29 The Dell,

Girl's Town, N.S.W.

or whatever the address is. It's an old, old idea that boys in America have resurrected, but it's still sweet.

For the girls—if you wear long socks with your Bermudas, raid the peg bag. Paint one side of the peg and its head gaily; stripe it, spot it, or jewel its head with glued-on rhinestones, wear it like a Scottish dirk down your socks, plain side in. (Idea for Christmas gift, too.)

And for everyone, if you don't catch on to these fab ideas you're a cauliflower—something from outer space, half dog (cauli), half plant (flower).

speak to the man for you. And if you wouldn't do this, go to the Child Welfare Department in your nearest capital city and tell them your troubles.

Perfume offends

"I AM 17 and I am in love with a girl in a form below mine at school. I know I am in love with her, because every time I see her I get a funny feeling inside. The problem I have is the smell of the perfume she wears. It is really vile, but she thinks I am joking when I hint to her about it. I am extremely shy and would not like to lose her by telling her straight out about this. I would lose her for sure if I told her. Could you help me, please?"

"Shy Lad," N.S.W.

Save up and buy her a little bottle of perfume that you really like and give it to her. Ask her to wear it when she's out with you, because you think the usual one she wears isn't sweet enough for her. If she doesn't rise like a bird to this approach and gets angry—well, bow out.

Just to help you when you buy the perfume—ask for one with a floral or woodsy aromatic base. They're the ones young men seem to prefer. And don't worry because the bottle seems small; perfume bottles always are tiny.



Whistling Romeo

"I HAVE been going out with my boy-friend for six months and I am deeply attached to him, but when I go out with him he whistles and pays attention to other girls. This is embarrassing for both me and

the other girls. What should I do?"

"Embarrassed," Qld.

You're the only one that's embarrassed, I'm sure; the other girls would love it. I'd either stop going out with him or give every good-looking boy you see a come-hither wink. One way or another you'd get results.

Freckles are fun— and fashionable

By CAROLYN EARLE

● *Once a crop of freckles could do lots worse than just dampen a girl's spirits. It could wreck her personal assurance or even spoil her young social life. But not any more.*

NOWADAYS freckles are fun because they're feminine and command a new fashionable charm if you make the best of them.

You've only to look at some of the celebrated faces in show business for proof of this. Doris Day and Suzy Parker, Lauren Bacall and Virginia McKenna, not to mention lovely English star Deborah Kerr, who is in Australia filming "The Sundowners," all have their share of freckles and wear them with a wonderful flair.

Young May Britt, the talented Swedish actress (pictured at the right), also has masses of freckles, yet most of the time she doesn't even bother to wear make-up.

There are two "looks" for the teenager who wants to do something about her freckles.

If you are prepared to let freckles show, do keep your skin dewy with a moisturiser or lotion and use the smallest amount of face-powder to take away a shine. Alternatively, leave powder off entirely.

Go to town with the brightest lipstick you can find—the vivid pastels and new bright red tones are just right—and play up your eyes for all they are worth.

For different occasions, freckles may be covered somewhat by a light appli-

cation of cake-type base in a shade between your freckles and natural skin tone. Apply it thinly in long, sweeping strokes and blend evenly with the fingertips or palms of the hands.

Never try to cover your freckles completely with make-up, for then you're apt to get a cakey look that is not attractive.

Again, make the most of eye and lip colors, but very subtly and in young shades.

The freckle problem is not, of course, confined to youngsters. To many people the sun is the enemy which brings brown spots to the whole surface of their skin.

Freckles are actually discolorations of the skin; they are due to a concentration of pigments at given points of the skin and are more obvious in summer as the sun intensifies their color.

A few ounces of prevention during the summer will help to forestall the freckle problem, but if you are a natural "freckler" you just invite trouble and are bound to collect more freckles before long if you sunbathe continually.

The big thing, if your skin freckles all too easily, is to remember never to put water on your face when you come in hot from the sun. This seems to bring freckles to the surface almost while you wait. The best thing is to pat on a cooling and soothing com-

plexion milk and let the water wait until you've thoroughly cooled off.

Sometimes a bleaching cream is helpful in getting rid of unwanted freckles. But many of them contain strong ingredients and may not prove to be suitable for all types of skin.

As a mild skin bleach, if you like, use sour milk applied twice weekly. Lemon juice may also be used, but not so often, as it is drying.

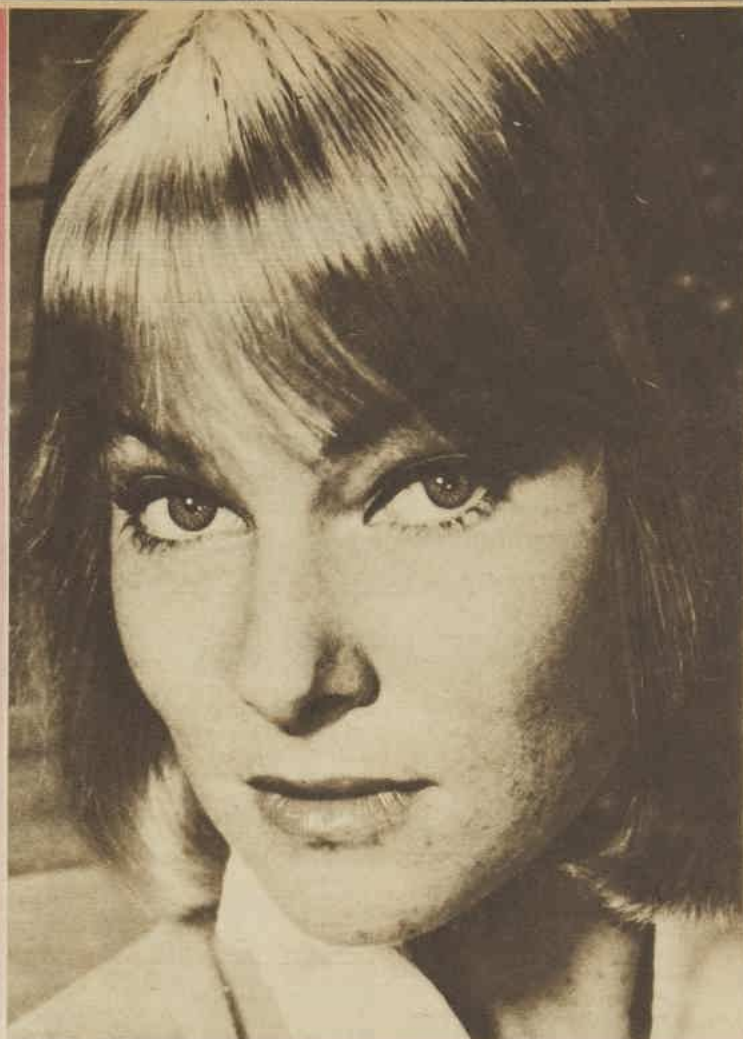
Lemon juice in cases where the skin is very delicate may cause a slight skin rash. With dry skin, therefore, use lemon juice only intermittently. Or

try a lemon-oatmeal pack. For this mix the white of one egg with the juice of one lemon and add sufficient powdered oatmeal to make a thin paste.

Put it all over your face, neck, and arms wherever freckles are evident, leave until dry, and rinse off with warm water. Maybe this sounds old-fashioned, but it just might help.

As a rule, light freckles begin to fade away of their own accord once the heat goes from the sun, but some freckles stay put for years.

At present there exists no "cure" for freckles already there.



FESTIVE HAIR - DOS

● *Pretty and somewhat frivolous are these two new "little hair-dos." Designed by Steiner of London, they're for young partygoers.*

FORGET-ME-NOT (left) features a cute two-way fringe, springing in a glossy wave from each side of the bias part, and a flower topknot. This style looks fresh and young, is easily varied for day or evening.

TOP FLIGHT (right). Feathered wings top this special-occasion hair-do. The hair flows backwards in a sculptured line, and lifted sides come forward in feathery fronds that look soft and glamorous.



They're little capitalists...

From ROBERT FELDMAN, in New York

● In one of the few understatements made by American high financiers, Mr. G. Keith Funston, who is president of the New York Stock Exchange, said recently in Australia that an estimated 300,000 teenagers were "playing the market" in the United States.

MR. FUNSTON should have checked his figures with those of the educational authorities.

Going under various titles, courses in the theory and practice of investment are currently being given in more than 6500 high schools throughout the country. The estimated total enrolment in these courses is upward of 600,000 pupils.

Almost every class has undertaken, as part of the practical side of the course, to chip in for shares and follow them in the stock tables in the newspapers.

The investments are small—sometimes as little as 50 cents (4/6) per pupil per term—but it's enough to give a boy or girl a tangible stake in capitalism.

Obviously, the chance to "make a killing" with this size investment is non-existent. But the school programme is regarded as educational, not profit-seeking.

In a typical class at Nyack, New York, teacher Edward Schweikardt allows the class a free hand in deciding what shares to purchase. They investigate the past record of individual companies. And often the inquiries lead to a company official coming to talk to the class—the big companies consider this good public relations.

Minors are now permitted to own stock in all 50 of the American States, as a result of the recent passage of the Uniform Gifts to Minors Act. The

Act stipulates, however, that some adult—usually a member of the minor's family—must be custodian, although the securities belong "completely and irrevocably" to the child.

Most youngsters who own stock acquire them as a gift from Dad. But hundreds of thousands of others buy shares with their own earnings and merely ask Dad to be the formal custodian.

Every broker's nightmare is the minor who buys stock with his earnings without disclosing his age. This is continually happening in offices which do business by telephone.

They're too young

A Wall Street executive told me: "All this kid has to do is walk into his broker's office when his stock starts to decline and say, 'I want my money back.' The broker must part up. This is because it's impossible to make a legal contract with a minor in this country."

[In Australia it's also impossible to have a legal contract with a minor. However, teenagers would find it pretty difficult to take money out of the stockbroker by this ploy, as no reputable stockbroker would take a telephoned bid from a stranger.]

The bull market in teenagers' shares started with a roar in 1957, stimulated by the much-publicised success of Leonard Ross, then 11, in "the street."



CHECKING the progress of shares at the Sydney Stock Exchange are members of the investment club (from left) Peter Dind, 19, Robin Biddolph, 20, Wendy Wilson, 21, and club president Greg Moore, 20. Peter and Greg are stockbrokers' clerks, and Robin and Wendy are stenographers.

While his mates argued baseballers' hitting averages, Lennie studied the Stock Exchange "form sheet." His uncanny forecasting of trends earned an undisclosed fortune for his parents. Then he came to the attention of the producers of a TV quiz show, "64,000-Dollar Question."

On this show and a subsequent one, "64,000-Dollar Challenge" (for graduates of "Question"), Lennie won a total of 164,000 dollars with his knowledge—all wisdom in the ways of Wall Street.

Then he appointed his father custodian.

Lennie's just entering high school now and about to take his first formal course in Economics. There is a rumor that the teacher is about to quit.

As a result of all this interest in capitalism, strange things have been happening among the younger set. In Fort Wayne, Indiana, a couple who gave their teenage son a share of American Telephone and Telegraph and then complained about the time he spent on the telephone, received this considered reply:

"What do you mean? It's my company!"

DURING trading on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange in Wall Street, financial heart of the United States.

...Here, too

There are some teenagers in Sydney who are making money playing the stock market quite legally.

AND their parents didn't give them their shares, either.

They formed an investment club and it's going like a bomb. After a year there are now 30 members, most of whom are in their teens or early twenties.

Trustees hold the shares for the club members, who include articled clerks, public servants, stenographers, a builder, and a hairdresser.

President of the club is 20-year-old Greg Moore, of Cremorne, who works in a stockbroker's office.

And anyone can join the club.

The original members paid £10 each for a share. New members pay the current value of a share. Calculated on present-day market values it's £14/3/9.

Now there's about £1500 invested in the club.

That's in just one year.

Club members can invest what they like each month—from a pound upwards and in multiples of a pound.

They go on investing until these monthly payments total the current value of one share, and this share is then credited to their account.

There is a monthly meeting—at Greg's home—and they all gather to discuss their financial

affairs and the situation of the market.

While the club is still growing, members usually vote to buy solid Australian stocks.

Often an expert in some particular field of finance comes along and gives them the benefit of his advice by lecturing on current trends.

They're learning

These meetings help the members to learn the fundamental principles of investing money—then they apply these principles to the financial reports of one or two companies and decide whether or not to invest.

Actually this is the main purpose of the club—not so much to make money as to learn about the useful investment of money.

All the members have a say in which shares should be sold and which new ones bought, but now the club is expanding a special committee of four officebearers and three ordinary members do the actual voting on the buying and selling.

Members can withdraw at any time by giving fourteen days' notice. They get back their investment, plus any profit from the shares that have increased in value, less one per cent. withdrawal fee.



Brett's art will take him places

● "You lovely blue wonder drug!" my visitor exclaimed when an ash-blond teenage member of our staff brought us a cup of tea.

AFTER she retreated through the door with a very startled expression, he commented, "If I were painting her I'd definitely use blue. Yes, she is dreamy."

This dynamic young man who thinks in technicolor is 20-year-old Sydney artist Brett Whitely, who recently won a travelling scholarship awarded by the Italian Government with his abstract oil painting "Around Bathurst."

For the prizewinning painting, Brett used dark chocolate-colored earth from the Bathurst district and pale nasturtium leaves applied with glues to the canvas, giving the painting a third-dimensional quality.

Although he has been drawing since the days when he "fiddled" his books at Scots School, Bathurst, with "doodles" and began working in oils when he was 10, Brett feels it is only lately that he has found himself as a painter.

Until about three months ago he followed the classical traditions, which he greatly admires.

But he wasn't satisfied with his own work in this field. "I floundered along, producing some pretty awful paintings, sick landscapes and that sort of thing," he said.

Now, branching into abstract expression, he says that he endeavors to interpret with pigments, shapes, line, and color the reality of the mood and character of what he sees when he "sniffs around."

Spontaneous vitality characterises Brett's own unconventional make-up and conversation.

He is a Puckish character, with hair and eyebrows the color of highly polished brass.

His hair, which he barbers himself, grows in tight, rippling

By
MARY COLES

waves. From the shoulders up he has the look of the head of an old Roman coin.

Brett has a profound reverence for beautiful women.

"An artist can look at nature and be swept along by the magnificence of rocks, trees, the color of flowers, the sky, and seas, but nothing is so inspiring as a really beautiful woman," he told me.

Favorite model

When he experiments with portraits his favorite model is his 18-year-old girl-friend, brown-haired Wendy Julius, of

Lindfield. Wendy is an interior decorator.

He describes her as "beautiful, like creamy milk, with Prussian-blue eyes."

Brett almost exploded with joy and excitement when the Italian Vice-Consul, Dr. Arrigo Lopez, presented him with the travelling scholarship at a ceremony at the National Gallery of New South Wales. He grabbed starry-eyed Wendy and gave her a whacking great kiss on her ear.

The only thing that clouded the occasion for the young artist was that his father, interior designer Mr. Clem Whitely, was not there to share his triumph. Mr. Whitely was on holidays in New Zealand when the announcement was made.

"Dad has always been on my side, helping me all along the way to become an artist," Brett said.

"He bought me my first paints and let me move out the potplants and turn the glasshouse in the garden of our home at Longueville into a studio.

"Later he agreed to my studying art at the Julian Ashton School, but he said I also had to become competent at a job which would give me a regular income. So I worked as a layout and display artist with an advertising agency for three years.

"But I hated art being governed by the logic of businessmen. Three months ago, after talking it over with my old man, I said 'au revoir' to the job so that I could give all my time to painting."

Brett spent the last of his earnings stocking up with painting materials.

He sold several canvases and was still able to feel independent, but his funds were

AFTER receiving the scholarship award, Brett rushed over to his girl-friend, Wendy Julius, and kissed her on the ear.



Awarded The Prize.

"AROUND BATHURST" is the title young Sydney artist Brett Whitely gives to this abstract oil painting which won him a 10-month scholarship to study in Italy.

running low when news of the scholarship came through.

The scholarship is valued at £43 a month for ten months, to be spent studying great works of art in galleries throughout Italy, as well as free travel there and back.

"Ooooh, it is just so wonderful I want to go round thanking everybody," he said, jumping to his feet and giving me a bear hug!

Sculpture award

A second Italian Government Travelling Art Scholarship—for Australian sculptors—was

won by Stephen Walker, of Geilston Bay, Hobart.

Stephen comes from Melbourne and went to Tasmania to live 12 years ago.

In 1954 he went to London and worked for a year as an assistant to famous British sculptor Henry Moore.

After a further year's study he returned to Hobart, where he lives with his wife, the former Shirley Chapman, of Adelaide.

Stephen's prizewinning entry was called "Plant Form," a bronze sculpture depicting natural growth.

TRY THIS EXPERIMENT



● Which egg is the boiled one?

You'll need: raw egg, hard (not soft) boiled egg, 2 saucers.

By making an egg spin round you can find out if it is raw or boiled. It may happen some day in the kitchen, that nobody can remember which of two eggs has been boiled and then this method is very handy for finding out.

Spin each egg on a plate or saucer by giving it a smart twist. The egg which spins the longer is the boiled one. The raw egg spins most reluctantly; it wobbles and soon falls over.

Now spin the eggs again, but suddenly seize each egg and stop it spinning. Then immediately let them both go again. The hard-boiled egg remains motionless on the plate, but the raw egg actually begins to spin round by itself.

The explanation of the strange behaviour of the raw egg is that its contents are liquid. Because of inertia, the innermost layers of the liquid contents cannot follow the rapid motion and so they slide over the outermost layers. Inside the egg so much friction is set up that it stays spinning for only a short time.

But that does not mean that the inside layers have stopped already. It is because of this that the egg starts to spin again all by itself when you let go.

● From "The Book of Experiments," by Leonard de Vries, by arrangement with the publisher, John Murray.



TEENA by Linda Terry

I NEVER COULD ACQUIRE A TASTE FOR—

—ANCHOVIES? MY TEENA DOESN'T LIKE THEM, EITHER. OF COURSE, I DON'T HAVE MUCH TROUBLE WITH HER APPETITE... SHE'LL EAT ALMOST ANYTHING IF I MIX IT WITH PEANUT BUTTER.

HAVE YOU SEEN TEENA'S PAINTINGS? MR. SUMNER OVER AT THE STATIONERY STORE THINKS SHE HAS REAL TALENT!

THAT'S VERY PRETTY MATERIAL... I'D LIKE TO MAKE TEENA A SKIRT LIKE THAT—SHE LOOKS SO WELL IN BLUE... DID I TELL YOU SHE GOT "A" IN SCIENCE THIS YEAR? HER FATHER'S AFRAID SHE'S BEEN WORKING TOO HARD.

HONESTLY DAD! YOU'LL SIMPLY HAVE TO SPEAK TO MOTHER! SHE JUST TALKS ABOUT ME ALL THE TIME!

I KNOW!... SHE'S BEEN OVER THERE ON THE PORCH WITH MRS. FOSTER FOR THE PAST THREE HOURS AND I CAN HEAR HER FROM HERE—TEENA! TEENA THIS! AND TEENA THAT!!!!

H'LO, MOTHER! DID YOU HAVE A NICE AFTERNOON? LET ME TAKE YOUR COAT. DO YOU WANT ANYTHING FROM THE STORE? DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE DISHES... I'LL DO THEM...

WELL, I GUESS THAT BUZZ FOSTER KNOWS I'M ALIVE NOW!!

—Robin Adair

A GUY on kissing says...

DON'T WRECK THE PECK!

● That traditional end to a perfect date, the good-night kiss, is really "the end" to many young people.

THEY might like each other a bushel but they can't get around properly to that peck!

What goes wrong with their attempts (if they make any) at this most natural and charming action?

An examination and explanation of some of the whys and wherefores of kissing may help those teenagers who find a peck is heck!

First, what is the purpose of kissing?

You've just regarded it as a social habit—a casual thing that a boy expects a girl to give, and a girl expects a boy to take, as "payment" for a date?

If that's the case, then that's

where your kissing has been missing.

For it is really rather a beautiful thing (I mean it), a tribute not to be offered or taken lightly.

My dictionary defines a kiss as "a touch with the lips as a sign of affection with reverence..."

Try and approach YOUR kiss with this definition in mind and

She's storing his advice

I SUPPOSE the reason I enjoy Robin Adair so much is that I have never been on a date, and by reading his column I will know what annoys a boy and what doesn't. I am keeping all his "advice" stored up in my head until I am older.—Carole Johnson, Belmont, N.S.W.

it will come more naturally and enjoyably.

How do you go about kissing?

This raises other questions: Should a girl make the first move? Should the

boy steal the kiss? Or should the couple wait for a magic moment in which they're suddenly drawn to each other?

Of course, there is no rule for how to kiss. If there was there'd be nothing to it.

A girl can offer a kiss without any fear of being regarded as "forward." If the boy is shy she has to, or else their lips will be really sealed forever.

And the boy can "steal" one ("borrow" might be a better word) as long as he feels his "offence" will be judged leniently.

Kiss-stealing is one crime that can pay—for both robber and victim!

The "magic" moment can happen, too. But don't rely too much on it. It may never come.

When a couple should kiss is a leading question.

Keeping in mind that kissing is a personal mark of respect between two people—keep it that way.

Yes, a kiss should be given strictly in private.

I'm not suggesting that there's anything to be ashamed of in kissing. All I mean is that the kiss is intended for the participants alone. Why let other people either cramp or, out of false pride, vamp your style?

Anyway, to my way of thinking.

any person who, for instance, is prepared to turn a loaded tram into a Streetcar Named Desire is more interested in putting on a show of entertainment for the crowd than in putting on a show of affection for his or her date.

How should you kiss?

The out-and-out (or, rather, on-and-off) peck is a halfhearted effort hardly worth wasting smeared lipstick on. It's in the same class of tribute as the limp handshake or the mumbled "G'day."

On the other (heavy) hand, the smoocher and the girl smooched are just as out of touch as the kissing moochers.

Because a Hollywood ham does a four-minute mile of kisses from hand to hair, don't think this is automatically the right way.

The shortest between two points is a straight line—and this applies to kissing...

Think about these things I've said, even if you've given up osculation (that's a high-sounding name for kissing) as a bad job.

Remember the old saying—better (oscu)late than never!

—Robin Adair



How about an Italian party?

● "Mi piace molto" is what your Italian friends will say when you serve supper Italian style—and the Australians will echo, "You beaut." They'll all love the spicy Continental flavors of these dishes, which are simple to make and simply delicious to eat.

DON'T be afraid to experiment with garlic and herbs, but don't be heavy-handed at first. Serve lots of bread and butter, too, or small buttered rolls or those long bread sticks.

Put the bread on a colored table napkin in a little straw basket or stand the bread sticks in a tall glass.

And use a bright tablecloth, too—emerald-green rough linen or red-and-white checked gingham would look madly Mediterranean.

If you want to go right off, how about some lighted candles stuck in the necks of empty bottles?

And when everybody raves their thanks for the fabulous food, put on your best Italian accent and say "prego"—pronounced pray-go—which means, of course, "You're very welcome."

PIZZA PIE

You'll need: Two cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon each of anchovy paste and butter, 1 egg, squeeze lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Cream anchovy paste with butter and lemon juice and then rub into sifted dry ingredients. Mix to a soft dough with

egg and milk. Knead lightly on floured board. Shape into a round and place in a 10in. tart-plate. Cover with tomato topping (see below) and bake in a hot oven 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate and cook further 20 minutes.

Tomato Topping: Skin 1lb.



"We call it 'Pizza 99.' We put 99 different things on it."

tomatoes; cut into quarters. Melt 1 dessertspoon oil in pan; saute the tomatoes briskly for 3 minutes with 1 tablespoon chopped onion and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon oregano, rosemary, or mixed herbs. Season well, cool slightly. Drain off excess liquid and spoon over dough. Sprinkle with 4oz. grated tasty cheese.

Sufficient to serve 8 persons.

MINESTRONE

You'll need: One rasher bacon (rind removed), small quantity bacon fat, 1 small onion, 2 leeks, 2 peeled chopped tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, 1 carrot, 1 cup dried beans (soaked overnight in water to cover), piece lean breast of pork, 6 cups boiling water, salt to taste, 1 cup chopped cabbage, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice, 2 sprigs parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sage, $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated

Roman, Parmesan, or Cheddar cheese.

Brown diced bacon in bacon fat with chopped onion, chopped leeks and tomatoes. Add celery, diced carrot, beans, and pork. Fry one or two minutes longer. Add water and salt, cook gently one hour. Add more water if necessary, then cabbage. Simmer 15 minutes, stir in well-washed rice and cook 12 to 15 minutes longer. One minute before removing from heat add parsley, sage, and finely minced garlic. Serve topped with cheese.

Sufficient to serve 8 persons.

SPAGHETTI BOLOGNAISE

You'll need: Two ounces melted shortening, 1 clove crushed garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, 1lb. minced steak, 1lb. ripe tomatoes (or use one 16oz. tin whole tomatoes), 1 cup stock or water, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste, pinch mixed herbs, 1lb. spaghetti, 1 cup grated cheese, little butter or substitute.

Heat shortening in pan, add garlic and onion, cook until lightly browned. Drain off excess fat, add steak, stirring constantly over heat until lightly browned. Wash and chop tomatoes, add to meat mixture with stock or water, sauce, salt, pepper, and herbs. Cover with a lid and simmer $\frac{1}{2}$ hour or until meat is tender. Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water 20 minutes, drain. Arrange over base of greased ovenware dish, pour on the meat mixture. Top with a thick layer of grated cheese, dot generously with butter or substitute. Place in moderate oven until top is bubbly and brown.

Sufficient to serve 6 persons.

MEAT BALLS NEAPOLITAN

You'll need: One pound minced veal, 1lb. sausage mince, 2 tablespoons finely chopped

MINESTRONE topped with cheese and served in individual dishes will start your party off with a bang. Easy-to-follow recipe is given on this page.

onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ clove crushed garlic, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 3 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon fat, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato puree or soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock or water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated Parmesan cheese, 1lb. cooked macaroni.

Combine minced veal, sausage mince, onion, garlic, parsley, breadcrumbs, Worcestershire sauce, and beaten egg; season with salt and pepper; mix well. Using lightly floured hands shape into balls the size of a golf ball. Saute balls in heated fat, turning them to brown evenly. Drain off excess fat, add tomato soup or puree, stock, lemon juice, and sugar; season. Cover, simmer gently 40 to 45 minutes or pressure cook 10 to 12 minutes. Arrange piping-hot macaroni around edge of serving-dish, spoon meatball mixture into centre, sprinkle top with cheese.

Sufficient to serve 6 persons.

ZABAGLIONE

You'll need: Three egg-yolks, 1lb. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Marsala wine or Madeira.

Place egg-yolks and sugar in basin and beat until mixture is almost white and fluffy. Then add wine and mix thoroughly. Pour mixture into top half of double saucepan, stir constantly over boiling water until it begins to thicken. As soon as it begins to rise, remove from heat and pour into glasses. Keep in a cool place until required.

Sufficient to serve 4 persons.



PAUL ANKA

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